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THE BOYNE WATER,

A TALE,

BY

THE O'HARA FAMILY.

AUTHORS OF TALES,

COMPRISING

CROHOORE OF THE BILL-HOOK, THE FETCHES, AND
JOHN DOE.

“ Cries the stall reader, bless us, what a word on
A title page is this? and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why, is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp ?”

Milton's Sonnets.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. SIMPKIN AND R. MARSHALL,

STATIONERS'-HALL COURT, LUDGATE-STREET.

1826.

**J. M'Creery, Tooks Court,
Chancery Lane, London.**

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INTRODUCTORY LETTER,

FROM MR. ABEL O'HARA TO MR. BARNES O'HARA,
GRAY'S INN, LONDON.

Inismore, Feb. 2, 1826.

MY DEAR BARNES,

HAPPY we are, to learn from yours duly received, (along with your last transcript of our weary Boyne Water) by the hands of Mr. Dennis Mahony, of this place, that you are well, and in good spirits, and near the conclusion of your legal studies and dinner-eating, so that we may all now reckon upon your return amongst us, sooner than we had ventured to anticipate. Mr. Mahony reports you as well perched, too, in a third or fourth story of the honorable inn of court to which you are appended, comfortable and sleek to look at, when the double door of your chambers has once been gained; but

MAR 17 1826
Gen. Res. Ray 9 Feb 54 Edw. ...

this, he adds with a sneer, (not, indeed, to me, but, as I can learn, to others,) is rather a task, although, as he is a tolerably fat little man, and not much used to bodily exertion, no great importance can be attached to his views of your situation, either in this instance, or in others, concerning which, (I am further able to learn,) he has allowed himself a certain latitude of remark among the curious of your native village. Meantime, my dear Barnes, I hope there is really no bad symptom in the seeming elevation you enjoy. Though so many years your senior, (as, during my hours of literary toil, the green glasses can witness), I know little of the usages of a great city; yet, with us, at home, second floors—I should say third or fourth, if such things were common—are allotted, in lodging-houses, to persons of somewhat delicate circumstances, who sink in estimation just according to their rise in the edifice; and you will, yourself, recollect, as examples of this truth, Mr. Fantonaci, the itinerant profile-artist, and poor young Walpole, the tragic hero of our court-house theatricals, who successively tenanted what we call “the loft” of the Nelson—

the little thatched public-house, on the Dublin road, outside the town. Excuse my disquietude, which, after all Mr. Mahony says, may only move your laughter; yet, I am a little pained at the nature of his frequent observations, on this, and, as I have said, on other subjects; all faithfully conveyed to me by sincere friends of yours and mine, who kindly make it a point never to leave me ignorant of a single word whispered against either of us.

Richard, ever more spirited, or else hotter than I am, is still more annoyed; he talks of going, with a friend, straight into Mr. Mahony's shop, and, in the presence of all he shall find in it, (and you may remember, it generally contains a good number of Mr. M.'s acquaintance) bringing him to I know not what account, and in I know not what manner; this is mere impetuosity, however, and we will not hear of it. But can you tell me, Barnes, what literary friends Mr. Mahony has in London?—That's the point I should wish to ascertain. He certainly left Inismore with the same favorable notion of your late little success that was entertained by his neighbours; and this seemed

proved, I suspect, by his offering (handsomely, as I thought) to take charge of letters for you, upon the important eve of his sudden journey to the great city; but his literary friends have given him, he says, quite a novel view of the matter. And now I have worse tidings for you. In this novel view, Mr. Mahony is upheld by old Dr. Hummum, to whom, upon the very first morning of his reappearance behind his counter, he communicated it, in the presence of a number of news-loving gentlemen, and two little girls, customers; and I can assure you the assent of the doctor, and his serious repetition of the thing, make some impression on part of the public mind of Inismore; inasmuch as the old gentleman, although rather out of practice in his own profession of medicine, phlebotomy, and man-midwifery, enjoys great fame here, for the book he published himself, and which, you know, was printed by Mr. Isaac Holmes, of the High-Street; while his first-rate skill on the flute, violin, and violoncello, and, indeed, his rapid and self-directed progress in the art of painting in oil-colours, (commencing in his fifty-ninth

year), justly add a varied brilliancy to his literary name, and, at the same time, cause much weight to be attached to all his literary decisions.

Yet, as I have said, the impression is made only partially; it may be added, very partially; none but the immediate friends of Dr. Hummum and Mr. Mahony being fully influenced by it; so that the great majority of the public voice of Inismore is still with you, my dear Barnes; your humble turn of good fortune is still a subject of pleasure to your fellow-townsmen, and—(heaven bless the dear, kind-hearted creatures), townswomen, too, of different ranks; and, it is my pride to perceive that—(notwithstanding certain o'erpast backslidings between the ages of seventeen and two and twenty, of which the least said, the soonest mended)—my brother, Barnes O'Hara, has the lively good-wishes of his native place.

Nor, after a moment's reflection, can Mr. Mahony's shrewd hints, grounded on his notice of your aërial chambers in the inn of court, weigh against the pleasing assurances contained in your last Christmas letter to your father and mother—that thrice welcome Christmas letter!

—We got it upon the eve of the great festival, just when our uncertainties about you, caused by what Mr. Mahony said, were at their height; and though father, mother, sister, and brothers had each a private reading, there was no general participation, until the dinner-cloth disappeared, the next joyous day. A chair had been placed for you at your old side, opposite the poor mother, and then, Barnes, your letter was read by Richard; your mother listening as though it was quite new to her; sitting back in her chair, with crossed hands, as happy as quiet smiles and tears could make her; Mary watching her face; and your father often shifting his position, looking askance at the fire, and taking potent pinches of Lundy Foot's high-toast; your letter was read; then placed on the table before your chair; and then, the mother proposed—"Health and a blessing to Barnes, this holy Christmas day; and, to make friends, Dr. Hummum's health, too, and Mr. Mahony's too, and God forgive them both,"—and we all chinked our glasses in silence, our moist eyes laughing into each other as we carried the bumpers to our lips.

So, God forgive Mr. Mahony and his friend

Dr. Hummum, I say, also ; and now let me perform my task of adding my last comments, and answering your last questions, upon the three volumes herewith returned for publication.

You may rest assured of the propriety of my Irish tornado, in the beginning of the first volume ; many of our old folk, here, remember when such phenomena were not usual in Ireland ; but I have better authority for it, very nearly on the ground where I use it, in "The History and Antiquities of Carrickfergus," &c. &c. &c., published by my worthy friend, Mr. Samuel M'Skimin, of that town, to whom, indeed, we stand indebted for other pleasing localities introduced, and who, in the honorable primitiveness of the olden times, came to me, at my little Carrickfergus Inn, his coat well dusted with the flour of the mill of which he is an esteemed proprietor, and bearing in his hand the valuable volume to which I have alluded.

Upon the manner in which one of our characters catches and tames a wild colt, you suspect some question may also arise ; but, since I am the chronicler of the amusing event, I can only assure you, that, while I have excellent tra-

dition for attributing to that character the possession, nearly two centuries ago, of such a gift, an individual of our own time was greatly celebrated for it, as can be attested by credible witnesses. No one is able, indeed, to tell me the nature of this mysterious mastery over the race of horses; and, although it may be easily surmised, if not explained, on simple principles, yet, with a proper regard to historical truth, I leave it unexplained, just as I got it. And what more can you require at my hands?

Some of the interest of the third volume turning upon a mistake, which (though with a very different use made of it) is to be found in one of the works of an illustrious story-teller, you fear we may be accused of wilful imitation. But Richard, whose doing all that is, stoutly answers no;—no more, he says, than that illustrious story-teller can be charged with wilful imitation of a play of Shakspeare, in which the same mistake occurs, and which may as well be said to have equally anticipated him. The thing, he adds, is often repeated among the more curious chances of this curious life; we have, ourselves, seen two instances of it; and we may

surely be permitted to draw from our own observations. This plea, notwithstanding its probable relevancy, I look upon as too vivaciously urged, my dear Barnes; you know Richard's briskness, of old; and I pray you to consider the present specimen of it, and qualify it, at least, with a little more modesty, or something of the kind, ere you venture it at the awful bar, before which we are to plead.

But do not trouble your head on the matter you last wrote to us about. Richard and I are unanimous in giving you this advice.

You inform us, yourself, "that Englishmen of almost every party, who may honor our book with a perusal, are now prepared to recognize the truth of the historical portraits and events we venture to sketch and allude to: that, since some late publications, and particularly since that of 'The life of James II., king of England, collected out of memoirs, writ of his own hand,' edited 'from the authentic manuscripts,' by the librarian at Carlton House, and published under the auspices of his present gracious Majesty, Englishmen have ceased to attribute to the deposed monarch such civil tyranny, and

such plotting against their religion, as his hostile contemporaries found it politic to lay at his door; that, necessarily, if, on account of what has been called the spirit of his sect, James did not deserve all the hatred lavished on him by their forefathers, neither should living Englishmen continue to hate that sect for a spirit thus wrongfully charged against it; and lastly, that, inasmuch as the least perfect parts of the British constitution were not only allowed to remain by James's successor, but other parts, perhaps more objectionable, added to them, Englishmen at present see, in the zeal of the adherents of that successor, as much selfishness as patriotism; as much thirst of monopoly as thirst of righteousness; as much hunger for the loaves and fishes, as for the bread of life; as much indifference to freedom, when freedom could have been secured, as emptiness in the clamour they raised in her name; in a word, as much cant as truth; as much real jesuitism as the jesuitism they professed to oppose. And, for all such reasons, and more that could be mentioned, you infer, and we agree, "that Englishmen are calmly disposed to encourage rather than to de-

cry our humble attempt to submit, according to the necessities imposed on us by our story, the true characters and the true motives of some actors on both sides, during the very remarkable era we have ventured to select for a national tale."

"And if" (you continue)—"at the same time, the contemporaneous events of Ireland can, in truth and fairness, be so placed before British readers, as to claim their respect for the native energies of their island sister; for her devotion to her legitimate king, when he threw himself upon her generosity; for her gallantry in the field, even when the contest was, with some impropriety, called national between her and them; if, from historical sources, exclusively English, this can be shewn, in despite of the cold ignorance of Smollett, and the paltry shyness of the brogue, evinced by Goldsmith; if it can be shewn"—(and we humbly hope it *is* so shewn) "with a manly and dispassionate candour," you further conclude that, instead of displeasing an Englishman, such a statement will give pleasure to every genuine English breast into which it may find its way. "For," (you

argue)—“one of the highest gratifications of John Bull arises from a successful struggle with a stout foe; and, when once the struggle is over, he is much more inveterately disposed to make a friend of that foe, yea, even for the sake of some hard knocks, taken, as well as given, than he could be to make a friend of another who had shewn him no sport during the fight, and yet, with whom circumstances should leave him allied in an unequal and inglorious fellowship.”

But while, from your opinion of English principle and character, you thus venture, in more hope than misgiving, before an English reader, you entertain some dread of an Irish reader. Now, Richard and I have been in Ireland all the time you have been out of it; of course possess so much more observation of the country; and we are bold to rally your heart on this point, and in the name of God and Saint Patrick, bid you fear nothing. Doubtless, while all would fain recollect it, in Ireland, oftener than you, at the other side of the Channel, no period of our history, or of any history is, in Ireland, so little understood, so little known, as that which we have stumbled upon. No period is

so much involved in traditionary gossip and popular stories; through the medium of popular stories, almost exclusively, both sides are, indeed, best acquainted with it.

For instance. One side regards William as a persecutor, which he was not; as a Church-of-England champion, which he was not; and as a religious bigot, which he was not: the other, as an amiable and chivalrous hero of romance, appointed, first to England, and next to Ireland, especially for the purpose of rooting out popery; and very "pious," withal; as a church-of-England-man, in course; because the eulogy is pronounced by church-of-England protestants, and cannot consistently be supposed to applaud the "piety" of a prince, differing widely from their religion, and often heartily disliking it. James, too—both agree in one point concerning him; namely, that he was a coward, or something very like it; and then, his hereditary haters call him tyrant, butcher, fanatic; or, if that is not enough, his most vivid identity, in their comprehensive minds, changes into a brass sixpence, or a pair of wooden shoes; while the descendants of those who

fought by his side, scarcely take the trouble of denying one of the leading charges; either because, in as much "contented ignorance" as those that talk more, (on this one subject, at least,) they have listened until repetition worries them into assent, or because one of the leading charges, if allowed to be true, seems to afford, by throwing upon James's shoulders the blame of occasional defeat, some unction for their wounded vanity. And thus they go on, protestant and catholic,

——"both claiming truth,
And truth disclaiming both:"—

both receiving, at the hands of their old-women chroniclers, portraits of the two kings, which no historian authorizes; of William, whose digressive declaration, while taking his coronation oath, proves, along with a hundred other matters, the common mistake about his religious zeal; whose "amiability," heaven bless the mark, even Burnet will better explain; and of James, whose early life, well known to have been heroic, and whose authenticated memoirs, just alluded to, supported by the context of even his opponents, also dissipate many of the

mutual delusions; to say nothing of the following character of him, penned by his great contemporary, John Dryden, "glorious John," and in the midst, too, of circumstances that made the eulogy dangerous to its writer:

"—— tho' opposed with vulgar spite,
 Yet dauntless, and secure* of native right,
 Of every royal virtue stands possest,
 Still dear to all the bravest and the best;
 His courage, foes—his friends his truth proclaim—
 His loyalty the king, the world his fame:
 His mercy even the offending crowd shall find."

Sir Walter Scott's Dryden, vol. ix. page 228.

I have glanced at some of the leading mistakes, on both sides, here; less important ones are numerous. For the expression—"Spare my English subjects!"—attributed, chiefly by Irish catholics, to James, at the Boyne, there is no worthy evidence; and, against the supposed good generalship of William, on the same ground, even Smollett records a negative. In Limerick, Catholics refer to the abortive treachery of an officer called Luttrell, and not to regular treaty, the eventual surrender of their fortress; in Derry, protestants invest themselves

* Too secure.—B. O'H.

and George Walker, and not Kirke and his English regiments, with their success against James; and then, Walker's equivocal character changes into something like that of a demi-god, just on the same principle that caused the execrable colleague of Jeffries, after his relief of the little town, to receive, at the hands of their forefathers, all the homage that addresses and banquettings could confer.—Again; throughout Ireland, catholics as well as protestants seem to believe that, excepting the resistance at Limerick, first, the colonial protestant force, and next, the powerful reinforcements sent over by William, were uniformly successful against the native levies; and while, on this head, one party feels a superfluous humiliation, the other is not slow to appropriate an unclaimed degree of fame and superiority. The descendants of the Enniskilleners, as, after a certain period, the northern protestant volunteers were generally called, flatly imagine that their forefathers never lost a battle to the Irish; and, upon this fancy, many unsubstantial airs are assumed, and much goading taunt, if not contempt, applied to their passive, because equally uninformed fellow-coun-

trymen; upon this fancy, I say; for, that it is a fancy we are incidentally bound to shew, to, perhaps, an astounding extent; as we are similarly and equally bound to record the unsavoury opinions of Schomberg concerning the morals and demeanor of the Enniskilleners, although such opinions may not serve to flatter some other visionary notions entertained by the persons who injudiciously, and, indeed, incorrectly profess to found upon the doubtful glory of that rude corps, all present claims to superior *caste* and consideration.

These, though but a few instances of the mistakes committed amongst us on the subject of William's Irish wars, yet are sufficient for the occasion, and, doubtless, leave us free to ask—if facts be so misunderstood, what must not be the misconceptions regarding the policy of that memorable struggle?—regarding the real motives on both sides? When the characters, the minds of men are totally misapprehended, what clue can be had to their views and feelings? When their true connexion with affairs, and their purposed operation on affairs, are not conceived, what inter-

pretation but a false and silly one can be given to their actions?—In truth, the whole matter is sadly rendered into ignorant gossip, and, as before said, mere popular stories; I freely grant it.

Yes, Barnes, so much I freely grant, but still grant nothing to your fears. If truth be substituted for those popular stories, it will claim as much belief, and, notwithstanding some sacrifice from, perhaps, the pride and weakness of human nature, more regard. Facts will rout out delusions; and, with them, all disposition to consider as friends those who have endeavoured, and who still endeavour to perpetuate them, or to regard as enemies those who, in the spirit and the love of truth, would humbly but zealously seek to put them to flight for ever.

We say, Barnes, Richard and I, that few, if any of the descendants of Scotch and English in Ireland, are disinclined to hold sentiments, as good as the truth will permit, of the people with whom fate has left them joined in country, interests, and connexions. That which extended views and warm feelings could not effect

on this subject, has been effected by shrewd common sense and social policy. I will assert, that none now live, who for the wanton cherishing, in self-deluding ignorance, of very ridiculous prejudices, would persevere in any ungenerous style of sentiment and conduct towards their fellow-countrymen. The generation capable of doing so has passed away. It has passed away with (you will remember him) ancient "Bob Spittle," who, as we have heard our grandfather tell, while the Roman Catholic population of this little place passed, as was their wont, from chapel to chapel, upon the Thursday of the last week in Lent, the climax of their great time of fast and abstinence, used to sit at his door in the suburbs, cooking rashers of bacon over a temporary fire, eating them, hot and hot, out of the frying-pan, and, now and then, holding forth on a fork, in bitter pleasantry, a highly-browned slice to the scandalized and horrified crowds, or banning them and spitting at them, as they lifted up their eyes, and quickened their pilgrim steps by his unholy threshold.

We repeat it ; the English and Scotch blood

at present in Ireland, will not revolt at the simple truth. And even if, in accepting the simple truth, it becomes necessary, not only to allow a new feather to the caps of their more Irish fellow citizens, but to abstract that feather from their proper plume, still I prophesy their willingness to do so. In the first instance, they are not men to wear borrowed plumes; in the second, their own will be ample enough, after the deduction; in the third, their neighbour's cap will look more respectable, and they know that respectable neighbours always add to a man's individual respectability. Besides, as I have shewn, they are, by this time, cooled down into more reflectiveness, and less inveteracy than their former worthy representative, Bob Spittle; in fact, there is now nothing for inveteracy to feed upon; there is no battle to be fought for political predominance; the old hope (with which I am far, very far from charging them) of universal proselytism or extermination, no longer seems rational, or capable of being entertained; identity with the millions around them, and, by that means, identity with the greatness and wealth of England, is now the laudable ambi-

tion of—(to use a phrase occasionally applied to them by the middling classes of Irish catholics)—every “*honest* protestant;” in a word, they feel, that, to become any thing, they must become IRISHMEN; as Irishmen, respectable; respectable by the general character of the country; by the character of those that stand by their side, as well as by their own; and thus it is naturally their policy to do justice to that character; to restore to it its full and real pretensions, even though they be called on to yield up to the common stock some of their own distinct pretensions; and again, they cannot be angry with any person who would help them to complete such an arrangement.

You must not forget, either, of what men the protestants of Ireland are the descendants: of the men who framed the petition of right; who fought and bled at Naseby and Marston Moor; or else who stood out, in the wildernesses of Scotland, for liberty of conscience, and a national religion. Be assured that the descendants of such men too highly estimate such a struggle, not to admit, to the fullest extent that can be shown, the claims of others to zeal and

bravery, in a similar one; and sectarian difference, or a conviction of their fellow-countrymen having been in error, will here have no influence; the principle of the thing is too powerful. They are ready to admit and respect in others, what, after all, most ennobles their own name and recollections. And name, good name, at least, they do not wish to monopolize. Inheriting it, as they do, that very inheritance makes them worthy of it—transmitted virtue begets virtue; and being worthy of it, that worth confers the noble wish to respect it, even in an armed enemy, not to speak of those who are no longer enemies, but, to all intents and purposes, fellow-countrymen:—for, if they be not fellow-countrymen, what term shall express the relation of the two parties? I know one that might, but I dislike to use it.

Let them have truth, I say, for popular stories, facts for delusions, and they will make a change, even with a sacrifice, for the sake of the result. Pride, policy, good feeling, self-respect, urge them to do so. It will give them added spirit and useful hopes to find themselves engaged, hand in hand, with the great majority

of their brother Irishmen, at last restored to their consideration and esteem, and worthy, along with them, to speed the grand task of identifying Ireland and England, and thus advancing their common country to a place which she has hitherto missed, because she was divided, while she was divided, chiefly because she believed in delusions. They know that the mother countries of England and Scotland never became truly great or prosperous, until, in their domestic characters, they came forward in a moral, instead of a physical attitude; and by all means, and by the means in question, along with others, they will try to place Ireland in a similar one. They will try to do so for one particular reason, if for no other—to give themselves a country. At present they have none. While all other children of their fathers boast a proud identity with the native lands they bled or died to make more free and happy; while they can call themselves Englishmen or Scotsmen, and setting their foot on a hill side of the Highlands, or on the rich sward of England, cry, “This is my native land!” their detached and forgotten brethren among the bogs or fastnesses

of another country, having lost the right to assert this claim to the land of their forefathers, scarce yet entitle themselves to assert it to the land of their adoption. Hitherto, they have stood aloof from the people of Ireland; from Irishmen, in fact; so that while they cease to be Englishmen or Scotsmen, they are not Irishmen: and thus, so far as regards national name, or the consideration conferred by belonging to a country, they are, in fact, nothing. They are unknown to the world; and, even by their connexions in other lands, unrecognized as a people. But, if the spirit of their fathers stir within them, they will not long remain without a country; they will soon be a people. As a consolidated part of the native people by whom they are surrounded, they will soon permit themselves to say—"We, too, are Irishmen!"—and of the teeming soil that gives them life and independence, and that no longer must have vainly given them birth—"Ireland *is* our native land." The memory of their ancestors cries out to them no longer to slander the character of their adopted country, if, by so doing, they hinder themselves from respecting her; from

THE BOYNE WATER.

CHAPTER I.

IT was in the summer of 1685, that a party of travellers, suggesting, in the group, some remarkable contrast, held their way from Belfast to the more northern and ancient fortress of Carrickfergus.

First came on a jennet and steed, of the best kind the country afforded, a maiden and a youthful cavalier, well clad, well favoured, and exhibiting in their air that certain, though indefinable something which proclaims the habits and feelings, if not the birth and lineage of gentle maidens and gallant cavaliers. The damsel, in her tight, grass-green, long-waisted jerkin, laced and fringed with silver; in her am-

ple cloth riding-skirt, of a graver colour, showing, through certain openings, glimpses of a rich silk under-dress ; in her low-crowned, broad-leaved, riding-hat, flapped down, to be secured under the chin ; and, above all, in the very delicate, if not very beautiful face beneath it, shaded by loose tresses of a pale gold-colour ; she, in particular, asserted, at a glance, her pretensions to gentle rank ; and, if her marbly cheek and melancholy brow did not well become a sylph-like girl of sixteen, perhaps they touched the bosom of a beholder with more interest than could the burst of a sunny face, and a laughter-loving glance.

He who rode at her side, and, with an air of brotherly and affectionate protection, occasionally touched her rein, was not so prepossessing in visage or figure, though he was almost as young as his sweet charge. His features were, perhaps, too rigidly marked, though by no means of a common cast ; and seriousness, without pensiveness, seemed, at all events now that he remained unexcited, their predominant character. But his figure, though even in boyhood, more square and manly than round or graceful, had

an expression of gallant hardihood that recommended him to notice, and seemed particularly to fit the brother and protector of a girl so delicate and drooping as she who rode beside him; and this impression was well sustained by the brave dress he wore; by his fawn-coloured cavalier hat, looped up obliquely in front, and adorned with a long feather; by his close-buttoned green surcoat, moderately slashed in the upper-sleeve, and sufficiently short to shew the knees tightly fitted by hose; while a graceful full-topped half-boot fell mid-way down the leg, and a riding-cloak, hung off one shoulder, flowed over the saddle, or fluttered in the light breeze.

Some distance behind this youthful pair, on a peaceably-shaped animal of that class, which one would assign to parish-clergymen of all sects who do not hunt, followed a very short, round, elderly man, with legs, which, though not crippled by stirrup-leathers unusually scanty, reached scarce more than half way down the sides of the beast he bestrode. And those legs looked still shorter, on account of the descent upon them of the over-abundant skirts

of the good old-fashioned English coat, which, ere Charles I. imported the costume, at least, of the court, whose infant he failed to charm away, was popular in the sister-country; and, again, their full proportion was interrupted by the ancient square-toed, high-heeled, high-mouthed shoes, worn by the horseman, something of the cut of the Blucher boots of our day; so that, altogether, not more than a few inches of leg were visible, covered by clocked sky-blue woollen stockings. A full tie wig, topped by that curious shaped, broad-brimmed, pan-crowned hat, which one cannot call round, square, or angular, completed the costume of this remarkable person; and while his little paunch—little in comparison with paunches, but huge in comparison with his own proportions—rested on the brazen-nosed pommel of his pad, there appeared, in the oozing of his vacant purple face, in the distension and rolling of his grey eyes, in the hard compression of his lips, and in his desperate grasping of the bridle, indications of a mind not well at ease, and as if it were to him a task of some difficulty, and much bodily torture, to sustain, decently, the character of a cavalier.

By his side, on a steed, also of very grave conformation and habits, rode a man, his senior in years, and his contrary in person, being tall, gaunt, and spare in the limbs; with, behind him, on a pillion, a second female, quite as tall, though of a bulk promising, if fairly divided, to make three of such as he; the profusion of cloth in which, down to the toes, she was enveloped, serving to give even an exaggerated notion of her colossal figure.

From the vulgar hardness of his sharp features, as well as from his antique coat of livery, buttoned but too closely, as far down as the hips—(while thence it spread into voluminous skirts) over his greyhound kind of body, this good lady's conductor might, although his great trooper's boots and roundhead hat insinuated a foregone military character, be easily recognised as an attendant; and the Amazonian lady herself might as easily pass for a considerable personage—at least, in her own estimation. The impression was not, indeed, conveyed by dignity of deportment, or even the affectation of it, but rather by a solemn, fussy, expression of countenance, that generally belongs to good

dames, who talk and do a great deal in circles which are bound to admit their preponderance, and who, assisted by worldly as well as natural requisites, have a talent, without positive vociferation, of ruling their humble friends, and sometimes their husbands. Behind the whole party, followed a bare-legged peasant-boy, leading a sorrowful donkey, across whose back hung two large, well-laden hampers.

The travellers had left behind the curious Cave-hill, that almost overhangs Belfast, and gained a view of Carrickfergus, with its ancient and well fortified castle, standing out in the bay, on a nearly insulated rock—an object by no means deficient in importance or picturesque interest, and sympathising so well, in rudeness and largeness of parts, with the primitive pile on which it was based, that, when thus beheld at a distance, both masses seemed one. For some time all had been silent; except that, now and then, any increased motion of his steed called from the little round man an involuntary groan, immediately after which he might be seen, turning, as quickly as he could, his head over his shoulder, to observe whether or no the

dame on the pillion took notice of his ejaculation; and if, as was indeed the case, during all such accidents, he found her head also turned, and her eyes fastened, half in amaze, half in severity upon him, he never failed, after another twitch of feature, to look on straight before him, with a face as composed and unconscious as he could well assume. But, except these interruptions, silence reigned among the party, until they had gained the first unobstructed view of Carrickfergus.

Then, however, the two young persons in front found words to express their sentiments on the interesting picture; and, that topic exhausted, continued to converse together. It appeared from their discourse, that they were orphan brother and sister; that the elderly little man, behind them, was their uncle and guardian, and the gigantic lady his spouse; and, in remark upon a new piece of information with which her brother supplied her, the maiden proceeded to task—"Our guardian's dame is of London city, then?" When a shrill exclamation of "Paul, Paul!" from the lady herself, in consequence of an unusually loud groan from him who, nominally at least, was her lord and hus-

band, interrupted the brother's answer; and, had Esther Evelyn been skilled in accents, might have fully proclaimed to her the genuine city derivation of her aunt-in-law.

Both turned their horses' heads to the rear; and "Paul, Paul!" the dame continued — "What's to do with thee, now, sweetheart?"

"Nought, coney," replied Paul, in such imperfect delivery as denoted the almost total absence of teeth, "nought, truly; only my beast stumbled."

"And let him stumble," Mrs. Evelyn went on, steadily, "over every stock and stone on this wild road, could'st not hold thy hand tight on the rein, and the breath tight in thy body, and not fright folk with such a holloring?"

"I but feared he might fall, outright, Janet, and it seemeth to me," venturing a glance downward, "I am at such a height above the road, that it might have done me an injury, forsooth."

"Tut, no, sweetheart," she said affectionately; "thanks to a good wife's care, thy bones are so well wrapped up, it would have done no more hurt to thee than to a bale of broad-cloth."

He made no answer, contenting himself with

keeping up a decent composure of face, notwithstanding the refined torture conferred by every step, even the gentlest, of his steed. The dame continued :

“ Tho’ much, doubtless, is the peril of journeying over such roads, in such a country, and on beasts such, only, as it can afford us.”

“ They’re jest too good fur hur likes ;” said one of the few native peasants of the district, who was passing, and heard the observation.

“ There,” remarked Mrs. Evelyn, using gross language, no doubt, yet the common language of her day, even in parliament ; “ there goes a murdering and damnable papist.”

“ An’ there hur sits, a heretic jade, wid the fire ready kindled an’ roarin’ fur hur,” retorted the man, also using the charitable expressions in vogue amongst the vulgar and bigotted of his persuasion ; at the same time he turned up a wild bridle-road, and left them.

“ Ah,” resumed Mrs. Evelyn, coolly, in a set speech, the conclusion of which she had learned from public manifestoes, and, for many years had been in the habit of rehearsing ; “ never can the land have roads or ways, men or beasts,

as it should have them, until popery and slavery be rooted out, with all jesuits, plotters, and suspected persons."

"Never," said her attendant, who rode before her, also indulging in some favorite allusions, as his sentiments imparted to his long and wrinkled face its harshest expression; "never, till the auld forty-one comes round again; whilk time, as an humble doer for the Lord, forbye a corporal muckle in favour wi' that zealous man, tho' an Erastian, Charles Coote, I returned to the papists and malignants, hilt-deep, the sword they had unsheathed among the Lord's people."

"The papists," Mrs. Evelyn went on, not at all indulging in common place, "who plotted their damnable plot to poison the king, murder us, and make us subjects of antichrist, the pope; who ran thro' the body, with his own sword, that good magistrate, Godfrey, at Primrose-hill; and who burned down the city, till the flames stopped at London Bridge, as may be seen on the Monument to this day;" and the lady spoke truly, not only of her own day, by the way, but of ours; for there, indeed—a century at least after all men who can read or

think have laughed at the mistatement, there it remains graven in stone, to be spelt over by the mere ignorance and folly of the land, and perpetuated on minds as hard as the stone itself.

Young Evelyn had not been indifferent to the conversation here noticed, and with a tone he might properly assume to an old attendant of his father, though, in reality, he intended the remonstrance for his aunt-in-law, now said,—

“ Oliver, it were wiser, more seemly, and more christian, that you forbore such observations; the times are altered; and altered, I hope, for the better, since they afford opportunity to men of all parties to hold out to each other the hand of brotherhood. A popish sovereign now fills the throne of these realms; he has ascended that seat of his fathers in peace; and in welcome, too, from persons of every persuasion—”

“ From backsliders, papists, and malignants—”
“ From plotters, papists, and jesuits—” interrupted Oliver and Mrs. Evelyn, in a breath.

“ We owe him our allegiance;” young Evelyn went on; “ with it our honor and respect; and it cannot be respectful,—no, nor lawful, to

insult with our speech the religion our sovereign chooses, and is permitted to profess."

"Doubtless, no," said uncle Paul, anxious for peace.

"What, Paul!—what say'st thou?" exclaimed his consort; and Paul winced more than if his fat horse had—which it could not do—bounded under him;—"honor and respect for that which is damnable and idolatrous, plotting and murderous, poisoning, burning, and jesuitical,—say'st thou, man?"

"No such thing do I say," replied the husband.

"He wha touches pitch is defiled thereby," said Oliver, "and he wha denies the Lord will, in his day, be denied by him;—wherefore, anent yon man James, whom malignants and papists, Erastians and prelatists call king—"

"What mean'st thou by prelaey, fellow?" interrupted Mrs. Evelyn; "what mean'st thou by joining *that* with papists and jesuits, plo—"

"And," continued Oliver, raising his voice, and in his turn interrupting, as the better way to get out of the mistake he soon saw he had committed; "and whom they go forth to pro-

claim with the sounding of brazen trumpets, and the tinkling of timbrels, and with a loud voice thro' the city, and a cry among the people, saying—”

“ Good fellow,” here interposed a stranger, wearing a close black cap and a full riding-cloak; the voice sounded just at Oliver's ear, and startled him, although the speaker had for some time accompanied the party unperceived; “ Good fellow, if you do not hold your neck to be too straight, or, at the least, your back to require a clawing, best keep silence so near yon loyal town.” The travellers had, indeed, now approached very near to Carrickfergus.

“ What have I said, that I should keep silent?” asked Oliver, wrathfully, and still half nervous.

“ Treason,” replied the other; “ if 'twere worth the telling.”

“ Truth,” retorted Oliver, “ and the words of truth. Peradventure you be, yourself, of the children of abomination, the sons of darkness and of Belial; but even to thee will I testify against this breaking into the fold, this slumbering and backsliding of the shepherds—”

“ This introducing of popery and slavery ;” echoed Mrs. Evelyn.”

“ Silence, Oliver !” cried her nephew-in-law.

“ Fools !”—exclaimed the stranger, in a tone as intemperate as that used by those he addressed—“ fools, as well as blasphemers and heretics—”

“ Heretics !” said Oliver, stopping his horse to confront his new companion ; “ whom call you by that name, brother ?”

“ You, and all like you, who have departed from the bosom of holy church, to set up the false lights of your own weak judgment, and bow down before them in presumptuous self-worship !”

“ You, and all like you,” rejoined Oliver, “ whether papists or prelatists.”

“ Sirrah !”—exclaimed his burden, turning fiercely on her conductor ; “ again I ask what would’st thou by that word ?”

“ Even those,” he replied, forgetting, in extreme zeal, his former caution ; “ wha, against the voice of the covenant, give ear to the words of men in sleeves of lawn and long garments, sic as are called bishops and archbishops, deans,

deacons, and rectors; poor remnants of the tricks of Satan, and the deceptions of the scarlet——”

“ Beshrew thy knave’s heart ! thou art worse than a papist, thyself !” said Mrs. Evelyn, “ none but such could hold such language of the pure reformed religion.”

“ No !” cried the stranger, “ alas, he is no more of the true holy faith than thou, thyself, unhappy woman !—I know you, now, old Noll ; you were yon, at the Gobbins heughs, in the forty-one ;” alluding to the massacre of Roman catholics, differently accounted for, which took place in Island Magee during the dreadful year of 1641, or 1642.

“ I return thanks to the Lord, I was,” said Oliver, “ wi’ mickle sorrow that on that good night you stood not before me ; for now I no longer doubt you ; you are a professed papist.”

“ I am an unworthy son of holy church,” answered the stranger, devoutly crossing himself ; “ and now, of the triumphant church, too—hark to that ! Long live king James !” he continued, as a shout, that he seemed apt at interpreting, reached them, through a gate of the

town, from the far end of a street, the suburb extremity of which they were just entering; and at the same time, the speaker letting go the folds of his cloak, which he had hitherto kept closely grasped, displayed the habit of a Roman catholic ecclesiastic of the regular order.

“ A travelling friar !” exclaimed Oliver.

“ A jesuit ! a jesuit !” screamed Mrs. Evelyn.

“ And now I know you, too,” resumed the old trooper, “ your name is O’Haggerty ; a fire-brand amang the people ; a sore affliction to the covenant ; and weel disposed to do scaith on my head for the words I have spoken ; do thy best—I defy thee.”

“ Heretical idiot !” said the young friar, for young he was, and of a tall, robust person and rather coarse features, “ for the sake of the well-intentioned youth, who is thy master, and whose remonstrance with thee I have heard ; and also for the sake of yon sweet and delicate young lady, whose health and spirits do not seem well to brook such wrangling ; for their sakes I will spare you ; your ancient companion I spare for her own sake ; this is a day of triumph, not of struggle ; attend to what is now

to be acted, and suffer in spirit all I could wish to inflict:" at these words, the ecclesiastic gave spurs to his horse, and was soon lost in the crowd that, amid a great din of shouting, accompanied by the squeak of a cracked trumpet, and the rub-a-dub of an old kettle-drum, on which a fresh sheep-skin had just been badly strained for the occasion, advanced towards the travellers.

Our party were obliged to draw up inside the rude gate of the town, which they had just entered, in order to give place to the throng, that almost immediately halted about the spot. Thus, however, they were afforded opportunity to observe what was going forward. In the centre of the concourse Evelyn could recognise the mayor of the town, attended by the recorder, sheriffs, aldermen, burghesses, and the other corporate and official persons, all in their "formalities," and on horseback. Before them was the town-clerk, accompanied by the trumpeter, as crazy as his instrument, and the drummer, as wrinkled as his sheep-skin; and after a pause, this important officer crying silence, proceeded to read, in a loud voice, and with vile pronuncia-

tion, made up of two parts of Scotch, and one of Irish brogue, a paper that proclaimed James the Second, king. All had stood uncovered during his oration; and at the end, the mayor, recorder, &c. joined in his "God save King James!" waving their cocked hats, their wands, and other badges of office; whilst, at the same time, the ever-willing crowd threw up their greasy caps, and contributed three separate shouts.

Evelyn looked attentively to try if he could discover in the faces of the officials, or of the crowd, much hidden opinion at variance with this outward manifestation of joy; but among the former his physiognomonic skill did not enable him to detect any contradiction; and even the crowd, though in that northern town, chiefly protestants of one sect or other, seemed generally sincere and gratified. On their outskirts, indeed, might be observed more than one inferior group of old and young, male and female, individuals after the hearts of Noll and Mrs. Evelyn, who joined but faintly, or not at all, in the common shout, their heads turned, and their eyes fixed scoffingly on the corporate

officers, or as scoffingly and more expressively on each other; but such variations from the prevalent feeling Evelyn did not fail to set down as the exceptions that attend every general rule, and most particularly every general rule in religious politics. He omitted, indeed, to consider them as the unnoticed sparks that, after a half-consumed city is supposed to be safe from further harm, still live in the midst of security, awaiting but the breath of a fresh wind, or merely the progress of their own ignition, to burst forth in treble vigour.

But, so far as his calculations at present went, Evelyn was correct. Since the monstrous excesses committed on both sides in the year 1641, and afterwards on one side only, by the ruthless Cromwell, Ireland had, down to the moment we speak of, enjoyed more peace, or at all events, rest, than could be recollected in her previous history, from the time of Henry II. The efforts to set aside Cromwell's settlement, gave indeed a slight ruffle to the national tranquillity; but when that great question became decided, and that the disappointed catholics were content to bear in silence the bitterness of a decision so arbitrary as from the son of Charles I. they

saw little reason to expect, all parties then relapsed into quietness, and seemed willing to tolerate, if not esteem each other. In aid of this sentiment now came the lively declarations of intended impartiality and protection made by the new king to his privy council, on behalf of his protestant subjects; and the good hopes of a happy reign derived therefrom by all sects in the mother country, and the sincere expressions of loyalty and attachment consequently manifested in addresses from each, could not fail to command a correspondent feeling throughout Ireland. Men were tired, too, of a mere religious struggle, principally, perhaps, on account of the hopelessness, at any side, and after considerable efforts on all sides, of religious extermination; since they could trust their prince, they seemed indifferent to his worshipping God after his own fancy; and thus the mixed crowd, that, in a small town in the north of Ireland, shouted up James the second, might be heard re-echoing the watch-word of security which then ran through all the British realms—"We have the word of a prince—a pledge never broken—Long live King James!"

Yet were there non-contents: and amongst

them none more consistent than Oliver and Mrs. Evelyn ; and, so long as he remained under her jurisdiction, Paul, her spouse. As the party stood looking on, Evelyn waved his hat and cheered ; but his aunt-in-law scowled at the town-clerk, and once, when in some evident return of displeasure he met her eye, she shook her head and hand at him, uttering words that it was perhaps well for her the noise of acclamation completely drowned. Oliver too, though contenting himself with severe silence, remained covered, till a person passing on horse-back, twitched off his hat and cried, "Shout, roundhead, shout !"

"There's na muckle treason in a guarded mouth," replied the old covenanter, coolly taking his hat from some benevolent person who had stooped to pick it up.

"Look on, and you shall soon know," resumed the voice of the young friar, now recognizable ; and he again turned off to join the crowd.

The corporate procession had begun to return down the street, in progress to some other established place from which to make its pro-

clamation, when a portion of the people whom the friar joined and spoke to for a moment, separated from the rest, and hoisting an individual astride on a pole, advanced with him, borne on their shoulders towards the travellers.

“That’s *ridin’ the stang*,” observed the urchin who had in charge the donkey and hampers.

“And what means it?” inquired Evelyn.

We answer for the boy by informing the reader, first, that the phrase translated into English, meant riding upon a sting, as we presume the galling seat of the rider might justly be called; second, that it was a local popular punishment inflicted by proxy for such offences as were not cognizable at common law. Some low fellow, representing the offender, was mounted, as in the instance to be noticed, upon a pole, and thus making avowals, in the name of the real aggressor, of his adopted guilt, was carried about the streets, until at last he reached the house of the delinquent, where he proclaimed anew the misdemeanor which had given offence, and then with loud shouts the ceremonial ended.

“An’ its *ridin’ the stang*,” continued the

donkey's guardian, "only yon thief isn't the true one," and he looked up significantly at Oliver.

The minor crowd approached with their burden, a very nasty, ill-looking fellow; and ere our travellers could follow down the street, the main body of people, they were again surrounded.

"Wha are y^eou? wha are you?" cried many voices to him on the pole, as they halted him before the party.

"Wha am I but auld Noll, that was a militia trooper in the forty-one?" he answered.

"Thou liest, even as the prince of lies, wha is thy father," said Oliver, calmly scowling at his ragged representative. The crowd took no notice, but continued, "Make full and penitent proclamation of the guilt whilk gars you ride the stang!"

"And what for no, since I hae gotten the grace to repent me? I just ride the stang anent yon time, when I would na doff my bonnet for good king Jamie, foul fa' me for a graceless loon that did na better mind it!"

"And do ye mind it noo? and wha is king noo?"

"King Jamie the Second is king, and I, Noll

Whittle, of the forty-one, I mind it weel—huzza for king Jamie !”

“Huzza, huzza, huzza !” echoed the crowd, as, releasing their substitute criminal, they followed rapidly, and with loud peals of laughter, the main concourse, Oliver just commanding as much prudence as made him feel that it might be inconvenient to suffer himself to be provoked into overt words of disloyalty. But not so Mrs. Evelyn, who, despite the mortal fears of her husband (in suspicion that a trot over the paving-stones, on the *stang*, would be more inconvenient even than the paces of his steed), and the earnest expostulations of her husband’s nephew, continued to vent her zeal and wrath as the party moved down the street, in quest of a house of entertainment.

“Cross me not, nephew,” she said, as they passed by the pier, or quay wall, and rather near to it, “a woman, at least, can use her tongue.”

“Troth can she,” said the bare-legged attendant, coming back from a group of people whom he had interrogated as to the meaning of a second approaching clamour, “Troth can she,

esteeming her; from growing truly great with her and by her; if, by so doing, they remain but as strangers, and, numerically at least, as insignificant and obscure colonists on her bosom. And so, Barnes, still I cry—aid them to correct their misconceptions; through these, their mistatements; through these, their feelings; through these, their national position; and fear not their displeasure for the intended service.

At all events, we have nothing to fear, even from displeasure. We come forward, on this occasion, with clean breasts. Perhaps we may not exactly fit the knuckle of any side; but that we cannot help, while we fit our humble efforts to our own consciences. This, you will say, is valiant, for me; Richard says it is. Probably I do wax valiant when I know that every statement of facts, or allusion to them, which we are compelled incidentally to put forward, is authorized by historians, whom both sides are bound to admit; and that nothing can be objected to us which must not also be objected to Dalrymple, or Harris, or Burnet, or Hume, or Smollett, or James's memoirs, or Walker's Diary of the siege of Derry, with many

other general and local histories ; not omitting, in support of certain sentiments naturally expressed by certain of our characters, the bundle of old tracts that you say is to be found in the British Museum, of which one, in particular, exhibits the following ample title-page :—“ Great Britain’s just complaint for her late measures, present sufferings, and the future miseries she is exposed to. With the best, safest, and most effectual way of securing religion, liberty, and property, upon good and lasting foundations, fully and clearly discovered, in answer to two late pamphlets concerning the pretended French invasion.” Printed M.D.C.VII. By Story alone, of all historians or essayists of that period, we will not be judged, because, as chaplain to William, he is scarcely an admissible evidence, in as much as he can scarcely have been an impartial one ; although I know nothing in him that we need shrink from. I wish William, himself, “ wrote a book.”

When our historical people speak on historical points, we have given them, as often as possible, the words that history puts into their mouths ; and never one word which, in our opi-

nion, is not authorized by their characters, sentiments, or actions. In the latter instance, they may be found to utter thoughts and feelings too vivid for some, who, at one side or the other, love not them, nor their thoughts or feelings; but we hope we may plead that a dramatist, while trying to give natural speech to his characters, is not accountable for all they choose to say.

Fools and knaves, found disguised amid the musty fanaticism of nearly two centuries ago, we have unhesitatingly restored to their true shapes and features, without much fear of offending any sect to which they pretended to belong; still we are accountable for our right to take such little freedoms with the dead and gone.

And now get the three unwieldy volumes printed as fast as our respected northern fellow-countryman, Mr. J. M'Creery, can manage it; with my blessing; and with my request, too, that concerning the point upon which I have been so loquacious, you will give yourself no further trouble. Other parts give *me* more uneasiness; but no matter, now; let them pass to their

great account—God help us three! Richard, you, and I; I have gone near to frighten myself with that random expression; it creates a very uncomfortable sensation, a kind of giving way in the abdomen of

My dear Barnes,

Your affectionate brother,

ABEL O'HARA.

P. S. Apropos to giving way—

Whatever fate may await us in the present venture, Dr. Hummum predicts that it will be worse than our former one. Bad as the tales were, he says we are not now about to fellow them. How can he be so certain? Have you ever let a copy out of your hands, without knowing where it might have strayed? I'm sure I kept the copies you sent me, from time to time, close enough; yet nothing can be more assured than his quiet, settled convictions, except it may be, the compression of Mr. Mahony's lips, and the slow up-and-down shake of his head, as often as he hears the doctor give them utterance; and this goes to my heart, tho' I hope I know no reason why it should; I am

almost tempted to side with him, myself, Barnes. Perhaps it is ruled by fate, or else by the doctor and his friend, that a poor author's second book must ever fall below his first. If so, heaven help us, I say again; one decision would be almost as bad as the other. Yet we should be ungrateful, indeed, if a recollection of the highly gratifying, though, I fear, too high praise with which all other critics have treated us, did not serve to give us hopes, in spite of Dr. Hummum's and Mr. Mahony's prophecy. You have expressed to us your very sincere sense of the kindness and encouragement to which I allude; Richard and I beg to express the same to you; and if any proper opportunity occurs for making our sentiments known, we hereby request you, Barnes, to say, in our names, all that the truest gratitude, in fact all that your own joint feelings, would naturally and simply lead you to say.

A. O'H.

if she likes the rest o't; mind this, jest," pointing to the noisy throng that now passed our travellers.

In the centre was an old woman of very low stature, and mean apparel, whom the united efforts of three strong men, obviously town bailiffs, could scarce drag onward towards the quay wall: although two of them held each a hand of the pigmy fury, a necessary measure to prevent a renewal of the favours which it was evident those hands, assisted by their proper nails, had recently conferred on their faces, and although the third exerted, by passing a rope round her waist, considerable influence over her motions. She tugged and twisted, and jumped up and down, and to one side and the other, making various attempts to bite with the few teeth she had left; or, bending her body, and opposing the amazing resistance of her strength and weight, little as both might appear to be, suffered herself to be trailed a few steps on her heels or knees; her features all the while distorted with frenzy; her stringy neck swollen like a bundle of small ropes; her clothes torn

and bemired, and her once shrill pipe grown hoarse with execration.

“ Let me go, let me go !” she exclaimed in passing, “ ye tools and ministers of Beelzebub, ye upholders of abomination, ye servants and torturers for Sathan !—To the water’s brink ye shall never gar me go !—I will hae strength for resistance—yea, the strength that comes frae above is given me ; let me go, ye outcasts !—ye cast-a-ways !—ye papists and malignants ! I say to you, he is no king, but a fause idol set up for saul-killing worship ! I uplift my voice——”

“ On with her, on with her !” cried a person higher in authority than the bailiffs, and looking like the mayor’s clerk, “ Come along, old Alice, and be thankful for the mercy that decrees you but this punishment ; to-day you have spoken treason, for which the twisting of your old neck were proper reward, only that his worship’s honour is too christian-like, and judging your clack but as the clack of a common scold, wills you no more than the quieting of one. Silence in the court, till the town law for such offence be read !”

And thereupon this person read from a paper he held in his hand, often interrupted by the violence of Alice, the following Carrickfergus statute.

“ October, 1575, Ordered and agreede, by the hole court, that all manner of skoldes which shal be openly detected of skolding, or evil wordes in manner of skolding, and for the same shal be condemned before Mr. Maior and his brethren, shal be drawne at the sterne of a boate in the water, from the end of the peare rounde about the queenes majesties castell, in manner of ducking, and after, when a cage shal be made,” (it has been ready these hundred years, remarked the mayor’s officer, parenthetically) “ the party so condemned for a skolde shal be therein punished at the discretion of the maior.”

A general shout followed the promulgation of this salutary law ; and once more, Alice, who had had the advantage of a halt, while it was reading, experienced the attentions of the bailiffs, her voice now completely unheard in the grand uproar, and her resistance proving, from exhaustion, less than before. Yet, ere she quite pass-

ed from the place on which our travellers had drawn up, she made one final effort, in the shape of an appeal for the intercession of all the Lord's people.

“To so many of ye as have heard the word, and now hear me, I uphaid my voice for a deliverance! Tak me out of a captivity, and let your hands undo the bonds of a hard bondage! Ha!” she continued, recognizing an old acquaintance, “sit you there on a war-horse, armed to go forth and conquer, and winna you smite wi’ the sword, Oliver Whittle, in my cause, and in the cause of a broken covenant?” another long tug forward, which, notwithstanding his sincere zeal, Oliver did not regret, “and the winsome leddy that bides on the back part of the steed ahint you”—The bailiffs looked ominously at Mrs. Evelyn; Paul also looked at his consort—she was pale as death; “oh winna she uplift her voice for the Lord’s bondswoman? avoid ye, evil ones!” another successful tug—“Agents of darkness!—hell-servants!—let me go! let me go!”

Her voice here became finally lost, and all resistance, too, seemed at an end, for the bailiffs,

and the whole crowd around her, hurried on with increased rapidity, amid the screaming of women, the piping of children, and the barking of a hundred curs. Evelyn and his sister then turned their horses towards a house of entertainment; and Mrs. Evelyn, uncle Paul, and Oliver, followed in profound silence; the titter of the donkey's guide, and almost at the same time, a lengthened bray from the donkey's self, being the only sounds uttered by any of the crest-fallen party.

CHAPTER II.

As evening approached, the travellers resolved to spend that night in Carrickfergus. After they had together partaken of an early supper, Oliver being allowed to sit at a corner of the table, they separated into distinct parties. Mrs. Evelyn and her husband—we always put, by impulse, the dame's name first—fell asleep, opposite each other, in two rude arm-chairs;—Oliver Whittle stalked out of the room to seek his own chamber, and there pour forth his soul in extempore prayer; and young Evelyn and his sister adjourned to a private sitting-room, where some discourse occurred between them, which, as during this evening of inaction we think it useful for our purposes, the reader will be pleased to peruse, in, we promise him, a very short chapter.

“Nothing interests you, Esther,” said the

young gentleman; "that is too evident; you answer my questions, indeed, or agree in my remarks, or even start one of your own, but the sigh that always closes your lips, tells how indifferent to your thoughts is the passing discourse; and despite my assurance of your affection, almost tempts me to fear that even my own presence is indifferent."

The young lady smiled faintly, but beautifully, as she answered, "Robert, *that* you must not say; God knows, except yourself, there is now, no being on earth, dear to the heart of Esther Evelyn."

"Again, that heavy sigh, dearest Esther, and that sad drooping of your head—how shall I reconcile these symptoms with your words? Were we not brother and sister, I might be at liberty to reconcile them by, doubtless, a very flattering inference; but you know you must not be in love with me," he added, in a little effort to rally her spirits. She smiled again with more animation than before, and her brother continued.

"And this minds me of a question I have once or twice intended; but look honestly at

me, Esther, that I may judge from your eyes and cheeks, rather than from your words, of the fact;" she turned her face up in calm surprise, and looked fully at her brother, "aye," he resumed, "excellently acted; be sure, all this convinces me, you do not even guess what I would ask; well, well, no use of any more amazement, I *am* convinced; and, now, fair sister, is your little heart still your own?"

"You mean, am I in love, as it is called, with any one?" she asked, simply and quietly.

"Even so; in love, as it is called."

"Indeed, indeed, brother, I am not."

"Never yet saw the man you could love?"

"Yourself apart—for we talk not now of brother's and sister's love; and, since an event I cannot name"—tears gushed from her eyes, "never, brother, never."

"My dearest Esther," the brother continued, much affected also, "this endless and unavailing sorrow is sinful and selfish—no, not selfish, I did not mean that; but how unfortunate I am in all my little efforts to, indeed, Esther, to amuse you; even now I believed I had chosen a theme as wide as possible from any afflicting

recollection, yet how unhappy it has proved. For God's sake, sister, for both our sakes, take up the consolation that religion enjoins, and that your duties and affections make imperative."

"I have struggled to take it up, brother; but you know I am not in very good health, along with being, or having cause to be, unhappy; and the weakness of the body increases the weakness of the mind, and the sorrows of the heart; but when I get better you shall see a change."

"Thanks, Esther, I expected no less from you; and you shall, you must, get well; your youth, your prospects, and the advantage of this sea-shore residence, whither we are journeying—every thing, to say nought of a brother's love and duty—every thing must give you the health and spirits you merit to enjoy—but how now?"

Notwithstanding the maiden's effort to suppress her feelings, the string of her griefs having been once touched, she could not check its vibration; and while her brother spoke, her head dropped on her bosom, her hands on her

her knees, and in a shower of tears she exclaimed—"My poor father!"

Evelyn was instantly at her side; but he did not now offer a word of consolation or remonstrance, content to let nature exhaust her own paroxysm; and his silence was perhaps the best appeal to his sister's recollections, which in a little time overcame her extreme sorrow, while she continued to address him.

"I am weak, Robert, very weak and blamable; but to me, who have no recollection of a mother, what a loss was that father!—mother and father, together!—Never had child—that child a girl—such a parent. You, who, for your education and improvement by travel, were often away from us—you cannot imagine half his tenderness and goodness; besides, you are a man, and cannot feel half so desolate."

"Being a man, Esther, the more my joy and pride, and the less should you feel desolate, when I am your brother, too."

She admitted the force of this remark, and once more looked up, while, although it came through tears, her smile was unusually brilliant, as she replied,

“ It is so, dearest brother, it is so ; and I am truly selfish and sinful not to prove I know it ; for my natural return of affection for affection, apart — how much heavier, indeed, might be my lot, had I not such a protector—friend—relative. I know not how, Robert,” she continued, “ but, although *his* connexions must ever command my respect and esteem, I cannot love our uncle and aunt—not with the fulness of heart that gives satisfaction and happiness.”

“ And you know, dear sister, how I answer you on that head. Nothing bad, or even unkind have I seen in either ; yet assuredly enough to suppress warm affection. It is disagreeable to observe the unwomanly sway our aunt holds over our uncle ; and still more offensive to note his unmanly taking of it. Then, her religious prejudices are too strong ; much too strong for the good opinions that persons of all creeds, except the ignorant and violent on every side, begin to entertain, or wish to entertain of each other ; I did not think that one professing the same mild reformed faith with you and me, could hold such rancour as our aunt does hold against papist fellow subjects, especially in this kingdom, which—although here in the north,

Presbyterians, with a few Episcopalians, be the majority—is almost wholly possessed by people of that persuasion. Such unchristian and unseemly opinions, if, indeed, opinions they may be called, ought to be left to the very ignorant among the covenanters, some of whom live around us, and who have been as remarkable for hostility to our own church, as to that which our aunt denounces.”

“ I understand little of these matters, Robert, but would gladly be guided by your information and instructions. He who is gone, never cared to bring such subjects before me ; or when he did, his words only breathed charity and forbearance to all God’s creatures. Nevertheless, many have instilled into my mind a fear of danger to our good religion from the crowning of a popish king ;—much dislike, I know, has lately been shewn against the duke.”

“ The king, now, Esther.”

“ And many struggles made to keep him from the succession ;—was there no real danger ? And now, that, as you say, the obnoxious duke is king, is there none ?”

“ Wise and good men of different sects see none. The cry of danger was raised by the

heads of a party, and caught up by their prejudiced and credulous adherents; but that party is now silenced in the general voice of the nation, which hath at length broke out; and, strengthened by King James's own promises, all welcome to the throne of his fathers a king, whose only crime, as yet, it is to run the risk of their displeasure rather than lay down his conscience."

"But, had he not part in the plot, brother?"

"Even when the plot was believed to exist, his worst enemies did not directly charge him with a part in it; now that it and its promulgators have passed into disrepute, there can be less reason for objection to king James on that head. I see, sister, you have taken no note—alas, why should you!—of what has lately chanced in the world; but learn, that since the trial and acquittal of Sir George Wakeman, in the teeth of the depositions of that human monster, Oates, no man of ordinary reflection or honor places reliance on his assertions, so that his whole plot, with its circumstances, now seems but a terrible fabrication, badly and clumsily put together, with all the flagrancy, but

with not a particle of the consistence of imposture.”

“Alas! and is it only now, after the spilling of much noble blood, the desolation of many noble families, and the wrongfully accusing, of frightful acts and intentions, millions of fellow-creatures—is it only now that wise and good men find out that, which, had they eyes in season, might have saved them bitter and awful recollections?”

“Only now; and doubtless, the credulity that blinded them, heretofore, and the rancour that begot such credulity, make the foremost stain on the reflective and merciful character of the great nation, whence we derive our ancestry. Mayhap, too, of its kind, we should say, the only one.”

“Yet even now, brother, I rejoice to be set right on this matter; for it will teach me a kinder thought and more Christian bearing towards the people I have wronged in my ill-formed judgment. Would that our aunt could hear patiently the words I have heard from you! yet, living in the world, she ought to have heard them, with profit, from many other

tongues; and that she still maintains her unchristian temper, is a certain cause for my withholding the love I before told you I could not pay:—indeed, though from the beginning I knew my feelings towards her, this is the first true ground I could assign to rest them on. I have seen so little of our aunt and uncle, that my knowledge of them must be little. Ere you could return from your travels, after our sudden loss, I mourned alone in our desolate house, by fair Lough Neagh; when you came, we mourned together; our father's brother, and his lady, were then in America, as I was told, and a year elapsed before they visited us, since when, only some weeks have passed to make my observations in; but you often saw them in England and in Derry-city—did you not?"

"Often: yet my sentiments of them are the same with yours."

"How chanced it, that, ever since I was a giddy child—infant almost, I did not see my uncle in our father's house, until his late visit, made to assert his duties as our guardian?"

"You know, sister, that, as eldest brother, our father succeeded to the almost entire pos-

sion of the estate bequeathed to him by the brave ancestor, who, in 1172, at the side of the great De Courcy, lord of Ulster, won it with his good sword from the uncivilized natives of this northern country. Our uncle being, therefore, without competent independence, was forced to push his fortunes in the world by means of mercantile pursuits and honest industry; so that many years ago he settled in London, and there marrying his present lady, acquired by her, and by his own efforts, much wealth, and also became possessed of ships, which our uncle Jeremiah, still younger than he, long commanded in their voyages to and from the western continent and islands."

"I remember uncle Jeremiah well; indeed, I know him well; and, I believe, love him, too, better than our newly-arrived relations: for, although somewhat too much of a humorist, I think his heart warmer, and his manners kinder. But our guardians have been some time in Ireland, residing in Derry-city, as I have heard?"

"Yes; settled there, two years, perhaps, before their last western voyage, their wealth applied to the purchase of lands and houses, and

our uncle an alderman of that city ; but what with their frequent visits to England ; the retired habits, and different style of mind of our father ; and, withal, the bad state of the northern roads lying between Derry and our residence, so irksome, as you may have seen, to any but youthful travellers—it is not matter of wonder that, since their removal to Ireland, our uncle and aunt should not have visited us.”

CHAPTER III.

THE travellers left Carrickfergus next morning, in prosecution of their route along the coast, to the little village where Esther was to reside for the advantages of change of air and sea-bathing.

Passing out of the town through Glenarm, or Spittal gate, one of four then existing in the old walls, the party continued their way among the district called "Scotch quarters," from a colony of Argyle and Gallowayshire fishers, who came over in 1665: and these visitors might be heard alluding to "the Irish folk," in their neighbourhood, with a mixed air of indifference and toleration, such as would have been more natural, on the part of the natives, towards themselves: this, however, was only a specimen of the solemn self-conceit of the old puritans. After a few miles' riding, our friends passed the limits of the county corporate; or

county palatine of Carrickfergus; for the district, although included in the county Antrim, and extending only about four miles square, has an independent civil existence, thus variously designated; with respect to the last designation, it may be proper to inform the reader, on the authority of Spencer, that counties palatine were formed after the first colonization, and granted "great priviledges," to enable the settlers, "subject to continuall invasions," to defend themselves against "the wilde Irish;" and perhaps this way of putting the question of colonial residence, will not, on reflection, seem a whit less modest, than the views subsequently taken of the matter by the Scotch adventurers, which has been mentioned.

The road onward lay, as well as that from Belfast to Carrickfergus, very near the coast. It passed, at Kilroot, a quarry of columnar basalt, as perfect as any specimen at the Giant's Causeway, although the distance between both places is, at least, forty miles; but at the time of this tale, the quarry had not been discovered. Leaving island Magee to the right, it then wound, rather more interiorly, towards the vil-

lage of Larne. Of Island Magee—which, by the way, is, now at least, no island—notice has already been taken, as the scene, about the year 1641, of a midnight massacre, perpetrated by some Scotch troops, regardless of sex or age, on the primitive and unarmed inhabitants. It has also been mentioned, that different parties give different accounts of this affair, their differences chiefly applying to its date; and this date involving the question of whether or no it was retaliation or unprovoked aggression—one of the consequences, or one of the causes of the Irish massacre, upon which Hume is so indignantly and truly eloquent. In the main facts, however, that the slaughter took place, and that those slaughtered were unoffending and unwarlike people, all writers agree; except, indeed, Hume himself, who, amid the splendour of his angry rhetoric, while holding up to the detestation of ages the atrocities of Irish bigots, omits to mention the atrocities (committed at the very same time), of Scotch bigots; although before he gave way to passion, and indulged in his imperfect statement, historical dignity called on him to seek out or recollect the attendant truths

that might have served to check the one and enlarge the other :—but we digress. The principal facts admitted on all hands, men whose views of human nature are not controlled by the prejudices of a country, a time, or a sect, will care little about the minor contradictions, however fervently they may be urged ;—the side that retaliates a barbarity is surely little better than the side that originates one ; and we allude to the circumstance only for the purpose (as is our duty, or the necessity of our plan) of placing before the reader a true and real picture of the general state of men's minds and feelings some years previous to the time in which the events and persons of our story are to occur and act. Perhaps the unhappy matter should not at all have been noticed, but that in getting,—across the little gulf that separates Island Magee from the main land—a glance at the spot on which it happened, a grim and recollective smile struggled through the hard features of Oliver Whittle.

At about the same moment, others of the party were enjoying another view, of, at least, more harmless and agreeable impression. It

was formed by different points of the main land to the right, and of the promontory, as it may more truly be called, to the left, sweeping into the gulf, at different distances, and all wearing the family likeness, that, not disagreeably however, characterizes basalt hills; that is to say, an almost flatness on the tops, continued along the extent of the outline, and, just when they are about to shoot into the water, or dip to the plain, an abrupt convex curve. The point that, nearer than the middle distance, concealed the village of Larne, also concealed, from its stretching out to meet the opposite head-land, a continuous view of the sea; and thus the gulf had quite the appearance of an extensive lake, bound up by those successive piles of precipice, of which Ballygelly Head and Garron Point were the most imposing.

Continuing their route, the travellers, leaving to the left some close scenery of mixed beauty and ruggedness, halted and took refreshments at Larne; and soon after proceeded towards Glenarm. The road from Belfast to Carrickfergus, had,—to do common justice to Mrs. Evelyn's past observations—been bad enough;

from Carrickfergus to Larne it was worse; but from Larne onward it was worst of all. Not to speak of its ruggedness, it scaled, in the first instance, the barrier (a little inward) of Ballygelly Head, looking, when seen even from the brow of an introductory ascent, as if it ran zig-zag for mere wantonness higher than birds of grave habits need desire to fly. Then there was a descent of course; and, again, a tremendous rise; and, more provoking than all, a second descent into the village, upon the slope of which, the fat horses of the elder of the party, particularly he who bore the double weight of Oliver and Mrs. Evelyn, could scarce find footing. Of the increased contortions of face and multiplied groans of Paul, little therefore need be said; or except when a moment of utter peril caused her to keep in her breath—of the incalculable velocity of his good lady's tongue. There never were such roads, she averred, nor such a country, up and down, hill and hollow, nor such a people, that would not level it. In the neighbourhood of London, from one side to the other, there was but one hill, and that you need not climb if you did not like; except

that during the plague the citizens were fain have recourse to it for safety, being forced to run out of the city; and when (according to to an old poet, rather than Mrs. Evelyn)

“Some climbed Highgate hill, and there they see
The world so large that they amazed be;—”

and what chiefly inconvenienced Mrs. Evelyn,—and indeed irritated her so much that she often repeated it—was the reflection of the utter uselessness, to say the least, of creeping up one mountain, and scrambling down at the far side, solely for the purpose of creeping up and scrambling down another and another. But perhaps the frequent appearance, to her right, of the great sea, caught through partial depressions of a continued line of rock or swelling grounds, very near at hand, and a dizzy height above it—perhaps this, suggesting a recollection of the real peril of her situation, struck into Mrs. Evelyn’s heart a more appalling sensation, although it was too sincerely felt to require the usual avowal.

No selfishness, or ignorance, or even misgivings of personal safety, had, however, the effect

of closing the eyes and minds of Evelyn and his gentle sister to the interest of their situation. With feelings of mingled awe and delight, they found themselves gradually shut in, as they gradually ascended, between precipices and swelling grounds of amazing magnitude; the solitude, and the ruin, and the savageness of their mountain road, had due effect upon them; and when, from about the summit of the last fatiguing ascent between them and Glenarm, the scenery expanded, only to assume a more vast and entrancing character; when, to their left, swept the mighty hill that bounds the Great deer-park of Antrim castle, crossed and overtopped, at the distance of some miles, by another of a more sterile and blacker aspect; when to their right the land fell down to the level of the unlimited ocean—extent, though of a varied kind, being still the character of the scene; with, at the opposite side of Glenarm's beautiful bay, the huge headland of Garron Point, now beginning to shew its rude variety of feature; with ships and little boats ploughing or glancing across, or resting near the shore; with the little village itself, newly rebuilt after

the burning by Robert Munroe and his puritanical soldiers, and now therefore looking more neat and cheery; and the old castellated mansion of the Earl of Antrim, detached from the village, and standing in a great solitude; when this united picture at last came on their view, the brother and sister felt more than repaid for any inconvenience that might have attended their progress towards it.

Another rest at Glenarm, and notwithstanding the advanced hour of the day, our travellers remounted, to gain, after eight additional Irish miles, the little hamlet of Cushindoll, which was the object of their journey. And now the crossing of Garron Point proved a task of such difficulty, and, to the heavier mounted of the party, danger, as even their former experience of the road could not have enabled them to anticipate. The way clambered with difficulty at the bases of the last precipices which, a little inland, topped the point; and those terrific precipices were rent into a thousand masses of rock, great and small; toppling over, or clustering down the side of the descent, in all that primitive and horrid state of rest in which, during the mighty con-

vulsion that shaped them, they had caught, and, no eye could tell how, balanced and sustained each other. Often, too, they juttred out upon the only strip of ground available as a road over the point; prescribing its course; and, could one always behold through the minor inequalities to the right, the tremendous descent that at only a short distance, still shot down to the sea, sometimes pushing it too fearfully forward.

At about the place where, in consequence of those intrusions, the road grew narrowest, and approached nearest to the precipice on the right, was the termination of the clamber up; and then, almost immediately, commenced a descent nearly to the level of the sea, so very abrupt, that before any of the party would venture upon it, all halted and held a consultation. The result, in the first instance, was a determination to have the horses led down, whilst, one by one, the travellers should follow them. First, then, the bare-legged boy volunteered, with a sneer at the precautions adopted, to shew the perfect safety of the road. Allowing his donkey to follow at his leisure, the imp ran headlong from side to side, in the kind of movement al-

ways preferred by sagacious horses in similar situations ; with the exception that they creep, while he bounded as freely as if the ground were quite level under his feet. When safe at the bottom, he cut some self-flattering capers ; and, after waiting, a few minutes, the arrival of his charge, who followed exactly in his track, though ten times more slowly, he joined the party at nearly the same speed in which he had left them. Young Evelyn then led down his own horse, while the boy accompanied him with uncle Paul's and Oliver's ; and both returning, it was finally arranged that, after such encouragement, Paul himself should be conveyed by the urchin, and his lady by Oliver, while Evelyn should render Esther the same assistance.

Operations commenced by Paul reluctantly giving his left hand to the boy, while he further propped himself on a cane held in his right. The first few steps were favorable ; but when the poor little man found himself launched on the very sudden declivity, with a vast extent yet to be got over, and—from the rocky smoothness of the road—no hope of re-

tracing his way upward, courage forsook his heart; his little legs—at the coolest moments none of the most steady—tottered under him; his purple face strove to grow pale, and himself strove to stand still. At this, his consort assailed him from above, and the little guide, (though as they stood together, no difference could be observed in height, at least) at his ear, with cries of expostulation to proceed; the one exerting a loud voice of command, the other speaking and laughing in a breath. Paul growing more nervous and confused, yet tried to do as he was bid, and immediately put his feet in motion; but whether he was in too relaxed a state to govern their motions, or that the mischievous imp pulled him downward instead of checking his natural readiness to descend rapidly, true it is, that the moment he trusted them from under him, his legs set off at a pitch of speed too amazing to be voluntary, until at last they failed him altogether, and down came uncle Paul, grasping the guide in his arms, and rolling with him, over and over, to the bottom of the declivity.

The party above were necessarily much alarm-

ed at this accident; Mrs. Evelyn screamed incessantly as her lord continued in motion; and it was not till the boy, starting to his feet on the level road, and raising uncle Paul with him, repeatedly asserted the safety of both, that tranquillity could be restored. But these assurances, and at length, even their confirmation by Paul himself, could not now prevail on Mrs. Evelyn to take her turn down the hill with Oliver. The brother and sister tried to urge her, but in vain. No; it was a plain tempting of Providence; a plain hazarding of precious life;—Mrs. Evelyn would never stir a step farther on such a vile road—such a papist road—back she might go,—though even that was foolhardy and presumptuous—just to enable herself to get out of the country altogether; but down!—down that precipice!—never. And to manifest her determination, the lady squatted herself on a low flat stone by the road side.

Evening had for some time been approaching; but now, a shade of twilight too deep to be in regular gradation with any that had preceded it, fell suddenly over the mountain way. Evelyn, looking on the sky, saw it assume a lurid,

bronzed aspect ; and, at the same time, his eye caught and followed up a fearful phenomenon. Upon the summit of a hill, some distance before him, he observed a large black cloud to settle, the only one that intruded on the dull monotonous colour of the heavens. Presently, dividing into two parts, one part retired from his view behind the hill, while the other approached towards the party, marking its course with horror, and so far as the almost uninhabited state of the country can permit the term, with devastation. It was a tornado cloud, then not unknown in Ireland. Even at a distance Evelyn could note its effect along the sandy beach, or over the fern-clothed bosoms of the hills. The sand rose in clouds or pillars ; the fern, first uprooted, and then collected, ascended high into the air. As it came nearer, the few old trees on its course were torn from the rocks to which they clung, and whisked about like straws, and many of the rocks themselves unbedded, and hurled to the sea ; while the roof of one miserable cabin, perched on the superior precipice to the left, was uplifted, on the wings of the cloud, to an amazing elevation.

Terror, at this unusual and appalling sight, seized on all. Evelyn, endeavouring to check his own sensations, held tight the rein of his sister's jennet, as she was the only individual of the party who had not yet dismounted. Oliver, and Mrs. Evelyn (at last silent), fell on their knees, imagining to themselves the end of the world, or else conjuring the very top of Garron Point into the valley of Jehoshaphat. The cries of Paul and of the boy, their common tears and childish lamentation might be heard from the road underneath, and perhaps, as they were rather nearer to the danger, they had most immediate cause for outcry: particularly when the crash of falling rocks came very closely on their ears.

And still the black and giant cloud sailed on to the travellers, although occasionally diverted by its own wayward impulse to the right or the left. On—on!—and it hovered over the spot where uncle Paul and his treacherous guide were stationed. Fortunately for them, the mountain to their left presented, on its sides or summit, but few trees or rocks to the fury of the tornado; but their friends above could see

them, first, prostrated, and then caught up several feet from the ground—dropped, again raised, and again dropt, as an eagle might tantalize a lambkin. Long before Paul was a second time treated in this rude fashion, he had become insensible to his danger and sufferings, so that the tornado might almost as well have vented itself on a bunch of fern, the stump of a tree, or any other passive subject.

The terrible wonder began to ascend to the summit on which rested the remainder of the travellers. Increased darkness attended it, and the tumbling and crash of loose rock, again found on its course, shewed its unabated power and fury. Evelyn and his sister, Mrs. Evelyn, and Oliver, saw death approach them;—one and all they conceived, from what had already been manifest, that in its passage over their heads, the huge masses of rock, which before seemed to require but an infant's touch to get downward motion, must inevitably become loosened, and so whelm them in shocking destruction. As the certainty of immediate fate closed on all—all, except Mrs. Evelyn, prepared for it in silence; but her uninterupt-

ed scream rose frightfully among the rocks and hills around, and she fell prostrate, as if by anticipation she would bury herself in the earth, and so shorten the period of suffering. But, half way only over the ascent the cloud had advanced, when it became stationary—opened—belched forth a sheet of flame—exploded in a tremendous thunder-clap, and, rolling over the precipice to the right of the party, and hurrying with it many masses of rock, spent itself harmlessly, though terrifically, in the ocean. The mute and quailing waters rose up at its summons, in unnatural intrusion into the region of another element, or, heaving laboriously and blackly, seemed to evince their terror at a visitation so ominous.

And though, with the first thunder-burst, all certain danger removed from the travellers, still was their consternation rather increased than diminished, at the moment. The explosion was so near, and the reverberations through the rocks and mountains were so astounding, as almost to add frenzy to their despair; and, as the fragments of precipice continued, even after the passage of the tornado, to crash down-

ward to the sea, it seemed to them that the solid bulwark under their feet, and all around them, was torn piecemeal by tempest and thunder-bolt, and about to crumble into one general ruin. Nor had they much pause to relieve themselves from this state of over-excitement, when—as if the one tongue of flame which had issued from the cloud only served to ignite the whole surcharged atmosphere—flash followed flash, and peal followed peal, the one fiercely relieved by the increasing darkness, and the other sustained and exaggerated* by the voices of mountain and precipice, until nothing but horrid blaze and horrid noise could be seen or heard, and the face and silence of nature seemed no longer to be.

At the moment that such effects were wrought most powerfully on the feelings of all, and of Mrs. Evelyn in particular, Esther's horse became ungovernable in its fright, and, despite the resistance of young Evelyn, backed from the place where it had hitherto tremblingly stood. The brother called to Esther to throw herself off;—her limbs were strapped, for safety, to the saddle, and she could not possibly do so. Still

the animal pranced and backed; and now, for the first time, its fair rider screamed. Mrs. Evelyn caught up the signal, and recommenced her own shrill vociferations. They were answered, among the heights over her head, by a scream also, but of a cadence so wild and unnatural, that, for an instant, she held her breath to look up. Standing upon the edge of a large rock, in an attitude and manner of the most violent energy, she there saw a man, of, it might be, about fifty, with a profusion of wild hair streaming about eyes of almost maniac character, and holding a gun in his hand, while he beckoned rapidly, and she thought angrily, to Evelyn. One look at this person, who appeared so suddenly but a few yards above her, was enough for Mrs. Evelyn; she instantly uttered a louder cry than ever, and darted across the road in the direction whither Evelyn and his sister were forced by the affrighted horse. Almost as instantly, the wild-looking man sprung like a beast of prey after her—cast away his gun—seized her by the arms, and pulled her back. Mrs. Evelyn resisted; and gigantic as was the strength of her captor, he had a strug-

gle for it, before he succeeded in gaining sufficient mastery over her actions, to whisk her round, and rush headlong with her down the steep road. At the very time that this scene was enacting, and while Esther's horse still plunged backward, two other voices cried out, exactly in the quarter from which Mrs. Evelyn had been startled, and two other figures sprung up exactly where she had seen the first; but two others of a very different kind—a girl and youth, about fifteen and eighteen. The lad also held a carbine in his hand, and wore the Scotch bonnet and trews; the girl was prettily attired; both had an air of interest if not rank about them. And both starting up on the ledge of rock, together directed their looks and voices towards Evelyn and his sister, in the expression of utter alarm and horror. “Keep back the horse! keep back the horse!” they exclaimed in a breath, the very instant they appeared.

“Keep him back!” continued the beautiful girl, clapping her hands in agony, “his hoof is almost on the last sod between ye and your ruin!”

“The sea-precipice!—the precipice!”—re-echoed her young and nearly as beautiful companion, as he bounded like a wild deer from his place, and rushed towards the brother and sister.

Upon the first announcement of the dreadful peril they had before only apprehended, Esther swooned in her saddle, still held in it by the straps, and Evelyn abandoning the rein, made a last desperate and instinctive attempt to catch at one of the animal's fore feet, and thus, if possible, bring him to the ground. The horse reared up the moment he was touched, for the brother so far succeeded in his first effort, and flinging Evelyn a good distance from him, moved back more alarmed than before. Again the young girl cried out in treble terror, and, abandoning her station, descended after the youth. Evelyn, starting up from the confusion of a moment, found himself too far to re-attempt instantaneous assistance; yet he ran, or rather staggered onward; the horse still backed; he could now, himself, see the edging horror, and he could see the animal step another step towards it—when, like an arrow, the youth shot

across the road, came up with the horse, put his carbine to its head—discharged it—and the animal fell, quite dead, going down on the side that left Esther free of his fall. She was safe.

In a moment the young man released her from her fettered situation in the saddle, and, kneeling, presented her to the attentions of the girl, who was now by his side, and who, kneeling also, tenderly and anxiously received the charge. Evelyn, tottering forward, had fallen almost senseless by his sister; the youth raised him also, and supported him in his arms. Oliver had remained praying since the first appearance of the storm, and in pious abstraction, selfishness, or cowardice, never moved till all the succeeding dangers were over; now rising from his knees, he approached the group of young persons, and forced down Evelyn's throat some brandy, which he produced, in a black bottle, from a side-pocket. He wished Esther to have a little also, but her youthful supporter would only use some in chafing her temples. Both applications did good service; the sister and brother revived almost together, and flew to each other's embrace. When they sufficiently

recovered their recollections, and that Esther learned by what means she had escaped a dreadful death, she turned, with Evelyn, in all the gratitude of human nature for life preserved, to thank the young person, but he was gone.

“My brother,” said the girl, “has walked down the hill, to inquire after the dame who accompanied you.”

“He should have waited to accept our warmest and most grateful acknowledgments,” said Esther.

“They would please him, I am sure, but still he thought not of them,” resumed the girl: “his service had been offered here, and while another occasion might elsewhere happen for it, was he not right to go?”

“Then you, at least, maiden, will take, in your brother’s name, all the thanks, the tears of thankfulness, that are his due; and for yourself, too, accept our thanks; for, now that I can recollect, your kind arms were around me when I revived.”

“My brother is overpaid in your words,” replied the young stranger; “and as for myself, the highest pleasure you could do me, I had

felt in receiving thanks for him, even before you noticed my own petty service, which was nought; nought, indeed; I did not even attempt a good; I but cried out to fright him when he was about to do one; and I have but the pride of seeing such a brother act as became him."

"A noble young creature," whispered Evelyn to his sister.

"Yes, and withal a pretty and graceful," Esther replied. Their observations were, indeed, called for. Although rather below the middle size of woman, and not promising ever to reach it, the sister of their young deliverer looked, while thus speaking, what they had described her. Standing straight as a poplar, with her head elevated, her neck curving like a swan's, and her shoulders so knit as to produce a fine curve in her back, there was about her figure and air, and in the all but haughty outturning and curling of her parted lips, as well as in her slightly aquiline nose, her full quick eye, straight eyebrows, and ample forehead, much that would have well characterized a girlish Juno. When she moved, too, her step

was firm, though graceful; and, child as she might be, she commanded interest, and enforced respect.

“ I can honor your sentiments, fair girl,” Esther resumed, anxious to continue the conversation; “ and if you come and again sit by me, and give me your sweet support, you shall know particularly why.”

Their arms were in a moment round each other, the younger lady complying with the request of Esther with a manner as smiling and as kind as it had before been dignified, and perhaps distant. She afforded, too, her little attentions, and they were received by her new friend in a way that was a tacit assumption of something superior, either in rank or spirit, on her part, and a quiet admission of it on the part of Esther. In fact, it was the immediate ascendancy which a stronger mind asserts, even at the first moment of contact, over a weaker one.

“ Now, know,” Esther continued, “ that I love and honor your admiration of your brother, because I, too, am a sister—aye, sitting by my brother’s side—and can therefore feel your feeling.”

“ I saw this young cavalier strive for your safety, like a brother, indeed; and should he not, for so fair and sweet a sister?”

“ Aye; but we have the ties of sorrow as well as love to bind us; we are orphan brother and sister,” said Esther, while her tears flowed, and she instinctively pressed the hand of her young condoler, as if to prefer a claim on her sympathy. The pressure was gently returned, as the other said, in a soft, rather than a sad voice,

“ We, too, have known an early sorrow; but not to such an extent; in the last fall of the leaf, Edmund and I lost a mother!” she paused a moment, closed, and then lifted up her eyes, as if silently repeating a prayer, and added, “ may she rest in peace!”

The wild-looking man who had before terrified and pulled Mrs. Evelyn about, here started on the bit of level road which afforded rest to the young party, and with continued energy of action, looked earnestly around him. Seeing the group, he uttered a cry of the same strange kind which had hurt that lady's ears, and quickly advanced to them. Neither Evelyn nor Esther had seen him on his first appear-

ance, and while the one now rose, in some alarm, to prevent his too near approach, the other clung in terror to her companion.

“Fear him not,” said the girl; “he is my father’s brother, and comes on a good intent: some service he has already done you by placing out of the reach of danger, on the level road below, your matronly friend; and do not mind his looks, or action either; God has afflicted him—he is deaf and dumb; and, like most in his situation, the earnestness of his looks and motions seem wild, perhaps dangerous, at the very moment that they mean a service.”

The gesticulation of the man when he came up to the group seemed, although extravagant, to prove the truth of these observations. He first ran to his niece and kissed her, uttering strange, and, to him, unconscious sounds; then he took Evelyn’s hand, and shook it violently; then Esther’s; and having first raised it to his lips, he passed it, where he had found it, round the neck of the young girl, causing her also to lock her arms around Esther; all this affording him, as was evident by his smiles, and the vivacity of his eyes, the greatest pleasure.

After a few moments, his niece and he ra-

pidly conversed by signs; and she gave her friends to understand that her uncle had been sent by her brother to warn them of the necessity of immediately descending the hill, rejoining their party, and seeking shelter for the night, which, although the thunder-storm had long since ceased, now set in, black and lowering, with a threat of heavy rain. Indeed, the big drops which, rather unusually, had, during the thunder, omitted to fall, now began to recommend this advice to Evelyn; so that with all possible despatch, he led his sister down the steep descent, the fair young girl following unassisted; and Oliver, after the manifestation of some timidity, encouraged by the dumb man, almost in as rough a manner as that which had marked his offer of service to Mrs. Evelyn.

On the level, or nearly level ground, they found uncle Paul already re-mounted, and awaiting in silent consternation, the further will of fate and the elements; Mrs. Evelyn, too, was on her pillion, awaiting Oliver, though not in a mood quite as silent. Esther was lifted to her brother's horse, while he assumed his place on foot, at her bridle; the other sister locked

her arm in that of the other brother; and all were very soon ready to start, when the young man inquired whither he should have the pleasure of conducting them.

“To a cottage they had lately engaged, by the sea-coast, Evelyn replied,” which could not now be far distant; but the boy would answer particularly.”

The boy, however, did not appear.

“Paul, Paul, what hast thou done with the stripling, sir?” asked Mrs. Evelyn, losing patience. Paul did not know. He believed he had run away in fright; and thankful he ought to be for the ability to run away. That the urchin had at least played no trick in this instance was evident, as the donkey still attended with his hampers, although his master was gone.

“This is most embarrassing,” Evelyn continued; “we have never been to this place, contenting ourselves with sending forward a friend, indeed a relative, to take charge of it for us; the urchin was by that friend despatched from the neighbourhood, chiefly to guide us hither; now that he has disappeared, we only know that the residence is in the vicinity of Cushindoll, I think.”

“ And on such imperfect information, would it be well to wander about in such a night?” asked the youth, “ see, the rain begins to thicken; we can offer you a roof, though an humble one.”

“ And, however humble, it is certain, and to be gained in a certain time,” added his sister. “ Good lady, consent; you are not formed for ill weather.”

Esther did consent, and her brother too; and the young girl then asked, “ Edmund, what think you of sending our poor uncle to announce us at Glenarriff?” Edmund assented; she made a few signs to the dumb man, who, the moment he understood the nature of the arrangement, showed the most excessive symptoms of gratification and welcome-making; and then, though by no means a young man, he hurried off at a very rapid and buoyant pace, leaving his nephew to conduct slowly, over the rough mountain road, the fatigued and frightened party.

CHAPTER IV.

IMMEDIATELY after crossing Garron Point, and falling, as before observed, nearly to the level of the sea, the road, following the indentures of the coast, turned quickly to the right, almost at a right angle with its former course, and held that line for a considerable way; thus describing one side, and the longest one of Red Bay, of which the figure is, very nearly, three sides of a square. All along this line the travellers kept parallel to the inland continuation of the point; but at the next sudden and angular turn which followed, nearly to its edge, the second side of the bay, their backs were to that chain of mountain and precipice, their right hands to the open bay, and their left to a spacious valley, made on the one side by the running, still more inland, of the continuation of Garron Point, and on the other by a range of hills, of equal, if not superior magnitude.

After pursuing for some time this course, their conductor halted and informed the party, that with little deviation their present road would bring them, round the bay, to Cushindoll; but that they must again turn to the left, into the glen, to insure the asylum he had offered them. He added that the glen road was less fatiguing, and, indeed, less dangerous than that by which they must go in search of their own residence. Accordingly, all turned off the coast with him.

Nearly at the moment of thus changing their route, they were faced by considerable precipices of earth and soft stone, which fell down upon the road they should have taken to their cottage, forming its left-hand limit, and, for some distance running with it, and at their bases shewing two or three large excavations, the work of the adjacent sea, when at some former period its tides and storms had perseveringly lashed the precipice that must then have been its boundary. Through the larger of these caves issued a red glare of light, which, from the dimmed effect at the entrance, seemed to come a good way from the inside, and thus

gave the idea of a rather extensive interior. In turning upon the glen road, the travellers were leaving to their right, and a little behind them, these caves, when a voice was heard in that from which the light appeared, speaking loudly and dictatorially, but in a language unknown to the strangers of the party. Immediately after, the light increased in the mouth of the excavation: and finally the figure of a woman approached from the entrance, with a piece of flaming wood in her hand, continuing to speak, and now evidently addressing the group.

“We may just stop and speak to her, Edmund,” said the young girl, “for the rain blows off.”

“Why?” asked Evelyn, “and why does she speak to us?”

“She asks us,” Edmund replied, translating literally from the Irish in which the woman had addressed them, “on pain of the anger of her whose anger is a cloud and a blast, not to pass her house without bidding, God save her.”

“And this cavern is her house? who or what is she? and why this unusual interruption?”

“ She is a creature without friend or relation, fortune or home, except that the charitable or credulous administer to her wants, and that this sea-cave, whence she has lately expelled the owls and bats, affords her a chilly shelter. What she thinks of herself, and what others concur in thinking her, it would not be for her safety to declare; for my own part, I sometimes think her mad, although more close observation banishes the idea: perhaps to extreme ignorance her mind joins much enthusiasm and more cunning; and hence is she able to impress the character she generally bears, and to which, for your information, I have, doubtless, sufficiently alluded.”

During this speech, the woman had advanced to meet, half way, the party who were in motion to her. In age she was about twenty-five. In height rather tall, in person slight, in feature spare and pallid. Her black hair was uncovered, and over the vulgar female dress, that scarce ever varies in any time or country, fell the old Irish mantle, heavily hooded, and of a dark colour. Having stood before the young man, her flaming brand held up, she asked him,

in Irish, to bid God save her. He did so. She made the same request, with the same success, of his sister, and then turned to Mrs. Evelyn; but that lady's "go, woman, go," uttered half in fear, half in anger and disgust, was all she could in this instance accomplish. As to Paul, he was completely silent.

"Then," said the woman in Irish, "the heaviest suffering you can both feel, be upon ye!—Starve!"—and she turned from them. The young man and his sister, who understood what she had uttered, laughing at a malediction that, to all appearance, could never have effect; but neither Mrs. Evelyn nor her husband felt so comfortable, when it was translated for their advantage.

The strange woman passed Oliver without stopping to command his benison, as if she made very light of it, and once more halted before Esther, holding high in her hand the blazing wood, in order to afford herself a good view of the young lady's face, who, it will be remembered, was on horseback. But no sooner had she got a glimpse of Esther's features, than she uttered a low howl, and running back to

Edmund, spoke to him in a very animated tone and manner, as if endeavouring to impress something, which he seemed either careless or unwilling to admit. Again she returned to Esther, and again manifested the same unaccountable sensation. Finally, she stood before Evelyn, and with more respectful demeanor than she had hitherto shewn, asked, and under the instructions of Edmund, received his "God save you:"—and then she continued to speak in Irish, which we still translate.

"Now go your ways, and let nothing fright you thro' the clouds of the night; I have your good word, and it will rest with me; they say it does not rest with me, and that I often need it, from the Christians, to charm me against what does:—go your ways,—unless that you cross the cold threshold of my house, and taste the cup, or break the bread, to speed you on your road, or sit down with the old and crippled who talk to me all night long, and tell me what I should not listen to, tho' 'tis known I do."

"And who are they, Onagh?" asked Edmund.

"One, that, when I came to my house, I

found already in it; and another that was sent far to us: but go your ways since you will not enter; go, with a curse for some, a sorrow for more, and a late blessing for a few!"—she walked slowly and heavily to her cavern, thus leaving behind her a prophecy, that, inspiration apart, any one might venture to apply to the future fortunes of any half dozen of human beings.

The party entered the fine and solitary valley of Glenarriff, just as the moon was fully risen to faintly shew as much of its general aspect as mist and shadow did not envelope. A short distance up the glen, Edmund and his sister were rather startled by the re-appearance at their side, of Onagh of the cavern; they had for a moment fallen behind the party, and she came up with them unperceived by the strangers.

"What means this, Onagh?" asked Edmund.

"I speak not to him," she replied, addressing his sister, "for he has already scorned my words; but you, Eva M'Donnell, who, tho' you love and like me not, have ever shewn the

open hand to Onagh, you I command to remind him of my warning; tell him it is the very face I saw, tho' he could not see it, last All-hallow-Eve, when, together, we sowed the rape-seed by the river-side, while the moon was shining for us; and tell him to shun that face."

"What face, Onagh? and what warning am I to repeat to my brother?"

"He will remember it; for yourself, Eva,—" she took the young girl's hand, drew her aside, and added in a low whisper—"your fate is near you, too, but you need not shun it; you will love him, and you may."

"Absurd!" Eva said, and was about to add more comment, when the self-important Onagh rapidly left her.

"Dear brother, what of all this?" she then asked, rejoining Edmund.

"I care not; nor should you care to know or ask, Eva; certainly not now, when yon strangers require our guidance to the Strip of Burne; let us forward to them."

Up to this moment Evelyn had been observing the features of the glen, so far as they were partially revealed by the moon-light. Close at

the right, arose from the very level of the road, piles of swelling ground, upon which, mid-way, a thick white mist rested, but not so steadily as to withhold, when occasionally agitated by the high wind, faint indications of immense precipices, shooting up behind into the superior clouds. On the left, the ground fell to the bottom of the glen, until it met a river, of which he could get some sparkling glimpses, and hear some rippling sounds: and beyond the river, up rose, again, vast mountain swells; the grey mist, interrupting here, too, a continued view of their utmost ascents; or, as at the other side, only permitting a dreamy glance of cold pale summits, half touched by the moonshine. Straight onward, the glen spread out and ran to a distance; its sides, as they curved, appearing to meet, and the moon settling, with an undisturbed breadth of light, on the top of a distant hill that seemed to close the grand and silent, and shadowy vista.

As he looked down the valley, Evelyn's observations were broken by the glare of a number of lights, and the sound of many voices.

"Yonder is the Strip of Burne," said Ed-

mund M'Donnell, "and these are my father's people come out to welcome us: but let my father's son first have the honor of welcoming you to a home too humble for your apparent rank, and, indeed, for the early fortunes of his own family."

The lad, with a blush so positive as to be visible even in the imperfect light, yet with a grace and ease that more than balanced such a departure from courtly manners, took off his Scotch bonnet, and bowed separately to the travellers.

"And you, lady," said Eva, "welcome and all possible joy to a night's rest under a roof that I am still too proud to call too humble;"—she gracefully waved her hand, and Esther stooped from her saddle to kiss the young girl's cheek.

"Our father himself is, as he should be, at the head of his own people," Eva resumed, as the advancing party came up; and soon, indeed, the old man was visible, with his dumb brother by his side, his white head uncovered, his hale, fresh-coloured cheeks, glowing with unusual brightness, and his mild and still fine

eyes, anticipating the expression of the sentiments he was about to speak. Bending low to the strangers, he first uttered a sentence in Irish,—which Edmund thus rendered.

“ My father says, that, while he joyfully welcomes you to a house he might once have been ashamed of, he blesses the day on which his brother and son, going out to shoot the sea-fowl, have been so happy and honoured as to do you a service.”

While Mrs. Evelyn, her husband, and Oliver held profound, and it might be, uncourteous silence, the younger strangers fitly expressed themselves in return to this address; then the rude-looking kerne in attendance, shouted joyfully; old M'Donnell taking Evelyn's hand, led, with the other, Esther's palfrey; his son led the horse that bore Mrs. Evelyn and Oliver; the dumb man took in charge Paul and his steed; and the two united parties proceeded to the “ Strip of Burne.”

This name seemed to be given to a spot of broken, though not very abrupt ground, lying, as Evelyn could indistinctly observe, immediately under a tremendous precipice, perhaps

the steepest part of the range they had found on their right since entering the glen. A small streamlet made way through a deep channel, strewn with rocks, in the middle of this ground, evidently deriving itself from the heights above; and on the near side of it, stood the lone residence of the M'Donnells, a thatched dwelling of about three times the size of those inhabited by the peasantry of the country, with a few pines and mountain-ash behind, that, at different heights, found root in the barren soil, or in the crevices of the rock. The house was nearly at the edge of the road by which it was approached, and some distance from the precipice.

With repeated and yet not irksome assurances of welcome, the strangers entered a large apartment, that seemed to serve as kitchen and common residence, except during the hours of rest, to the servants as well as to the heads of the family. At the end blazed a turf-fire, lighted on the hearth, and finding vent up a capacious chimney, over and about which hung, interspersed with sides of bacon and haunches of dried venison, many old swords and pistols,

otter-skins, fox-brushes, and the antlers of the deer. Along the walls were a dresser, containing the then necessary articles of culinary and table equipage, two rudely-shaped presses, a few chairs, as rudely fashioned, and a range of forms. The floor was earthen; and, overhead, appeared the joists, wattles, and thatch, as naked as the interior of a peasant's cabin, with the sole difference, that they were not blackened and festooned with smoke and soot. Otherwise, from its extent, furniture, and particularly cleanliness, the apartment bore little resemblance to the more humble huts that were sparingly strewed in the district about it.

At the fire, an old woman, assisted, or rather interrupted by one or two wenches, comely and bare-legged, was employed in cooking; and around her, at, by no means a respectful distance, sat some men, retainers or servants of the family, who had not, for special reasons, accompanied old M'Donnell to meet the strangers. The hobs were also occupied. On one reposed a tall, gaunt man, about sixty years of age, whose haggard face and sunken eye bespoke an ill state of health, while his manner,

and a slight peculiarity in his dress, betokened a person distinct from, if not superior to those around him ; and on the other, his knees crippled up to his chin, a large piece of oaten-cake in his hand, and his jaws employed with the celerity of those of a rabbit in making way through it, sat the chief cause of almost all the delays and perils that had overtaken the strangers—the donkey's guardian.

The moment Evelyn entered, the little rascal's eyes met his, and he instantly ceased the rapid motions of his jaws, looking as conscious as a monkey detected amid the sweets of a pantry. Evelyn instantly closed on him, whip in hand, with an angry query as to the cause of his sudden disappearance at Garron Point ; but ere he proceeded to inflict any real punishment, the boy flippantly explained, that having first run for his life from, as he called it, "the muckle mirk cloud," a proceeding that no gentle or Christian could blame him for—he thought his better plan then was to hasten to Evelyn's uncle Jeremiah, who kept possession of the cottage at Cushindoll, and inform him of the distress of his friends ; that, Jeremiah

being out, (he believed supping with the priest), he was returning to Evelyn, accompanied by friends of his own, when, passing by Onagh's house, he saw the party, along with their new acquaintances, whom he knew well, speaking to her; and that not liking to come in her way, he just bid his friends good night, and ran on to Randall M'Donnell's house, whither, he plainly perceived, all were travelling.

This statement appearing, on the whole, reasonable, Evelyn spared his hand, and as the imp, with a self-praising chuckle, recommenced his attack on the oaten-cake, he turned to his host to request from him a guide, by whose assistance he might immediately visit his uncle Jeremiah, and ascertain at the same time whether or no the road between them permitted a speedy departure to his own cottage, in which, if possible, he was now determined, with his friends, to lodge for the night. At this intimation, when he understood it, old M'Donnell looked blank, his son looked grieved, and his daughter haughty; and the dumb man, as soon as he read their countenances, looked every kind of extreme astonishment, anxiety, and it seemed

impatience, if not anger. Mrs. and Miss Evelyn, with uncle Paul, just entering, he sprung to the fire, at which, as before noticed, some men were seated, hurled them from it to the other end of the apartment, returned to the ladies, and seizing a hand of each, led them to the seats the former had occupied. Uncle Paul he also twirled to a seat at the blaze, with a hospitable energy rather inconsiderate; and, finally, having placed Oliver on the hob, with the boy, and Eva by the side of Esther, he took his station at the back of his brother, seemingly in a mood at once offended and determined.

But, for the time, disapprobation or entreaty were equally ineffectual to prevail on Evelyn to alter his plan. He averred that, all along, it had been his intention to avail himself of the hospitality of M'Donnell's roof, only during the time necessary to ascertain the situation of his own, and whether or no he could that night properly conduct his sister to it; perhaps his glance at the seeming want of accommodation for so large a party, might have served to confirm this resolve; and perhaps he was further

assisted in it by a disposition naturally distant, averse to accept unnecessary favours, and fixed in its bent by an English education. So, with a manner that appeared somewhat churlish, though he was really unconscious of the appearance, Evelyn, pressing his request for a guide, obtained one in the person of the dumb man, whose offer of service was voluntary, and not to be refused.

Both instantly got on horseback, and retracing the road through the glen, passed Onagh's cavern, and then encountered an up-and-down and rock-strewn road, which, ere Evelyn had half mastered it, made him speedily come to the opinion, that, until morning, and recovery from her previous terrors and fatigue, he dare not venture to convey Esther to her own home. An interview with his uncle Jeremiah he was, however, resolved to obtain, and therefore continued on to the little hamlet of Cushindoll, then a few wretched cabins, lying at the bottom of the rugged ascents over which he and his dumb guide had, for some time, been journeying, although the curious traveller of the present day will find it a smart, neat village, with, by the

way, more than usual facilities to "take his ease in his inn;" with a smooth sea-shore road leading to it, sometimes cut through vast rocks, or having them scooped out into an archway over his head; and, altogether, holding out to him the attraction of one of the most delightful residences on one of the grandest coasts in the world.

Before leaving his brother's home, the dumb man had understood, on the report of the boy, that he was first to lead Evelyn to the priest's house, in search of his uncle. Thither he accordingly bent his course, Evelyn, though all along not without a mixture of vexation, misgiving, and a sense of the ludicrous, passively following in his track.

They gained and dismounted before a thatched dwelling, which bore, however, some appearance of comfort and neatness superior to the cabins around it, having a wall in front, with a cross-barred gate, that the visitors found well secured. The dumb man knocked loudly, but no one came in answer; he knocked again and again, and still they remained at the wrong side of the house; until, losing all patience, he

tied his own and Evelyn's horse to the gate, and rapidly beckoning him to follow, approached the back of the cottage, where, by a stile, he introduced himself into a little kitchen-garden, and through it, to a poultry-yard and back-door.

The moment Evelyn entered the garden, he heard his uncle Jeremiah's cracked voice performing, at its loudest pitch, a favorite song, of which the well known chorus ran as follows :

“ So let old ship go up or down,
And her flag be of red, or black, or brown,
Blazing away, or sailing merrilie,
Merry, merry, ever let her jolly-hands be.”

In this he was faintly, and as if only courteously joined by a voice, still more cracked than his own, although, between them, they made a good shrill chorus of it; and at the end two persons might be heard quaffing, separately, a long draught, and afterwards smacking their lips.

Evelyn's conductor seemed, almost as soon as himself, to become aware, though it was hard to tell how, of the scene that was going on within; for he had scarce entered the yard, when, pointing to an open window, through

which light issued, he made signs to his follower to step cautiously; and setting the example he wished to have imitated, stole towards the window, with strange convulsions of feature, that betokened great, though checked delight. Both thus gained a spot from which, unseen, they might easily observe those inside.

Evelyn's uncle Jeremiah sat, with his jovial side-face to them, at a small table, on which was provision for the good-humour he so earnestly inculcated. A little man he was, clad in a sailor's tight-bodied blue cloth dress, gathered round the hips into something of the shape of a kilt, and just allowing to be seen the origin of his Jersey carnation stockings, with great clocks in them: a little man, nearly as short and as round as his brother Paul, and having, like him, a button-nose, studded with grey bristles; but in the twinkle of his merry and sensual black eye; in the half gaping, bacchanalian expression of his mouth; in his placid forehead, hale, weather-tanned cheeks, and long, white locks, despising a periwig, as well as in the well-braced air of his limbs and body, no further likeness appeared.

Opposite to him sat his host, seemingly an unwilling one; a very little man, too, as chance would have it; nearly twice the age of his guest; that is, he could not be less than ninety; his features of a large, intellectual order; his head, (covered with a black skull-cap, of some hard rough substance, having an iron ring in the top, large enough for a trap-door,) sunk between his shoulders; his neck and body stooped; and a violent palsy shaking every joint, limb, and part of his body. This old gentleman seemed, we say, as if he had not invited Jerry that evening; as if the visit at supper-time had been unlooked for and unwelcome; but, now that the matter was to be got over, also as if he strove to make a virtue of a necessity; and lastly, as if it was not in his nature or habits to express chagrin or dislike in an uncourteous manner.

“That’s a spice of a good song, holy brother,” continued Jeremiah, “tho’ it be none of thy business to say me yea; ye would fain ever hold us sorrowful, ye chaplains, with your preaching up a bit of a good life; never, a hearty one;—but hark thee again—

“ The black-gówn swears ’tis wail and woe,
And raves if we drink and doubt him ;
But let him to his prayers go,
And we ’ll be merry without him ;
For a merry, merry, we will ever be,
Tho’ he lay on his back at the bottom of the sea ;”—

“ Never meaning so much of your reverence, seeing that thou art a hearty old mate, too good to work ship with the galley-foist crew of ’em ; and seeing, moreover, that I be merry here, this night, under favour of thy locker ; fill, brother.”

“ Fill thou for me, admiral,” answered his host, “ and mind not my cloth if I pledge thee. I dislike two things in this mortal estate ; sin, first—austerity, second ; with mayhap, a third, and that is an over-indulgence in good liquor ; but for a healthful cup, especially when the blood grows old, and requireth gentle nourishing, why, I can give it or take it. I have seen France—ah, *belle* France—her velvet claret is worth our three kingdoms ; and even there found reasonable potations an esteemed fashion. I have seen the world, near to one of its crazy centuries, and never found any but fools or knaves to say it was bad ; and does not king Solomon himself aver that no pleasure

surpasseth in the heart of man, that of fair wine, with the face of a friend—*Bouvez!*”

With these words of mixed encouragement and caution, the fine old gentleman surrounded his cup with his ever-shaking hands, and scarce venturing to lift it from the table, gradually bore down his lips to the brim, at last made a successful lodgement on it, and then quaffed the grateful beverage.

“*A votre santé, Monsieur le curé,*” replied Jeremiah, in broken French, which, along with scraps of many other tongues, he had picked up during his roaming life: at the same time that he drained to the dregs his own mantling measure; “and I have seen France, holy brother, and mayhap touched at Portugal and the Canaries, to speak nought of a bit of a cruize about the main, long before I turned skipper to brother Paul, where, peradventure, I saw spilt some good red stuff, that was not red wine, neither—but let that pass; a closed mouth mars no secrets; I was only a saying, that wherever old ship tacked—whosoever were my mates, Dutch, English, French, or—no matter whom—let it pass, I say; a good flagon and a pretty

face—no treason meant, though your reverence guess of what sex—and, ‘ hearty and merry for ever and a day,’ (singing) that was my word, and never have I seen the man I could love, that did not steer by just such another—fill, I entreat thee, brother.”

“ Thou shalt fill thine own cup for mine, this round, admiral, if it be not irksome,” answered his host, vainly hoping to convey a hint in a hospitable guise.

“ Think not of it, holy brother, I would oblige thee more, in the way of a real service, credit me;” and Jerry’s cup was again filled and emptied; “ but,” sounding it against the table, as if to provoke anew some courteous entreaty, “ touching pretty faces, saw’st thou ever such a lack of ’em as is encountered in this northern country?”

“ What, sir!” cried his host, very simply taking fire at any, no matter what slight, cast on the place of his birth and affections; while his disguised impatience of his guest, assisted, perhaps the sudden humour. Jeremiah went on.

“ Why, beshrew my merry heart, if I met, from Lough Neagh to this port, a bit of a sail

that was worth the hailing; not one that an old seaman would board for the asking; to say nought of a chase, which all the world knows is the very sweet of the action; credit me, holy brother, never met I on any sea, except, mayhap, while we touched at the Cape—such ill-built, ill-rigged, ill-mizened—”

“What, what the deuce, sir!” again interrupted his host, looking flushed and angry, while excitement added to the palsy of his hands and arms, as he strove to gesticulate with them, “what would'st thou say? pretty faces!—Sir, I will get thee, in my own parish—sir, if thou hast the grace to attend my congregation, the next sabbath, I will shew thee such features—such faces, angel ones, divine ones!” the simple-hearted old man went on, unconscious of the questionable zeal with which he expressed his raptures, and volunteered his services—“Yes, sir, and this moment have I under my roof, a cherub, sir, my own great grand-niece—whose mother—and whose mother's mother—here, Peggy! and whose aunts, sir, and relatives, to the twentieth—Peggy, I say!”

While speaking, the old gentleman arose to

approach the interior door, as a light foot came tripping from the remote part of the house towards it; but a stop was put to his further speech and demonstrations, by a prodigious laugh, of unnatural sound, which burst from the dumb man, just outside the window; and at nearly the same moment, Evelyn knocked at the back door. The host started; and ere he would reply to the knocking, strove, requesting Jeremiah's assistance, to huddle together and remove out of view, all evidences of unseasonable merry-making; Jeremiah only tardily assisting, however, and repeatedly urging the retaining, without ceremony or pother, in the face of any serious fellow who might enter, the means and the disposition to be merry.

When the door was at last opened, the dumb man pushing in first, and receiving a hearty welcome from the priest, to whom he was known, proceeded to acquaint him, in his own language, with the cause of the visit of Evelyn and himself. While thus engaged, the young gentleman also entered, and advanced with a grave brow to greet his uncle Jeremiah.

“A-hoy! ship, a-hoy! welcome, nephew,

welcome to port!" cried the really good-hearted little sailor, grasping his hand; "what—art thou hearty, man? art thou merry?—eh! what's to do here? no, hearty nor merry thou art not—is all square and tight, eh? how's Essy? safe in port too? eh, nephew?"

"I fear, uncle Jerry, any evil might have befallen her, or any of us, while you were reveling it here, instead of looking out for us on the road, or, at least, remaining to welcome us in, for the time, your own house."

"Tut, now, be not serious, goodman nephew; thou knowest I hate it, and thou wert wont to be the last to bear a hard hand; uncle Jerry I may be, a poor tar paid off without pension, and threatened with the hulks; but no matter for that—

"While his name is Jerry, he will be merry,
Without a sous in poke, still merry, merry Jerry."

"Thou knowest I hate it; and thou knowest, too, I could not tell when thou might'st ha' hove in view; an' as to manning the new sloop by myself, and looking out a-head, day and night, for the whole fleet o' you, beshrew my heart, 'twas what would never do me no great good;

so I even scuttled across to the chaplain, here, to rack off a little; and every one must rack off, a little, now and then; 'tis natural, isn't it?"

The clergyman, having derived sufficient information of the case from the conversation of the uncle and nephew, as well as from the mute statement of the dumb man, advanced to pay his respects to Evelyn; regretting that his poor house—

But here he was unseasonably interrupted by his dumb friend, who, first shaking violently by the hand the astonished and yet pleased Jerry, ran to the very cupboard in which the bottle and wine-cups had been deposited, and with extravagant gestures and cries, meant to be a pleasant attack on the priest's caution, replaced them on the table, sat down, and motioned all to join him in a hearty draught. Evelyn requested their host to express his disinclination to a carouse, on account of his great anxiety to return to his sister; but Jerry, his eyes fixed on his new acquaintance, in admiration of his movements, readily took a seat at the table.

"Be not surprised at his manner," said the old clergyman, supposing Jerry's attentive ob-

ervation to proceed from misgiving, of some kind, and not—as it really did—from pure delight—“the man is deaf and dumb, but harmless.”

“Be he deaf as a mast, and dumb as the sea in a calm, I say he is hearty; your health, my tight lad,” Jerry continued, nodding graciously a full cup in hand to his companion, who returned the salutation with many, many nods, and many grimaces, too, of excessive pleasure.

But this could not last. A few words of emphatic request from Evelyn, and uncle Jerry was soon sprawling on the back of the priest's horse, attending his nephew and guide, back again to the Strip of Burne.

They had scarce begun to ascend the first toilsome, and, now and then, perilous inequalities on their road, when a stranger, also on horseback, joined them at a brisk trot. By the light of the moon, he appeared to be a young man of about Evelyn's own age, but shorter, perhaps, and slighter, with a pale face, and features, which, although not by any means of a handsome cast, yet wore an impression of grave, abstracted, and intellectual melancholy,

that was interesting. At his back hung something enveloped in a dark cloth. "The blessing of the night on ye," he said, as he drew up and joined the party.

"This fellow is not hearty," said uncle Jeremiah, after looking in his face; and again, when he had seen the appendage at his back—"a poor serious pedlar, I reckon."

But the dumb guide cried out joyfully, the moment he perceived the stranger, and stretched forth his hand to greet him; and, as soon as he heard the cry, the young man as joyfully shook the proffered hand, and said—

"Ah, my poor Con M'Donnell, is it you?—*Dieu-uth, Dieu-uth*, and God look down on you!"

"Do you take our road, friend?" asked Evelyn.

"If your road lies straight to Randall M'Donnell's house, in the glen, as I suppose it does, by finding this afflicted creature in your company, then we are to be together," answered the stranger.

"I am glad of it," resumed Evelyn, "as, how-

ever good his intentions may be, it is rather comfortless to be guided on such a road as this, by a man deaf and dumb."

"He has a quick eye, sir," said their new comrade.

"Doubtless, sir; but I should prefer the guidance of one that can speak to me with sufficient plainness and quickness to point out a danger; yourself, for instance."

"I shall do my best to serve you," resumed the young man, smiling expressively, "but do not depend on me too far."

"You know the road, do you not?" asked Evelyn.

"Well, sir, every stock and stone on it; or I could not venture out alone in such a wild quarter."

"May I inquire if you are a native of this part?" still questioned Evelyn.

"No," answered the other, with a sigh that spoke deep feelings and sad recollections of home—"I was born far from the black north. But, to begin my safe guiding, mind yourself, now, sir," he continued, altering his tone—"as

we have got under the darkness of the rocks, and there is a large black stone, hardly visible, just to your right."

Evelyn looked and saw, indeed, by attentive observation, the almost hidden danger.

"Thanks," he then resumed; "and you have spoken but lightly of your own ability as a guide; for tho' Con M'Donnell has, truly, a keen eye, and tho' my own may serve a turn, I should have been on that rock but for your warning."

The young stranger smiled again with peculiar meaning, and rejoined. "Be it as it may, sir, I say I shall do my best to please you; and now, again, hold to the right as much as you can; for at this place the road has no left-hand fence, and slants very suddenly, over the edge of the hill; but perhaps I had better lead the way."

Spurring his horse, he accordingly took the lead, and so continued, during the rest of the journey to M'Donnell's house, occasionally exhorting Evelyn, over his shoulder, to pull up in one place, and turn aside in another; and Evelyn feeling, all along, much gratified to have

at last, for a guide, a person who could intelligibly point out dangers, and use his eyes so well.

When all halted, together, at the Strip of Burne, his guide fell back, to disengage from its envelope, whatever it was that hung at his shoulders. The noise of the horses' hoofs brought out, to the door, old M'Donnell, his son, and a crowd of people; just as they appeared, the young person had got a small harp in his hand; he touched its chords; they stood as if spell-bound on the threshold—listened a moment to catch a continuation of the air—then at once recognised the visitor—and—

“Carolan! Carolan!” was shouted by every voice—

“*Cead-mille-phalteagh*, Carolan!”—

Evelyn's late judgment of the efficacy of his guide's eyes, misgave him as the name struck on his ear; he had before heard—as who in Ireland had not?—of young Carolan, and always, as a man blind from his early age; now, by the full light of the flaming stakes the men bore, he gazed attentively at him; the eye-balls of the youthful bard were, indeed, blank; and Evelyn

had the mortification to know, that he had been indebted for safe guidance over a perilous road, not merely to a dumb man, but to the deaf and dumb, and to the blind, together.

“Am I a good guide, sir?” Carolan asked as they entered the cottage, turning to him with one of his expressive smiles.

CHAPTER V.

“CAROLAN!” said Jeremiah, as all entered; “a right hearty fellow, doubtless; I have heard his name, and more than that of him, too;—there is Carolan’s Receipt—a merry air as man ever drank, or danced to;—master Carolan, your hand.”

Having received from the harper a warm return of his greeting, Jerry’s eye lighted on Esther; and—“Aha, fair niece, bless the little heart in its body, art thou well, woman?” he went on, saluting her, chirpingly—“welcome to port; not yet safe landed, indeed; but yon’s land, and its only putting off in the jolly-boat on the turn of tide to-morrow morning;—eh—art better? art merry? that’s the word. Sister Janet, art thou hearty?”

“No, Jeremiah, I am *not*,” answered the lady bitterly, who, since his entrance, had been

“Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.”

“Then thou might'st have been, for once in a whole voyage, were it only to try how thou hadst liked it—deep sea take my tongue to pipe the word to her,” he continued, between his teeth, but still in pure good humour; “when she knows not even its meaning. Well, brother Paul,” (cautiously) “art thou?” “I believe,” answered Paul, glancing inquiringly at his spouse, “I believe—I am, brother Jerry.”

“Mary—come up and amen!” observed Mrs. Evelyn, and why should not all ruffle it bravely, who can, forsooth?”

Jerry understood this allusion, but, for the hundredth time, let it pass without any notice. Just then, Carolan, after speaking a moment with the other members of the family, approached Eva, his little harp in his hand, and asking her, in a rallying tone, how many hearts she had subdued since their last meeting, struck up a sprightly air, which, he said, he had composed while thinking of her, and of which the accompanying words may be thus translated from the Irish.

My bright young eyes, my bright young eyes,
No earthly use they be;

From morn to night they make no prize,
For none they ever see ;
My cherry lips, my rose-red cheek,
My bosom, lilly-white ;
No lover's heart for them will break,
For none comes morn or night ;
With my bright young eyes, my bright young eyes,
So swimming, soft, and blue,
My lips and cheeks and simple sighs—
What shall I, shall I do ?

Supper was now laid out upon the table, and old M'Donnell, standing at the head, pronounced in Irish, and with much earnestness, a thanksgiving. Immediately around him sat, intermixed with the strangers, his brother, son, and daughter. The table reached to the other end of the extensive apartment, and at the bottom, with a little space between them and the party at the top, clustered almost all the rude men who had attended M'Donnell up the glen, together with those whom the travellers had found in the house, the household women, old and young, and him of the donkey. The materials of the supper were, fresh red trout, dried salmon, venison, from the deer-park of Glenarm, and oaten cake and porridge, in su-

perabundance; qualified, at pleasure, by a stoup of canary, and brandy and hollands of such a flavour as Jerry well knew could have been had only in a certain way.

The meal proceeded, if not in great order, at least in harmony. Even Mrs. Evelyn, whose nerves had been much outraged by witnessing the cooking of it, and who could therefore promise herself little enjoyment from a participation in such a Scotch-Irish hodge-podge, silently acknowledged to her own heart—assisted, perhaps, in the concession by a keen appetite—that, ultimately, it was worth tasting. The meal was done—the table cleared—the cups and horns filled to the brim; and old M'Donnell rose, and, with him, all his family and people, to give—(Edmund supplying a translation)—

“Welcome and honor to the strangers in Glenarriff!” He was pledged in a joyful echo of voices that rose almost to a cheer. Again the cups were mantling; and again the old man rose—

“Welcome and honor in Glenarriff to the bard; may he that gives joy in song, never know sorrow in the heart!”

All, including the travellers, rose to acknowledge this pledge also. Even the ladies of the party, following the example of young Eva, stood up and raised high their cups; and she—the enthusiasm of her heart coming in tears to her eyes—added, ere her lips touched the brim—

“ The praise of ladies and the honor of men! sorrow should not darken his soul, who can change into pleasure the sorrow of others.”

The old man looked fondly and proudly at his daughter, and tears filled his own eyes; without speaking he extended his arms, drew her towards him, and placing her head on his shoulder, as he sat, and as, when she was more a child, he used to do, then kissed her, and, once more uplifting his cup, gave—

“ *Chorra-ma-chree, ma colleen!* ” — “ The pulse of my heart, my child ! ”

Evelyn, surprised into an enthusiasm rather unusual, started to his feet, along with every man present, and as Carolan exclaimed, and all echoed him—“ M'Donnell's only daughter—the place and the wealth she has lost, for her!—a throne for her to do her honor ! ” — he drained to the bottom his overflowing cup, and waved it,

again and again. As he sat down, he caught Eva's eye fixed on his, with a depth of expression that found way to his soul; but, in an instant, she removed her glance, kissed her father's cheek, and resumed her seat at the table, gracefully taking the hand of her new friend, Esther. Carolan spoke on. We must be candid enough to declare, that we do not follow him, word for word, as he delivered himself; having rather advanced in boyhood before he began to learn English, Carolan, to the time of his death, spoke that language but indifferently; and as other individuals of less interest than he, may serve to illustrate the blunders—always attended by a portion of the ridiculous—into which one so situated must fall while endeavoring, as he thinks in one tongue, and speaks in another, to express the conceptions of a rapid and poetical mind, we may be allowed so far to shew our respect for the bard as to save him, by passing over his verbal errors, the chance of a dishonoring smile; not wholly giving up, meantime, the native phraseology of his discourse. Nearly as follows, then, he continued to speak.

“ For my own welcome, M'Donnell, thanks to you and yours ; and thanks for the kind wish, too ;—but you know it is spoken in vain—God frees none of his creatures,—the king no more than the beggar—the bard no more than him whose soul is dark to song—from the common lot of sorrow and suffering ; you know why I am away from the pleasant places, the hills and rivers of my childhood—the only hills and rivers I ever saw, or, now, can ever see !—you know I am in the north, and in your house to-night, because, for a time, I would strive to forget sorrow, by wandering far from the old haunts and the old voices that make it ever flow afresh ; you know that he who gave me the song—that was the light to my clouded mind—my old master, friend, and brother, is gone from me ; you know that O'Kief is dead :” he added, tears gushing quickly from his sightless eyes, as, his voice sinking, he let his head fall on his breast.

There was a pause, which no one interrupted by a word ; the young bard's sorrows were too sacred for common-place condolence. He continued—

“ We parted but one summer ; I came back to meet him again ; to take his hand, to hear his pleasant voice, to join him in the song again ; my heart was happy within me on the road ; I felt the breeze blowing from his glen, fresher on my brow than the breeze of any other spot the sky covers ; at the turn of the church-yard I met a peasant, and asked him for O’Kief ; ‘ I am looking on his grave,’ he said, and wept.”

Again there was an unbroken pause of some length ; even the strangers of the party, with, perhaps, one or two exceptions, sufficiently estimating what they heard, to pay it the proper respect. The appearance alone, of all, conveyed their feelings. Eva, holding Esther by one hand, had passed her left arm round her neck ; and now while the pale cheeks of her friend were covered with tears, and her head drooped in the expression of the native softness and tenderness of her character, Eva herself looked wistfully at Carolan, through brimming eyes, that scarce ever gave a full loose to womanly showers. Old M’Donnell, sitting back in his chair, turned away his face, as if in shame of what he felt ; Edmund had grasped the

young bard's arm, as they sat together, and—his figure twisted almost round,—seemed closely to watch his sorrow; (they were affectionate friends, and brother-minstrels, too, since Carolan's arrival in the north;) Evelyn looked downward, his hand resting on the table; Con M'Donnell gazed, like his niece, on the features of the blind lad, plentiful tears rolling over his harsh cheeks; while the rude group, in their mixed Irish and Scotch costume, leaning across the board, also fixed their eyes on the same object, or else sorrowfully and expressively on each other. Eva first spoke.

“Since the cause that brought Carolan to our glen is sorrow to him, we must regret even the coming of the joy of his harp, altho', else, we should never have felt that joy.”

“Is not the instrument well known in this country?” Evelyn ventured to ask.

“No,” Eva replied; “the common music in our glen is, I suppose on account of our old Highland descent, the bag-pipe.”

Evelyn, for the first time getting a clue to many novel appearances of dress, manners, and habits, which, in contrast with the general as-

pect of the north, well known to him, had, in this mountain district, forcibly struck him, wished to continue his questions; but Eva anticipated it by more directly addressing the young harper.

“ Did your time pass pleasantly in the castle of the old M'Donnell of Glenarm, Carolan?— and how is our noble cousin of Antrim?”

“ It was not that good lord's fault if my days were clouded under his roof; and he is well, Eva, in peace, plenty, and a green old age.”

“ His lordship is also of Highland descent then, being your relative?” Evelyn inquired, again endeavouring to lead the conversation.

“ The answer is a long one,” said Edmund, “ and involves the fortunes of our family. The ancestor of the present Antrim, Surlebuoy, or yellow Charles, was a Scottish Highland chieftain, who, in the old feudal times, coming over at the head of his clan, M'Donnell, wrested from native possessors, what has since continued to be the property of his descendants, and the descendants of his people.”

“ It was a great battle the two chieftains fought,” said Carolan, “ the battle of Orra ;

and on the top of Orra mountain, only a few miles from the house we sit in, the cairns of those who fell are to be seen to this day. I know a story, Edmund, about that battle; it was told me yesterday by the old lord. One of your name, and of his own name too, for you are all M'Donnells, came suing to him for a new grant of land, the first grant being worn out; the earl was fretted with something else, and spoke short words to put the man off; but he was not to be put off; he asked him the boon again and again, saying he was a M'Donnell; the earl lost temper, and told him there were too many M'Donnells; but the man, fixing his eyes on him, answered, 'there were not too many at the battle of Orra,' and so turned off and left him."

"M'Donnell is not the right name," observed the tall sickly-looking man we have before taken notice of, when he sat on the hob;—he spoke in Irish, which was translated for the strangers, as we translate it for our readers; "neither was Surlebuoy a true Highland chieftain, nor his clan, Highlanders. Here is the story: The great grandfathers of those who

lost the lands to Surlebuoy, had, a long time before, taken the same lands from his great grandfather, and driven him to the Highlands, with his sept; both were Irish septs, then, and the conquered sept were O'Donnells, part of the great O'Donnells of Innishowen, not M'Donnells, but their children's children, and the children of them again, living so long in the Highlands, took the Scotch Mac, and laid down the Irish O; so that when Surlebuoy came over to fight a battle for his right, he was a M'Donnell, instead of an O'Donnell; sure he brought other marks of the Highlands as well as that; his philibegs and his bonnets that are hardly yet worn out; and his half Gaelic Irish, to corrupt our pure tongue."

"The words of Manus Oge have weight," said Eva, addressing Evelyn, "he is a descendant of the undoubted old Irish who, before the battle of Orra, wholly possessed this glen; his fathers have, for centuries, been famous for correct tradition; as authentic reciters of the poems of Ossian, they are also celebrated; and he inherits their lore and their character."

"However authentic his tradition may be as

to the original derivation of our ancestors;" resumed Edmund, "or the true sounding of our name, I believe I have correctly informed this gentleman of the manner in which the present Antrim estate came into the hands of the first known possessor. To continue: one of the most powerful of Surlebuoy's clan, and one of his nearest relatives, was the founder of our family in Ireland. He received a good portion of the conquered lands, after the chief had possessed himself of enough for an earldom. He had his castle, his estate, and his own clan, a short distance from our present home; and they continued in the hands of his successors, descending to my father, the old man who sits there before you, until Cromwell, because my father fought for his liege king against a bigoted and bloody conspiracy, took them from him, and bestowed them up and down, upon some of the very rabble of his army."

Young M'Donnell began this statement with the modesty, hesitation, and even blushes, which marked his usual demeanour; but as he proceeded, his voice grew firm, his words flowed, his mild blue eyes opened and kindled, his round

boyish cheeks reddened with a blush different from that which usually dyed them, he sat erect in his chair, shaking his yellow hair in parted curls about his face and forehead, and, in an instant, started into such interest and importance of character, as fixed upon him the regards of his whole auditory.

“Yes,” Eva added, with calmer energy, “and now, Edmund, you must touch your bonnet, on your own lands, to the son of an old trooper, and I must, that is, it is expected I must, if I could, abase my eyes before a trooper’s daughter.”

“Anent that righteous division of lands,” Oliver began, from the end of the table, when, the moment he had so far proceeded, Con M^cDonnell, directed by the eyes of the party, sprang from his seat, gained his side, and seizing him furiously by the arm with one hand, and with the other covering his mouth, signified by shakings of the head, frowns, and abominable grimaces, that he should on no account utter another word.

“This,” Oliver tried to mumble notwithstanding, “this is a plain”—but immediately

experiencing such a shake by the arm as set the bones rattling throughout his body, and catching, at the same time, the expressive observations of the group of wild fellows who sat about him, he held his tongue in good earnest, contenting himself with despatching a long look to Mrs. Evelyn, who sat as pale as death. The dumb man then released his arm, and took a seat by his side.

“But,” Evelyn rejoined, too deeply interested with the previous conversation to take much notice of the interruption, “why was not your family assisted by the act of royal grace, towards his suffering Irish subjects, which marked the restoration of the late king? many noblemen and gentlemen then recovered their properties, from the confiscations of the protector.”

“Not many, after all,” replied Edmund, “and few of them Roman Catholic families, although to Roman Catholics, almost exclusively, Charles owed gratitude for the struggle made, and the miseries and losses incurred, in Ireland, on behalf of his father. Their lordships of Clanricard, Carlingford, Cloncarthy, and lord Dillon, of Costelloe Gallen, received back, I

grant ye, as much land as they had possessed before 1641; more, perhaps, if the truth were known, and justice done. But what shall we say of the great body of the rightful proprietors of three provinces out of the four, which make up our kingdom, whom Cromwell had, nearly to a man, disinherited, and driven into Connaught and the county of Clare? The very statement, issued in the name of the restored prince, of the reasons for confirming the dispossession of this great majority, says, that such a measure was called for, because the most powerful and armed party in the country were the usurpers, and necessary to support English ascendancy amongst us, and that those whose lands they had usurped, though they did not merit to lose their birthrights for the cause alleged by Cromwell, namely, their support of Charles I. yet merited it, because, long before that struggle, they had stood up on their own account against the tyranny of the very government, that a few years after, cut off Charles's head. Was this reasoning for the son of Charles? or if, speaking generally, it was—how can it stand when limited by this particularity,

that, in 1647, the Irish catholics, chief movers in the insurrection against that government, concluded with the lieutenant of Charles I., the great and good Ormonde, a treaty sanctioned by his master's name, and which conferred on them pardon and indemnity for all that had gone before? Be assured, sir," continued the youth, now naturally warmed with his subject, "that the best English ascendancy to have kept over us, would have been a sense of English justice, if not gratitude."

"Yes," said Evelyn, "supposing Irishmen to have natural affections for liege fealty, or common reason to calculate their own interests."

"One of our relations," old M'Donnell here observed, having been all along aware, partly by Eva's assistance, partly by a general comprehension, though he never attempted to speak in English, of the subject of discourse, "one of our relations was more fortunate, though not more deserving than we of Cromwell's indulgence; he got back his estate for giving him a good hard blow on the head; and it is well-known we did our best to give as good a one."

"I know that story, too," said the chronicler

of Glenarriff—we scarce pause to say that he, as well as old M'Donnell, continued to speak in Irish, which as usual was rendered for the strangers, and this shall be our last notice of the fact—"I know that story, too, Randall M'Donnell. The cousin you speak of is Daniel M'Donnell, who holds Layd from M'Donnell Antrim, the cousin to both of you, again, for five hundred years. Layd," he continued, addressing the strangers, "is on the north side of this glen, divided from us by the river. Well, when Black Noll first came over, no hand was so hard against him as Daniel M'Donnell; he made a vow to look for him all over the field, whenever there was a battle, and take his life, or do his best to take it; and, sure enough, they met often in the fight; Cromwell, in time, knowing him well; until, at last, Daniel gave him a sharp cut in the top of the head, but no more. Soon after they met again, in the same way, and had another trial for it, but this time Black Noll was the man; for he struck the sword out of Daniel M'Donnell's hand, brought him to his knee, and uncovering his own head with one arm, and with the other holding him

tight, asked, 'What ought to be done to the man who gave that blow?' 'The devil confound him,' answered Daniel, 'for not sending it down, through skull and jaw, to the chink!' upon which, they say, his land was left to him."

"Since we lost ours," resumed Edmund, "we have lived in this glen, among a people the most congenial to us of any in the north, endeavouring to support life by such agricultural pursuits as the times, and the aspect of the country render available; that is, my father and uncle have resided here more than thirty years; but when my sister and I were children, we went to Spain, to a relative of some importance in that country, for the purpose of receiving an education, such as our reduced circumstances, and, alas, our religion, did not permit at home; we have too been in England."

"It was mostly as a husbandman," said old M'Donnell, "that I strove to make a poor living for my children; and we prospered well enough, as long as we were allowed to send our cattle to England; but since the churlish law passed by the English parliament against us, in that trade, even our little cabin often felt dis-

tress, and the most we could do has not always kept the wolf from the door."

"It was indeed a churlish law," said Evelyn, "calculated to keep this country poor, while it could not enrich the other, at least, to any extent; and also serving, as I believe my lord of Ormonde represented to his master, to cut the bond of mutual interests, if not kindnesses, between both."

"It was, sir," said Edmund, "a tacit declaration that they would hold us only at the point of the sword; that, if they kept us at all, they would keep us down. It came, too, immediately after the final decision that dispossessed us of our hereditary estates; thus seeming to intimate that we should not live independent, either by our fortunes, as gentles, or afterwards even by the humbler efforts of buying and selling; that having, without one just or generous plea—without even the right of conquest—made us poor, they would, by any means, hold us so. We were even cruelly and tyrannically insulted by hearing that parliament call our trade 'a nuisance;' and this language was addressed to men

—to men of gentle blood—who, without one disrespectful murmur, had just submitted to the decree that, on account of their loyalty to Charles I. made them paupers, and who, manfully resisting the struggles of old pride and old recollections, had just condescended to embrace the industry of which the law, containing that insult, forbid them the practice. But well did such acts and words become the spirit of almost the same men who murdered their sovereign; and who, when Ireland sent over her best soldiers, to fight for that sovereign, on his own ground, passed another law forbidding any quarter to be shewn to Irish royalists, a bloody mandate well obeyed by the roundheads, until the gallant prince Rupert made some terrible retaliations.”

“Least of all people in Ireland,” said Eva, who, with eyes of delight fastened on her young brother, had heard his unusual warmth of statement; nor was the gentle Esther indifferent to it or to him—“least of all people in Ireland did the northern M'Donnells merit ingratitude from the restored son of Charles I.—is it not so, father?”

“ Many of them,” answered old M'Donnell, “ were in the army that the English parliament doomed to be slaughtered in cold blood ; and Montrose could not raise his head in Scotland, till he received an Irish levy, mostly from this part of the north ; who, when all other friends fell off, stuck to him through every change of fortune.”

“ My father,” said Edmund, “ was the king's soldier on both the occasions he speaks of ; he fought under Montrose, in that very army, sent to him by our cousin, the old earl of Antrim, which, with a reinforcement only equal to its own number, defeated the lord Elcho, at Perth ; and which, by the falling off of Scottish allies, afterwards left almost alone, put to rout the great chieftain of the Campbells, at Innerlochy, although he had nearly three times as many as they were, and although Seaforth, at the head of six thousand men, was within hearing of the battle that day.”

“ I put a sudden question,” resumed Evelyn, “ but my interest in all the information you have given me, will, I hope, excuse it—have the people of this immediate district ever changed their

religion since the possession acquired by the chieftain Surlebuoy?"

"No," Eva answered, emphatically, "while the banishment or extermination of the natives took place, at different periods, all around them, the inhabitants of Glenarriff remained, and still held their religion, their manners, and their native simplicity of character, at least. While colonies of strangers overran, almost entirely, every other part of Ulster, or became so mixed up with the remnant of the old people as, in a few years, to confound all distinctions between both, this glen continued shut out from them, and has since continued shut out, keeping its own customs, its own language, and its own race."

"That is singular; I was, indeed, struck with the difference, even in the dress of the people, from that worn throughout other parts of Ulster I have seen; it closely resembles the costume of the peasantry of Louth, and of counties more southern, except that there is some intermixture of Highland dress, which your former anecdotes explain. But nothing I have yet heard explains the chief wonder, that dur-

ing repeated colonizations and transfers of property and inhabitants, in this northern province, I should here meet a considerable number of people, who have never been affected by such changes."

"I admit it is singular," said Edmund, "and, perhaps, am at a loss, as well as yourself, to explain it. The fact of the lands, themselves, having never changed their head proprietor, would, however, much assist in resolving the question; as my lord of Antrim had the luck to be recognized by Charles II. for his good services in Scotland, he might also have had the power of saving from expatriation, or worse, his own people, and the inhabitants of Glenarriff among the number; and, thus permitted to cling together, perhaps the isolated situation of the place, its remoteness from large towns, and, withal, its mountain aspect, held out no inducement to the new settlers, whether Scotch or English, to intermix, in the prosecution of manufacture or agriculture, with the old natives."

"What kind of Irishman are you at all, from your own story?" asked Carolan; "Irish-Scotch or Scotch-Irish, or what?"

“Irish,” answered Eva, “to the last drop in our hearts.”

“I was sure of the women, Eva, as long as you are among them,” he resumed; “it was of the men I put the question.”

“Irish, then,” cried Edmund, “and, as poor Eva says, to the last drop of blood within us. If, indeed, our first derivation was from Scotland, the memory of it has passed away;—this,” stamping his foot on the ground—“this is our native land. Irish we are, in feeling, and, I will say, in generosity;—Irish enough to forgive and forget all the wanton cruelties that have been practised upon us;—to forget the rank we have lost, and be content with that which we toil and sweat to earn, if, indeed, even that poor privilege of humanity be left to us. I would not draw a sword, this moment, for the recovery of my old right, when blood and convulsion must be the consequence. Sensible of my father’s loss I must be, and prompt to speak of it, warmly; but I find myself born under a new order of things; the voice of law, and of a king, has sounded in my infantine ears to command obedience to that new order; and I say to my-

self, as my ancestors gained their lands, so I forfeit them; it is the chance of the world, and I am content."

"The words of a good man, a wise man, and a Christian," said Carolan, who, by the way, was remarkable for the equanimity and piety of his character, "and I do not mean to praise myself when I so agree with you, Edmund; as you know that I was born at Nobber, on the lands of Carolans-town—the very lands taken from my people in a time farther back than you speak of, and given to the family of the Nugents. But what have I to do with that?—I never enjoyed those lands, and so never miss them; and God has given me a gift I *can* enjoy, and, let the poor harper speak—an more proud of:—for does it not get me the praise of lords, and—look at me, Eva M'Donnell—the smiles of ladies; does it not make my welcome from the castle of the chief to the cabin of the peasant; and sit ye not here around me, this night, who will swear, and, if need be, fight to prove, that already it has hung a wreath on my harp, which shall hang green, there, in the days to come, and call me to mind among the unborn

children of my native land?—oh!” the minstrel continued, excited by the theme he had thought but to sport with—“Oh! let that be the fate of Carolan—let him have fame in green Ireland—let him leave behind some strains that will gladden or touch the hearts of her future sons and her fair daughters, and little will he think of any loss beside.”

All, except Mrs. Evelyn and her husband, who had both fallen asleep, rose, delightfully affected with the simple pathos of the harper's feelings, and once more pledged his health.

“I am poor, and I am blind,” he continued, “and, worst of all, I have lost a friend; but, come!—I will try to be merry—Edmund, put the cup in my hand.”

“Thou need'st not try, thou *art* merry,” said Jeremiah, his eyes running over with good feeling.

“Well, I am, then; what is it to be poor in worldly wealth? give me the riches it cannot buy; what is it to be blind?—my eyes have only passed into my ears, to give them a double sense of soft sound; and why should I even grieve for my old master? he is happier than

he was here ;—so, come !—some toast, now, to outdo the last—fill !”—he stood up, his face, and, particularly his mouth, beaming with expression that made the want of eyes forgotten—“ I give the father of Irish song—the son of Fion—the son of Comhal,—Oisin, Oisin !”

It was quaffed in a roar, to which Evelyn himself contributed. Carolan buoyantly spoke on.

“ Manus Oge ! come here, old Manus Oge,”—the chronicler of the glen rose and advanced, his very tall figure somewhat stooped, from illness, his long limbs moving gracelessly, his long arms swinging or fidgetting about, and his shoulders often shrugged up and down, perhaps from an inward impatience of indisposition—“ sit down here, near me, and sing us the *Laoidh* of Oisin that we all like best ; Edmund, get your large harp, and accompany him ; you know the old chaunt ; I will help you, now and then, with this little Clarseech ; tho’ no man can play even my own airs worse than myself. I have often told you I only use the harp to assist me in composition ; running over it with my fingers, in search of the melody that is in

my brain and heart—come, your harp, and sit down by Manus Oge.”

“Is it the *Laoidh* of Con-More-mac-an-Deirgh, you want, Carolan?” asked Manus—“or the *Laoidh* of Cagavra, where Oscar was killed by Cairbre, the king? or of Conloach-Mac-Cuchullin?”—and so he continued to run over the names of poems, others of which, as well as those mentioned, were on subjects, which another chronicler has since given, in an adapted shape, to the world.

“It is Conloach-Mac-Cuchullin I want, Manus Oge,” replied Carolan; and the selection being thus made, and Edmund’s harp ready, Manus began the recitation of a poem, which, in a different style of language and arrangement, may be found among the collection of Ossian’s poems, before alluded to; but which, it is our impression, has not been improved in the hands of the Scotch editor, or in the hands of those from whom he received it; though, even at this day, it may be obtained in Irish, very nearly word for word, as it shall now be translated, from the lips of the descendant of Manus Oge, and on the very spot which is the present scene of our story.

CONLOACH-MAC-CUCHULLIN.

“ FROM Scotland came a haughty young hero,
“ the valiant champion, Conloach, unto the
“ grand court of pleasure, Trachtisha, in Ire-
“ land.

“ Connor, Ulster’s king, quickly sent a mes-
“ senger to inquire the cause of his visit, whence
“ he journeyed, and what was his name.

“ ‘ I am a messenger sent by Ulster’s king, to
“ thee, young warrior, to inquire the cause of
“ thy visit, whence thou comest, and what is
“ thy name.’

“ ‘ The cause of my visit does not concern
“ your king; my name is of little import; yet
“ there lives no king or champion to whom I
“ will disclose it.’

“ The king, when he heard these bold words,
“ to his valiant heroes spoke again;

“ ‘ Who will force this youth to answer? who
“ will make him tell his name?’

“ Out spoke Connall, the ever-dauntless hero:

“ ‘ I will bring back a true answer; I will tell
“ you why he has come to Trachtisha.’

“ ‘ Welcome, gay glittering warrior, brave

“ youth, the comeliest of men; but I see, by
“ thy coming towards us, thou art, out of thy in-
“ tended way.’

“ ‘I come from the east; from the brightest
“ bower of the earth, resolving to try my arm
“ amongst the chieftains of Erin.’

“ ‘Shun that dangerous course, in which
“ great heroes have fallen, or else your tomb
“ will soon be raised where theirs have arisen.’

“ ‘Is it thus ye have done in former days?
“ did no hero escape your sword?—yet will I
“ subdue ye, for all others, from this day to
“ the day of doom.’

“ Connell of the mighty hand arose upon
“ hearing the young man’s speech; but before
“ his mighty hand was lifted, Conloach, the
“ fierce and nimble, at Trachtisha, (tho’ it
“ should not be told) bound Connell, and part
“ of his men.

“ Then the king spoke again—‘ a messenger
“ from us to Cuchullin!’

“ ‘I am a messenger sent from Ulster’s king,
“ to thee, great Cuchullin, the victorious, to tell
“ thee that Connell and part of his men, are
“ bound by the stranger at Trachtisha.’

“ Cuchullin instantly moved: he came from
“ Dhoon-Gallagan, of the pleasant bowers, to
“ Trachtisha, of the great warriors.

“ ‘Welcome to thee, noble hero; but too
“ late hast thou come to our aid; for Connell,
“ and many of his men, are bound, unless you
“ give them freedom.’

“ ‘ ’Tis hard for me to see in bondage the
“ friend who would free me in distress; but ’tis
“ harder to combat with the sword the heroic
“ man who has conquered Connell.’

“ ‘Refuse not with him to combat; let thy
“ spear and sword be reddened for Connall’s
“ bondage.’

“ —Conloch spoke as he came—‘Peace be-
“ tween us, noble hero; look not on me as an
“ enemy; let our tongues speak, in prudence,
“ and thou need’st not fear our combatting.’

“ ‘I never feared; and surely must I fight
“ with thee, unless thou shewest thyself a friend;
“ tell thy name, young man, or combat with me.’

“ ‘The voice of a parent has bound me not
“ to tell my name to any; if I could tell it to
“ one under the sun, thou should’st be the man.’

“ Then the two heroes engaged. Equally

“ strong and brave was the desperate conflict:
 “ for of equal courage and great mind were the
 “ two most mighty champions.

“ When Cuchullin saw that he could not soon
 “ quell the stranger, he, a sudden spring made
 “ to the stream, and returning swift as an ar-
 “ row, then cast the fatal spear—with all his
 “ might and strength he cast it—and pierced
 “ was the youth’s body thro’.

“ ‘ Brave young hero of the east, behold thy
 “ mortal wound; thy tomb will now soon be
 “ raised, thy name concealed no longer.’

“ ‘ I am Coanloch—never,—tho’ ’tis my own
 “ boast—never before overcome in fight, and
 “ who would never yield to any hero, tho’ I
 “ yielded to thee—father!’

“ ‘ Conloch!—the son of Cuchullin?—the
 “ rightful heir of Dhoon Gallagan?—the sacred
 “ pledge of fame I left in the womb, when from
 “ Skiach I parted?’

“ ‘ Conloch I am, the son of Cuchullin; the
 “ rightful heir of Dhoon Gallagan; the pledge
 “ thou didst leave in the womb, when from Skiach
 “ you fatally parted.’

“ ‘ Oh, my dark fate!—Oh, my mild Con-

“ loach!—heir of a crown—brave—peerless!—
“ oh, that I had met a dreadful death before
“ I pierced thy beauteous body!”

“ ‘ Oh, Cuchullin, my gentle father!—now
“ is thy knowledge of me too late; but I knew
“ thee, and therefore weakly raised my sword,
“ and let it fall, harmlessly!—Oh, Cuchullin,
“ my great and wise father!—who ever overcame
“ difficulties!—Now that thou may’st know thou
“ shalt be without a son, behold the ring on my
“ finger!—oh Cuchullin, the most active and
“ mighty, since I am weak and dying, take off
“ the ring and chain, and bear them with thee;
“ my sharp spear, and my keen sword, and my
“ red shield, that lies low and lonely!—Cu-
“ chullin—father!—how hard a lot is mine!—
“ accurst be my mother! she it was who laid me
“ under a vow, and sent me to thee, Cuchullin,
“ to try my persuasion on thee!’

“ ‘ A second curse attend thy mother! ever
“ was she evil and deceitful; it is the greatness
“ of her many faults that has covered my son
“ with blood. Oh, that she was now here to
“ behold the fatal end of her counsels!—Still
“ lean on me, Conloach.’

“ ‘ Let me now fall forward, since thou hast
“ said thou art truly my father!—altho’ no
“ other man lives in Innisfail for whom I could
“ yield or fly! My blessing with thee, loving
“ father; it is all thou canst now have of Con-
“ loach. I am devoured by a raging agony: I
“ came to meet and to love thee, father!’

“—‘ Oh, that thou wert still safe without a
“ wound, in any wide country of the earth, still
“ absent from me, so that thou cam’st not to kill
“ thy father’s soul! But it is good for the
“ Dane,—or for Spain, of the armed king—or
“ for the chieftains of fair Scotland—that my
“ mild Conloach by them did not fall!—And it
“ is good for Connor, of the Red-Branch, the
“ chief of the host of champions,—it is good
“ for him and for them, that it was not by his
“ means my only son did perish! Hadst thou
“ fallen by any other hero, from any other
“ quarter of the world, I would, to satisfy thy
“ death, sacrifice countless thousands!—or if I
“ and my beautiful Conloach were in one cause,
“ no two heroes of the earth, without treachery,
“ could do us harm! If I and my beloved
“ Conloach were together on a hill-side, united

“ Erin, from shore to shore, between us we
“ would make tremble !

“ ‘ Five heroes have been born to me ; the
“ last, under my eyes, lies cold and mangled !—
“ The other four fell in many fields : but I am
“ the miserable father that has slain his only
“ child, with the spear that overcame the
“ mighty ! From the hour that this black deed
“ is done, as black be my heart for ever !—Oh !
“ the dark grief chokes my voice, and smothers
“ my bosom.—The head of my only son hangs
“ lifeless on one arm, and his bright shield and
“ weapons on the other ! ”

CHAPTER VI.

NOTWITHSTANDING some anticipations of want of room in M'Donnell's humble abode, Evelyn, when the party separated for the night, found himself well disposed of. Mrs. Evelyn and her husband had first retired; and as the lady remained quiet after leaving the sitting apartment, it was to be taken for granted that she condescended to put up with her accommodation. Jeremiah, heedless of the weather, returned to Cushindoll, to keep possession of the cottage; and Eva led Esther into her own chamber: a small one, indeed, but trimmed up in a style of neatness and rustic ornament that argued well of the taste of the young and fair possessor. As it was the season of flowers, every fragrant one that gave out its perfume to the dells and mountains of Glenarriff had been culled to grace the lowly bower of the hill-

maiden, and lay in bunches around, or hung wreathed in garlands over her couch. The pale primrose, flower of mildest scent, abounded; and looking still paler and more delicate by the light of a lamp, seemed fitly to adorn the midnight solitude of a girl so young, so pure, and so innocent. On the walls hung some shelves, containing books, a picture of the crucifixion, and a Spanish guitar.

After a little pretty gossip, which the fair reader may be assured was even then in fashion between two young ladies preparing for slumber, the maidens knelt to perform in silent prayer, though not in the very same words, or according to the same prescribed form, their sincere devotions to their common Creator, and then lay down to take their innocent sleep, sweetly kissing each other's lips, (sweet creatures!) and Esther held in the arms, and pillowed on the bosom of her new friend. It is amazing how suddenly young ladies hate or love one another; they would seem, indeed, by their promptness in coming to the point with their own sex, to make up for their unintelligible dallying with ours; but however that may

be, never was seen a more sudden friendship than, ere they closed their damask eyelids, this night, sprang up in the bosoms of Esther and Eva. Perhaps, simple and sincere as both were, they had their own little reasons for fully encouraging the separate impulse; but as this supposition is treason to the magnanimity of disinterested female friendship, we shall, for the present, press it no further.

It should have been before noticed, that, from the return of Evelyn to M'Donnell's house, until the hour of repose, the rain that, during the early part of the evening, had been blowing off and on at intervals, then came down with constancy, though not with violence. At the grey break of morn, Evelyn's ears were filled with a tremendous noise of rushing waters, that, as he sprung up in alarm to ascertain the cause, he recollected was not to have been heard the previous night. Running to the little window of his apartment, which was at the back of the house, and looking up to the precipice that, at but a short distance overhung the glen, he saw a torrent shooting down its perpendicular face, with a fall of more than a hundred feet. The mists of the

previous evening had ascended nearly to the summit of the wall of rock ; but as they still hid the topmost outline, extending themselves in monotonous grey, over the sky, Evelyn, unacquainted with the real boundaries of the great objects around him, could not calculate how much more of the precipice remained hidden from his view ; and as the origin of the cataract was also concealed by those wreaths of mist, imagination began to refer it to an illimitable height, or else to suggest that it was poured forth by the swollen clouds, from the bosom of which it took, indeed, its first apparent source. In removing his eye to the bottom of the precipice, a like mystery enveloped the certain depth of the torrent's fall ; for it glanced and disappeared, behind a natural parapet of rock, in a sheet so unbroken as to give no idea of any rest or interruption, a considerable way downwards. The noise was, to an ear unused to it, appalling ; but after some observation, Evelyn became aware that the chief roar of waters was caused by the furious stream that struggled along, over rock and inequality, in the deep gully beside which

the house stood, and which, the evening before, contained but a puny rill, that, almost unheard and unperceived, wrought its way to the distant river.

He was interrupted by the entrance of Oliver Whittle, in much solemn agitation, for which it is convenient, under the reader's favour, to account at some length.

The house that gave shelter to the benighted personages of our story, did not appear to have been the work of a first simple idea, but rather as if it was constructed at different times, as whim, necessity, or reflection, caused the proprietors to reconsider, after a part had been perfected, the plan in hand. The middle of the building, that which inclosed the common apartment, or room of all work, seemed to have been the primary structure; at the end of it, and facing the huge fire-place, a door, as nearly in the middle of the wall as could reasonably be expected, opened into a narrow passage, at either side of which, four others gave admission into four opposite chambers; and, although it could now afford lodging to all the immediate members of the fa-

mily, together with their guests of the night, this wing appeared a second thought.

At the right-hand side of the fire-place, a small door also led into a second narrow passage, which again opened to the night chambers of the menials; a large apartment, at the back of the fire-place, receiving the males; and one as large, divided from this by a good substantial wall, inclosing the females. Into the latter it is none of our business to enter; but into the former, preceded by a grey-headed retainer of the family, who had been with old M'Donnell in the wars of Montrose, and who, after the peace, had taken upon himself, without any special appointment, but by a kind of acknowledged right, a general superintendence of every thing about the reduced establishment of his old commander—preceded, we say, by this aged follower, bearing a rude lamp, and using much dumb shew of courtesy, stalked Oliver Whittle, whom we are at liberty to accompany any where.

He strode into the room with a face as long and as suspicious as if he were about to put up his quarters among the sprites of those he had help-

ed to slay at the Gobbins Heughs. The large chimney of the outer apartment protruded into this *chambre à-coucher*; and at one side of the bulk, where the heat penetrated for his benefit, nestled, on a bed of fresh heather, the donkey's driver, in what he denominated "a cosey nook;" while around the rough walls, as Oliver stood erect in the middle of the floor, he could discern some dozen large heads of hair, shading as many harsh visages, pushed from under coarse coverlids, which screened the giant limbs of a like number of stalwart kernes of the sept M'Donnell.

"Whilk is to be my place of repose, brother?" he asked solemnly, after a pause.

"Phat will hur say?" asked his seneschal in return.

"Whar maun I stretch my limbs? Whar am I to taste sleep?"

"*Kaw shee aun suh*," (here it is) thrusting his lamp under the waggon-like structure intended for a bedstead, the sole resemblance of that article in the place. Oliver only understood the accompanying action. While looking at his couch,

his glance became rivetted, and he resumed, in mixed gruffness and nausea, "Tak' away from my eyes yon symbol of idolatry," pointing to a roughly-sculptured crucifix that dangled over the head of the bed.

The major domo stared; and "hear til him, noo," said the donkey's driver, in the corner. One of the listening kerne inquired in Irish what Oliver had said, and on a translation given by the young promoter of mischief, three or four jumped, primitively naked, from their heather couches, muttering no very peaceable intent. Oliver's brow assumed a deeper curl, but it was a valiant one; his hand flew to his sword; he confronted the row of hideous apparitions before him; and blood might have flowed, had not the old man compelled them, by a few words in Irish, once more to ensconce themselves beneath their coverlids. Then he placed the lamp on a large box near at hand, and after hemming, and stopping more than once in his effort to speak English, "God lend hur the good night's shleep," he said, and retired.

Oliver bent his knees against the bedstead, and giving his shoulders a preparatory shrug,

and swallowing his saliva before he began, performed, in a loud dolorous pitch of voice, a long-winded extemporaneous prayer. Then throwing a suspicious glance around, and ascertaining that all slept, or appeared to sleep, he drew off his great trooper's boots, and, his eye again scowling around, stole his great sword under his head, and crept, like an old wasted spider, into the recesses of his nightly habitation.

Notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, his fears and disgust kept him waking; and some time after he lay down, he perceived the old servant steal in, shut the door softly, and walk watchfully across the room. Half closing his eyes, Oliver closely followed the motions of this person. The old man approached the bedside, and reached his arms over him; then Oliver grasped firmly the basket-hilt of his sword; but the aged servant only took down the rude crucifix, placed it on the box, knelt before it, and with a prefatory flourish of his arm, that Oliver construed into determined insult, went through the ceremony of, as it is technically denominated, "blessing himself," while the accompanying words were uttered in Irish.

“*In-om-in-a naigh, augus a-rich, augus a-spridth naiv,—amin;*” an invocation, separately, of the persons of the trinity; and then he continued to pray, fervently, in the same language, often thumping his breast.

“Idolatry—papisty—abomination;” groaned Oliver; the words, however, indistinct. The object of his aversion turned his eyes towards the bed; another loud “in-om-in-a naigh” finished his orisons, exciting another “abomination,” and another groan from the bowels of Oliver; and, finally, the old man arose from his knees, took an earthen jar off a shelf, spilt some water from it into the hollow of his hand, sprinkled his own forehead, then the couches of the kerne, then all round the room, and then giving the jar a second good stoop into his palm, he approached Oliver, his evil intent manifested by the zeal of his glances.

“Aye, jest sprinkle him weel wi’ the holy wather, to kill the muckle de’il that’s in him,” remarked the imp of the donkey from his “co-sey neuk.”

“*Holy* water!—the waters of filth—I’ll have nane o’t!” roared Oliver, springing up in a

sitting posture. But the words came too late. The man conceiving he had moaned in his sleep, in consequence of some bad dream, charitably came to drive away the fiend with an ablutition that he deemed a specific for the purpose; and, ere Oliver could prevent it, the deed was done. A good splash visited his face; he sputtered, shut his eyes, made various grimaces, and hastily wiping away the water—

“Defilement!” he exclaimed—“the waters of the sink of Sathan, I say! begone awa’ wi’ your abominations, or the hilt o’ this sword”—here he was stopped by the re-appearance, at his bedside, of the gigantic kerne, each with a rude dagger, or skeine, in his hand; and again there might have been bloodshed, but that the old servant, as on the former occasion, impressed on his allies, that, according to the command of their chief, no insult must be offered to the stranger; so, they a second time retired, muttering, to their repose; while he, in unintelligible English, proceeded to offer an apology to Oliver, and moved him to lie down. After some time, his intreaties were successful; and at last he extinguished the

lamp, and, to Oliver's continued annoyance, took a place by the side of his guest.

The old man's snore soon gave testimony of deep sleep; the other sharers of the apartment were not long in supplying evidence of the same fact; the donkey's lord contributed his minor note to the grand bass concert around; and through the solid thickness of the far wall, the gentle maids and matrons of the neighbouring apartment sent in an echoing chorus. But the unlucky Oliver closed not his eyes. He was haunted by the night-mare of popery; he imagined he still felt the holy water trickling over his defiled brows; he panted for the cleansing facilities of some ample, clear, running-stream; and the summer morning found him still waking.

As, with the light of day, children lose the terrors of supernatural appearances, so the morning beams gave him a little confidence, and he just hoped to settle himself to repose, when his mates of the night jumped up, hastily donned their rude garments, and, along with the boy and his own bed-fellow, withdrew from the chamber. During this disturbance, it was impossible to

sleep. When he was left in solitude, sweet visions again began to float round his pillow, but the sharp tinkle of a little bell once more roused him; he started at the sound; it was incontestably popish; his ears opened to listen; and, just then, the imp of the donkey re-entered.

“Come to the mass, Oliver Whittle,” he said, “the mass is going to be said, mon; and it will mak a gude body o’ you—that and the holy wather.”

“Awa’ wi’ you, limb of darkness!” cried the tortured trooper, bounding out of bed; and his grinning tormentor skipped off.

It was Sunday morning. The celebration of mass was, by law, a serious offence, subjecting the officiating clergyman to heavy punishment; of late, however, the matter, if done privately, had been tolerated; and the priest, either not having a regular place of worship, or else afraid to use it, generally attended at the house of some one of his more considerable parishioners, to honor the sabbath according to the rights of the Roman Catholic church.

In the large apartment of the house, old priest M’Donnell had furnished up a rude kind of altar. A high chest was covered with white

drapery; on it were laid candles, the chalice, and the book, with the other essentials used in the performance of the mass. The aged priest stood before it in his coloured silk vestment, having a large cross described on the back; two little boys, in white surplices, kneeling at each side, attended him for the purpose of making the prescribed responses, of occasionally adjusting the book, or of giving the elementary wine, or the water of ablution. Around knelt old M'Donnell, his brother, son, daughter, servants, and followers; while a considerable group, collected from every cabin in the glen, reached past the door, which faced the temporary altar.

The deliberate clang of Oliver's boots announced his approach to the little congregation; and presently he strode in among them, scowling around, his face more haggard even than usual, and his eyes bleared for want of sleep. Assuming the kind of superiority which impudence accords to such as he, and indulging in the terms of insult and threat which improved good sense has since rejected, but which, by the way, were perpetuated in

that day by a sense of impunity—the members of the degraded creed not daring to utter a word—

“I set up my face,” he cried, “against this open idolatry—this unloosed wantonness of the scarlet strumpet; retire ye to your homes: gi’ ower; avoid ye! or verily I say unto ye, my voice shall be raised in testimony against ye, before the counsellors of the land.”

All eyes were instantly fixed on Oliver; some half understood him—some not at all; but his manner was intelligible to every one. Edmund M’Donnell arose and approached him.

“You must needs retire, good fellow,” he said, “nor disturb nor insult the devotions of the household.”

“It is to retire that I cam hither,” returned Oliver, “whar is the chamber of the youth, Robert Evelyn?”

Edmund took him by the arm, and led him to the passage.

Evelyn’s observations, from his window, of the novel and interesting objects we left him contemplating, were, previous to the entrance of Oliver, interrupted by the voice of his aunt-

in-law, sounding through the partition that divided him from her room.

“ Paul, Paul,” she cried, in a tone of steady authority; “ awake thee, man; thou’rt but a drowsy knave, and sleepest the morning away.”

“ I am awake, Janet, dear wife,” snuffled Paul.

“ Open those eyes of thine, then.”

“ They are open, Janet.”

Evelyn guessed she had already arisen.—
“ Hear’st thou nought to stir alarm in thee?”

“ What should alarm me, dear wife, and thou so”—

“ Ask you what, man? hear you not waters rushing and roaring, as tho’ they would sweep the dwelling hence?”

“ In sooth I believe there be such noises, Janet,” putting on a childish face of mock terror.

“ Rise, man; rise, and let us speed away, then, from the dangers of this wild place.”

Oliver here entered Evelyn’s apartment.

“ It is not good to abide here,” he said, “ the wrath of the Lord may, peradventure, overtake us for the same.”

“ What mean you, now, Oliver?”

“ I mean,” he replied, raising his voice, “ that the idol of the mass—the calf—the Dagon, is set up beneath the very roof wi’ us.”

“ Mind me, sir,” observed Evelyn, angrily, “ neither you, nor I, nor any man, holds a right to scoff at the devotions of others—therefore address me not, in such language, and beware-how you offend those whose roof gives us a hospitable shelter—begone, sir,”

“ If it likes you to sojourn here,” Oliver answered, “ you canna’ mak me abide by your shouter ; wherefore I will awa’ frae the accurst hoose ;” and he stalked out of the room.

“ And hear you that, too, husband ?” resumed the voice of Mrs. Evelyn, who had overheard this discourse, as she ran to meet Oliver at the door of her chamber.

“ Dinna come forth,” he said, addressing her, “ rest you in your ain place of secrecy, that your eyes may not be defiled by saul-killing abominations.”

He strode on, but Mrs. Evelyn strode by him, and entered the outer apartment, Oliver closely following. The old priest had just commenced, as they made their appearance. Mrs.

Evelyn stared about her with a look which she intended should convey dignified importance, but which might be construed into vulgar arrogance. She beckoned slowly to Edmund, who was again on his knees; he arose and approached her, modestly wishing her a good-morrow, in a low voice, out of respect to the occupation in which all the others were engaged.

“Youth,” said she, coolly, and without deigning to answer his courtesy, “is not this the superstition of the mass I see before me?”

“The sacrifice of the mass is about to be celebrated, madam,” he replied, colouring with indignation, yet his boyish respect for the catechist’s sex curbing the expression of it.

“And is not yonder the jesuit priest to minister in the idolatry?”

“Yea,” said Oliver, “robed in the robes of —.”

“And is this treason and superstition to be done under our very eyes?” interrupted Mrs. Evelyn, “could you not have tarried, youth, with your damnable practices, till we had retired from hence?—Paul!—Paul!”—striding back, and thrusting her neck into his chamber,

“ speed you, man, speed; and now, at the least, let us take the road.”

Evelyn came, at this instant, upon the scene of foolish insult. The old clergyman had turned round when the first words met his ear; and the hectic of unwilling resentment flushed his pale cheek, and his frame shook with more than age's palsy. Eva started to her feet, and stood with her brow bent, her head erect, her cheeks and lips blanched, and her bosom panting, while she grasped her father's arm, who, also standing, and one hand catching his long white beard, frowned on the intruders. Con M'Donnell approached Oliver, as usual, with ominous looks, 'till he was beckoned back by Edmund; while a group of harsh-featured mountaineers more obstinately surrounded the old trooper, seeming to await but a signal to punish him for his temerity.

“ What is the meaning of this, madam?” asked Evelyn of his aunt, at this juncture.

“ The rather do I ask where be your eyes, nephew,” she answered, “ that they see not here the popish——”

“ Madam, madam,” he began, abashed and confounded.

“The jesuitical treason of the mass,” his aunt-in-law continued.

“Madam, this must not be—allow me to lead you to your chamber.”

“No, nephew, I will depart forthwith from the roof that covers them. Paul! Paul! I say, —lazy churl, why tarryest thou?”

“I am here, dear wife,” he answered, just then tottering in.

“Hie thee, hie thee, man,” Mrs. Evelyn went on, striding through the crowd, that, aware of the danger heretofore incurred by attending a prohibited mode of worship, quailed under the frown of the Amazonian lady. It was an evidence of the terror arising from acting by stealth, which, with other causes, has broken the spirit, and debased the demeanor of the wretched peasantry of their country.

“Oliver!” Mrs. Evelyn resumed, outside the door, with her husband.

“Abomination!” cried Oliver, striding thro’ the crowd, after her—“Stench!—the scarlet woman!”

“Niece! nephew!” continued the lady.

“Your husband’s niece and nephew will stay

where they are," answered Evelyn, "and endeavour to make some apology for the rudeness—your pardon, madam, for the most fitting word—which you have shewn to the hospitality of this roof."

"Young sir," demanded his aunt-in-law, "darest thou insult a lady, and thy relative?—darest thou afford countenance to jesuits and plotters?—mayhap it is thy intention to conform, but have a care, young sir," her wrath somewhat aroused by a resistance she did not expect, and was not in the habit of experiencing; "fly not in the face of your lawful guardians, I say; hither with thee, presently, or my lord the chancellor—the parliament—the king—no, not the king—but all else you should fear, shall hear of it."

"Madam, I rest where I am; you are not my guardian."

"Command him forth, Paul."

"I do command him, Janet," but with a voice and a face little expressive of authority; in fact he looked about to cry.

"Take thy sister's hand now, youngster, and come forth, or abide the consequence."

“ I will not stir, madam ; neither shall my sister ; and I will abide the consequence.”

“ Naught is this, stripling, but papistry and treason, and conforming ; and all because of yonder jesuit maiden, on whom I saw thee look so loosely, last night.”

“ Come, madam,” he replied, at last provoked beyond bounds, “ we here interrupt most indecently the devotions of people whose creed is only between their God and themselves ; you are welcome to depart in search of my house, as soon as you list, and I wish you a pleasant ride so early in the morning—come in, poor people.”

He waited till that part of the crowd who were without had got under the roof of the dwelling, and then closed the door ; his aunt-in-law bursting at the moment into bitter tears, in which Paul joined her.

“ Excuse this, M'Donnell,” Evelyn then resumed, as young Edmund met him in the middle of the apartment, “ come into our sleeping chamber”—they gained it ; “ excuse this,” extending his hand ;—“ it has happened in none of mine or of my sister's feeling ; nor in my

uncle's feeling, either, if he dared assert himself; forgive us if you can; and do not let a woman's freak come between you and me, and the high esteem I must ever feel for those who have borne themselves towards us all so kindly."

"It is entirely forgotten," answered Edmund, his face brightening up;—"we are, alas! too well used to such unthinking slights, for I use no harsher name: and I am only sorry the observance of our duty should have caused any disquiet to your aunt; indeed, the mass was begun very early, in order, if possible, to be done with ere she or any of you had left your chambers."

"And believe me, she would have slept long enough but for her fright of the falling waters;—please now to return to the outer apartment: I shall stay here till you can again conveniently join me—hark! there my aunt rides off, with my uncle and attendant—can my sister and I break our fast here?"

A ready and pleased assent naturally came from Edmund.

"And tax you for an afternoon repast?"—his young host looked more and more gratified

“ Then let my aunt entertain herself till the evening at least; some shew of spirit it is necessary to make to her folly; thanks, M'Donnell, and farewell till you are at leisure.”

The mass was said; Edmund returned to the sleeping chamber, and, accompanied by Esther and Eva, the young men went out to enjoy the morning air and prospect; Esther's statue-like beauty of face, and her usually sad eye, excited into some glow and sparkle from the novelty of her situation.

All mist had by this time rolled away from the mountains and precipices; the sun was up; the sky blue and fleecy; the glen visible in all its extent and grandeur; the river, almost unseen the evening before, swelled into a wide inundation; the hoarse voices of many other torrents than the near one Evelyn had seen from his apartment, heard at different distances around; and, altogether, the character of great mountain scenery fully developed. With their back turned to the house, the young party looked down the glen, as it swept and opened to the bay; its far side running out into the expanse of the ocean, and ending in Garron Point;

the barrier to the left turning before its termination could be seen, but taken up at a distance by other heights, on which stood the ruined fragment of Red-bay castle, and also running into the blue sea; while the remote distance gave glimpses of the sister country of Scotland.

They returned to the house, and met, at breakfast, old "priest M'Donnell," of whose irritability of the former night Evelyn could perceive no symptom, in the bland and venerable demeanor which now marked the character of, with all his age and infirmities, a travelled and educated man. Breakfast—dinner was done; and, ere the evening should overtake them on the road, Evelyn and his sister mounted their horses, at last to join Mrs. Evelyn's family circle. Their parting from the M'Donnells was warm on both sides: some tears, even, were dropped between the maidens; those of Esther coming most abundantly, until Eva would name a day to make her a long visit at her cottage. Edmund was also prevailed upon by Evelyn to engage his attentions to his sister, on that future occasion; and Carolan, repeatedly soli-

cited by the young strangers, consented to accompany both. Finally, they left the Strip of Burne, convoyed through the glen by even a greater body of people, with the M'Donnells at their head, than had come out to welcome them on their arrival. As the road approached the coast, farewells were renewed, and, with a single guide, they thence proceeded to their own cottage.

Mrs. Evelyn received them with sullenness intended for dignity; but Evelyn could perceive that this was only a disguise to cover the real crest-fallen consciousness of his good relative. He had expected such a pleasing result; for, young as Evelyn was, he knew human nature sufficiently well,—even that half of it which is honored by being of the fair sex—to calculate on a victory over noise and words by a seasonable shew of resolution. In fact, he now had, what is called, the upper-hand; and he wisely determined to keep it, in his own house; trusting that, for the time he was compelled to live with his uncle, and therefore with his aunt-in-law, it might serve to obtain him some quiet; nor was he mistaken in his views. Still wrapping

herself up in much dignity, Mrs. Evelyn grew meek as a child; if she was sublime, she was, at the same time, silent; or, in their hours of connubial retirement, satisfied herself with revenging every thing on her husband.

The day appointed for the visit of the M'Donnells brought them, even with the full assent of Evelyn's and Esther's guardian, to the seashore cottage of their young friends; and the harper accompanied them. The weather was now beautifully fine; the walks by the coast delightful; Esther rapidly improved in spirits and health; Carolan composed airs to words of Edmund's writing, and both played, while Esther and Eva sung them; peace was with them, and about them, as well as over the whole land—even the rare peace of sectarian toleration; they were all young; all, in different shades of feeling, enthusiastic; all imaginative and simple-hearted; and—they all loved.

“ 'Tis an old tale and often told,”—

how young hearts get entangled with each other, and beating and swelling for each other, and a curious thing to account for; but apart

even from the great solution of the riddle proposed in speeches about sympathetic minds and souls, by which is meant minds and souls very like each other, it has remained for us, we think, to discover the true solution—proximity. They were together, and they loved; that is our syllogism. If it be combatted in favor of the old doctrine, we rejoin, by first asking, rather tritely indeed, how could they ever have loved, had they never come together?—Next, if similarity of character was to have done every thing, and proximity nothing, how could the fiery-spirited Eva have loved the matter-of-fact Evelyn? and the weak, tender Esther have loved the bold, manly, although modest Edmund?—and how could the poor harper have pined—we were about to say, indiscreetly, for whom he pined; but as it was not so quickly ascertained, in the reality, neither should it be all at once declared in the story. Moreover, since his own tardy declaration of his feelings was the immediate cause why others admitted the state of their own, the whole matter seems to require a progressive and circumstantial development.

Evelyn and Edmund had gone for a day to hunt the deer in the great *chasse* belonging to Antrim Castle; and their sisters thus left without any company but that of Carolan—(they did not admit that Jerry, Mrs. Evelyn, or her husband, were company)—walked out, arm in arm, to enjoy the air and the shade in one of their usual haunts. It was a little dell, formed by high and sloping grounds, on every side, which entirely shut out, at certain points, the sea, the mountains, every thing but the sky. The hoarse roar of the ocean came subdued to the lonely place, and its own insect-buzz, and the hum of the wild bee among its primroses and buttercups, were the predominant sounds that filled the ear. The young harper, acknowledging a fit of musical impulse, had parted from them to reach a favorite retreat, too, which was sacred to his hours of melodious study; so that they were completely alone.

Hitherto the maidens had never trusted to one another a hint on the state of their hearts; each plainly seeing the love of each, yet sure that her own bosom was perfectly disguised. They had been unusually silent during their

little walk; and having gained their resting-place, they sat down without a word. At last Esther asked suddenly—

“Do you remember the strange woman we met on the way to your house, Eva, the first evening I saw you and your brother?”

“Yes; but I have since scarce thought of her.”

“I have, often;—you remember, too, her extraordinary manner when she looked in my face?—What was her cause for that?”

“Something very absurd, doubtless.”

“But why did she seem to speak of me to your brother, after her strange scrutiny of my features? You were near enough to hear what she said, and you know her language—what said she?”

“It is not worth the while to know, Esther; and it would be idle in me to inform you.”

“Any thing is worth the while to ask or tell on this idle day—inform me, pretty Eva.”

“Never a word, for that basè flattery.”

“Then, Eva only, or dear Eva, let me hear; the matter has lain on my mind, and made me uneasy.”

“ And for that reason I must not tell you a foolish story ; had you thought nothing on the matter—had you a mind indifferent to such childishness—I would freely impart what that idle woman said ; but, as it is, I will save you from imaginary flights, that cannot increase your happiness, Esther.”

“ Now, indeed, you startle me ; the occurrence I witnessed had no such effect as your reasons for remaining silent, Eva ; nor can your free confidence and speech, whatever you may disclose, do half the injury to my mind and spirits, that your allusions have done already.”

“ I see, indeed, I used an injudicious method of discourse with you, and am sorry for it, dear Esther ; and perhaps my speaking freely will, as you say, now do less real harm than my silence : but can you faithfully promise me to laugh, as I do, at the whole you shall hear?—’Tis silly, Esther, from beginning to end, with nothing to depend on but the ravings, or perhaps, wilful falsehood, of that poor woman.”

“ Be assured I shall treat it as lightly as, on such shewing, it deserves, or as you do ; but go on.”

“ You know that on the eve of All-Saints’ Day, along with acting some harmless pastimes, it is the weak, and, indeed, sinful custom of the peasantry, to invoke the Evil Name, that, by its influence, they may see the shadowy resemblance of the person they are doomed to love. Well; on the last coming of that blessed eve, as my brother and I, and a circle of young friends, sat around the fire in my father’s house, Onagh of the cavern lifted the latch of our door, entered, and sat down silently amongst us. She had great fame with the poor people, for her knowledge of the little ceremonies to be gone through on All-Saints’ eve, and it was her custom to visit different houses that she might direct them; but this was her first visit to us. Her pale, undisturbed face, and her silence, had a disagreeable effect on our sports; yet we proceeded in them, while Onagh looked on. We hid the ring, melted the lead, sent the blindfolded seeker of his fate to the four plates of salt, ashes, water, and earth, burned the nuts in the names of any two we destined for each other, with other like things. Still Onagh did not speak a word; and at last, affected

by her strange demeanor, we became as silent and inactive as herself. Then, however, she found her tongue. "All is done that you can do," she said, "and yet nothing that was worth the doing. I can shew, any time, till the cock crows for midnight, the man or the woman any of ye are to love." A girl of the house, taking her at the word, rose with Onagh, and both retired into a chamber, dark but for a dull fire that was allowed to burn out in it. I suppose you know as well as I, the various forms in which the wicked invocation is made;—in the present instance, Onagh caused the young girl to take off and wash a part of her dress, and then spread it out on a chair to dry before the fire. Soon after they had retired, we heard a scream, and the silly girl ran to us from the dark chamber, saying, that a strange man had, while she and Onagh stood with their backs to the door, advanced to the fire and turned the article of dress, which was spread out on the chair. Of course, she either wilfully told a falsehood, or else the terrors of imagination had imposed on her.

"My brother and I asserted our disbelief of

what she said ; and Onagh offered to convince me, in my own person, of the efficacy of her invocations, if I would retire into the chamber with her ; but I refused, not, indeed, in fear, Esther, but in contempt, and a dislike to do, idly and uselessly, a sinful thing. Edmund, in a bantering tone, challenged her to shew him the lady he was to love ; and Onagh assented, on condition that he would go out with her to the river side, as, to convince him, another kind of form was to be gone through ; he did so, against my entreaties, and left the house, laughing and light-hearted.

“ In some time he came back, alone, with an altered air ; but, when we asked him of what had happened, and why he looked so, he answered, again in good spirits, that he was only tired from clambering over such uneven ground as lay between him and the river, and that Onagh had shewn him nothing for all his trouble, but a white-faced horse. The subject dropped ; and till the evening we met you, Esther, was never renewed.”

“ But it was, then ? and it was to it that Onagh made allusion, when she looked on me ?

did not your brother report truly of his adventure?"

"He told the truth, but not the whole truth, and what he suppressed did not seem to him worth mentioning. But he forgot to say that Onagh warmly insisted there had been an apparition visible to her—a pale and beautiful young lady; and this he told me since your coming to our glen; for I, as well as you, wished to understand the allusions of Onagh, though I made so light of them, and therefore asked him to tell me."

"Go on, dear Eva," said Esther, wishing to hear recited the application that was obvious to herself.

"There is nothing to be added but what you witnessed; when Onagh saw your face, at the cavern, she told him it was the face of the apparition by the river-side."

"What, Eva?—my face?"—blushing deep as scarlet, and affecting as much simple astonishment as was possible—"now, indeed, I see the absurdity you promised me. And yet, another question. There was, in Onagh's recognition of her old acquaintance, any thing but pleasure,

or good-will, or satisfaction in such a face for the very improbable destiny to which she was pleased to doom it. I thought she started back in alarm and dislike of me; and her violent manner, when she ran to speak with your brother, the sound and pitch of her voice, certainly denoted more than a simple declaration that I was the reality of her spectre. Can you explain this? Again I recollect you were near enough to catch her words—what did she say?”

“ I need not disguise, no more than any other part of the foolery, that Onagh certainly expressed dislike of you; for, as you say, the purposes to which she first destined you, and earnestly commanded my brother to keep his heart guarded against your infatuations.”

“ He has not followed her advice; that I have plainly seen, a thousand times,” thought Esther. “ Well, Eva, it was at least very inconsistent, you will admit;—can you now tell me the cause of her aversion?”

“ Onagh, herself, must there satisfy you, as I do not pretend ability to find, according to the calculations of the little common-sense I have,

good reasons for the raving or mistatement of a fool or an impostor;" yet Eva was here guilty of a little ingenious reservation;—she really knew the cause of Onagh's dislike to Esther as the lady of Edmund's love, but, with a general appearance of confidence, this—the chief point on which she feared to give uneasiness to her friend—she was resolved not to communicate.

Esther grew silent, and Eva, too, fell into a reverie, of a nature not unlike that of her companion. When they again spoke, it was on a subject seemingly disconnected with the former one, yet really associated by it.

CHAPTER VII.

“HAVE you noticed the harper’s melancholy of late?” asked Esther.

“I have, indeed,” answered Eva.

“Do you guess what is the matter with him?”

“I do, as well as you;—he loves.”

“Whom?”

“Either of us.”

“But which?”

“That I cannot positively say; but I think it may be yourself.”

“You speak this seriously?”

“Seriously;—from my heart.”

“Then, as seriously I say that I believe you are the object of his devotion.”

“Your reasons?”

“Why, you form the theme of his discourse whenever he and I are alone; he sighs at each mention of your name; he has addressed a

sweet air to you ; and he knows you longer than me.”

“ But he scarce ever finds a topic for my ear but Esther ; if he sighs, it is in your company ; he walks ever with you ; he has framed as sweet an air for you ; and,” Eva added with a sigh of her own, “ he knows you long enough to love eternally.”

“ Here he comes, however, to afford us more observations,” said Esther. Carolan indeed appeared in the narrow, but level way, that led into the little retreat, walking erectly, and with the measured firmness of step that marks the gait of a blind man, although his pace seemed less spirited than usual. He was without his harp, and guided himself merely by tapping a switch on the ground before him, as he had grown quite familiar with the roads and paths generally walked over by the young party.

“ He looks sadder than ever,” said Esther. Carolan caught, at some distance, the very low tone in which she spoke, and his pensive expression of face instantly brightened up, and his mouth wore its beautiful smile, as he said, “ Aye, here I knew I should find you both.”

“ I sincerely hope you may err, Eva, in be-

lieving me beloved by this poor young harper," Esther continued in a whisper, ere he had quite reached them.

"And why do you hope so, Esther?"

"I should not wish," answered Esther, blushing under the expressive glance which accompanied the question, "I should not wish to see him love where he cannot find love in return."

"Carolan has many captivations; it is not impossible to love him."

"For me it is."

"Why?"

"I do not know; we cannot compel love."

"Is that the only reason?" Eva continued to ask with a smile, when, fortunately for Esther, Carolan came too near to permit her answer; we say fortunately, for we believe the answer would have been a little sin, in the shape of a little—we shall not say what.

"I could not draw the tune out of my head," he said, standing straight before them, equally balanced on both feet; "it would not come for me; or else there is no good in my clarseech, or my fingers, this day; yet, in my head and heart it is, if ever I had one in them; the music of a

calling to battle, and the gathering for a battle, and the battle itself, fought by fine proud soldiers, on fine steeds, and the victory, the shouting, and the glory."

"Idle, idle Carolan," said Eva, "you could have put it all on your harp, if you would; and now it will grow cold in your head and heart, and we shall lose it, for ever."

"I could not put it on the harp, indeed," he resumed, "my fingers strayed over and over the strings, but brought no sounds that I wanted; only, instead of such, came sad thrillings and low tones of the wire, that made me weep for company."

"Sit down by Esther, here, and now smile to her, for company; I am wanted, for a little space, by your aunt, Esther, but shall return to seek you."

"Of friendless youth and hopeless love," the young minstrel continued, taking Eva's place as she left them, "were the only sounds of my clarseech."

"And why should they be the only sounds, Carolan?"

"They made the echo of my fortunes," he said, sighing sadly.

“Nay, friendless you must not call yourself; and when you love, Carolan, why should it be all hopelessly?”

“First, sweet lady, I am a poor harper, and woman’s love asks, and should get, more honours than my poverty can bestow. I could honour her love in the song,” he continued proudly, though mildly; then, with another sigh, “but even she who can feel proud at the minstrel’s praise, will slight the minstrel. I am blind, too; do you think it has ever happened that a beautiful lady loved a blind man?”

“I know not that it has happened,” Esther replied, “for my experience is little; but I see no reason it should not. Blindness, though a great visitation, is the least disagreeable of bodily infirmities; indeed, it is soon and entirely forgotten, when he who is afflicted by it has gentle manners, and, above all, great talents.”

“Then you, dear lady,” Carolan asked, in much simplicity, “you could listen to the suit of a blind harper?”

“I could; but, Carolan, this matter now requires from me an honorable and prompt avow-

al, for I must not seem to misunderstand you, and it is a lady's part to end, as soon as she has an opportunity, the pain she unwittingly causes. I esteem and honour you, for your talents, your manners, and your good qualities; nor is your person disagreeable; and I could have felt—it is possible I might have felt another sentiment, but that—” she hesitated, “I may seem to make an unmaidenly avowal; I think I owe you the full explanation it conveys; and therefore, Carolan, hear me say—but that I loved another.”

“I have erred,” he resumed, with little of the agitation the gentle maiden supposed should be visible after her repulse, “I must have greatly erred in my words to make you think this confidence necessary; and I crave your pardon, dear lady, for the imperfection of my English speech; alas, alas! Eva M'Donnell it is that has put the sorrow on my heart, this day.”

“Then, Carolan,” said Esther, rising, and not half so pleased with her exemption from the harper's devotions, as her former avowals to her friend would seem to make certain, “why not at once afford Eva M'Donnell the occasion of speaking to you as plainly as I have

done, and which, however she may regard your love, I know she will do?"

"I fear to offend her; I feared, all along, to shew her that I dared to love; her grand spirit, if she knew it, would crush and kill my heart."

"I will engage for my friend, that no word she utters, whatever may be her answer, will hurt your ear. I will do more, if you permit me to save you an intimation of your feelings, I will, this moment, seek her, and engage that she shall come hither to reply to them."

"Oh, that would be too sudden," he said, greatly agitated, "but, do you think—do you know, as from your speech I fear you do, that the flower of Glenarriff has already seen, and already despised my love?"

"I know that she is unconscious you love her; what may be her affections towards you I cannot tell; but I see her approaching us at a distance—shall I speak to Eva, for you, Carolan?"

"Oh, no, no," he exclaimed, clasping his hands; but after a pause, "yet do—do, sweet lady; I will know my lot at once, do, and," taking her hand and kissing it, while his tears fell fast, "and the joy of this life, and the bless-

ing of God be upon the wish of your own heart!"

Esther accordingly went to meet Eva. The young ladies spoke but a short time, when Eva M'Donnell parted from her friend, swept along the little approach to the dell, and entered it with a rapid step, an erect figure, a curved back, an arching neck, and a flushed cheek.

"That is her foot," said Carolan, "treading the earth as she would on me, and bruising its tender flowers, as she comes to bruise my hope."

Eva found him standing; the state of his feelings did not permit him to remain at rest, and he still stood upright, as was his air, although his limbs shook, his face was pale, and his features shewed the despairing and, indeed, terror-stricken anticipations of his spirit.

"Carolan!" she began, the moment she entered the dell, "but sit down, Carolan, this affects you too much; take my hand, sit down, and grow calmer ere we speak."

He did take, or rather touch her hand; she led him to a bank of wild flowers; sat by his side; and there was a long pause, which the

minstrel did not interrupt, even by one of the sighs that were breaking his heart for utterance. At last Eva went on.

“ You, dear Carolan, of all men upon the earth, have honoured me, in this matter ; and you, of all men upon the earth, shall not suffer a moment’s uncertainty which I can prevent. Esther Evelyn has told me you love me ; my bosom fills with pride to hear it said ; I thank you ; I am grateful ; but, let one word end it— I, too, love—and, alas, alas, not Carolan.”

“ Well ;” he said, in a low, almost inaudible voice ; “ Well, it is, and it is not what I expected. I knew you could never think of me, Eva ; so far, your answer agrees with my despair ; but I feared also you would have spurned me, harshly and cruelly—and—and this kindness, goodness”—tears now suffused his blank eyes and streamed over his cheeks ; “ Oh, Eva, it is too much ; I did not deserve it.”

“ Not, Carolan ! what unworthy opinion do you hold of yourself or me ? how could you fear that any woman would not own herself honoured by the love of him, whose soul is made more noble by the song, than by their station are

belted earls or crowned kings? whose heart is virtuous and pure, and whose name, even while he is yet green in youth, has gone forth towards futurity? least of all, how could you suppose, in Eva M'Donnell, such a woman? Nay, by my mother's sainted soul," she continued in high and sincere enthusiasm, "I say again, I am prouder of your love, this day, the first, as it is, that has ever graced the almost childish years of Eva, than if the world's highest hero, or greatest prince knelt, where you sit, an humble suitor at my feet."

The poor harper could only weep on.

"And, Carolan, you shall love me still—as I love you—as brother and sister love, when their hearts are truly knit in nature's purest affection; this you shall promise me; because, to lose your esteem, the happiness and the honor of your friendship, by what it has here been my duty to say, would, indeed, cloud the days of Eva for ever; let me still have the joy of your harp; and when I speak, in social discourse, the sentiments of an ardent heart, let me still see your bright smile applaud me; for the rest,—the love of some more worthy maiden shall be your

reward; you deserve it: forget this chance; chance it has been; when you first came to Glenarriff, I was the only maiden you often met, and so it happened; but forget it; you are very young, and it must soon fade away in the brighter light that the tenderest love of another and a more deserving shall pour upon your heart."

"I thank you, Eva," he said at last in a calmer melancholy; "I thank and bless you; but it will never fade away; and it was not chance; more than a year has passed since first I heard your voice under your father's roof, and it thrilled over the strings of my soul, like lofty music struck by the hand of some great master; I cannot see your face—alas, scarce can I even imagine what makes a face beautiful; very early in my childhood the blight came on my eyes; and tho' I have since often tried to discern, with the inward eye of memory, the faces that bent over my cradle, they are blank and shapeless, without a difference between them; and, after all, I believe they come to my mind, a little distinct from my cloudy notion of other objects, only by the touch that has since ena-

bled me to tell any one thing from another."

"But the face of nature is not a blank to your memory, Carolan," Eva said, willing to fix him in the unconscious digression he had made.

"I fear it is," he answered, sighing, "the great forms of the hills around my father's house sometimes, indeed, are in my mind; but all smaller ones, little observed by infancy, have died away; the trees, that I have heard you speak of, as beautiful in summer, the rocks, the shrubs, and the flowers; I know not the rose by its colour; and when I have thought to learn its shape by my fingers, alas, Eva, it has stung them to the quick; even the mountains, whose form I think I recollect, are not green, or blue, as you describe other mountains, when seen at different distances, nor know I the meaning of your words;—one only appearance of nature dwells strongly in my mind; it was the dark red light in an evening sky, rolled over by clouds as black as my fortunes, and reflected in the wide water;—no, dearest Eva, he who loves you better than any other man can ever love, knows not the beauty of your face; but when I turn mine towards it, and am sure that

it is shining on me, I think it is an air, sweet and grand as ever harper played, — oh! it makes music round about me. And now, Eva, I will never more speak to you of love; you allow me to be your friend; I thank you, and I will; I thank you, over and over, for all your goodness, this day; you shall see me smile, too; and, if you like, you may believe it has been lit up by another love, and that the poor harper is happy.”

“Then, take my hand, Carolan; take it freely—nay, turn your lips to my cheek—to my lips, even, if you will; brother and sister may so meet and part; and where honor lives in two hearts, actions cannot be misunderstood; be happy, dear Carolan; as happy as you merit, or as my prayers can make you.”

He took her hand; he kissed, almost reverently, her brow and cheek, but no more; his tears wetting Eva's face, and calling from her eyes a fuller shower than, since her mother's death, they had sent forth.

A scream reached them from another little valley, separated from that in which they sat only by the rising ground that was a common

division to both. Eva knew it was Esther's voice, as they had agreed she should there await the conclusion of the interview with Carolan. Seizing his arm, she rapidly conveyed her blind companion, by a level way, to the spot. Esther was alone, but greatly agitated.

"That woman!" she exclaimed, the moment her friends appeared; "that terrible woman!"

"Whom?" they asked her, in a breath.

"I was sitting in this lonely and noiseless place, busied with deep and perhaps sad thoughts, and some frightful ones—in fact, dearest Eva, I was thinking of her, and, I know not why, of the matters you and I talked over, in connexion with her—my head rested on my hands—my eyes buried in the ground—when, raising them, Onagh of the cavern sat, immediately before me, on that low flat stone, in the twilight; her shockingly pale face turned fully to mine, and her dead black eye watching me. How she entered the dell, and came so near without startling me, I cannot imagine. When our looks first met I did not scream; nor for some time after; until, wrought upon by her fixed glare and terrible silence, fear gra-

dually chilled my heart, and at last I cried out in frenzy ;—then, in the act of going away, she spoke—oh, Eva, such words !”

“ Of what import can they be, dearest Esther, coming from such a person, whatever they were ?—yet” —drawing her friend aside, and whispering her, “ let me hear them faithfully.”

“ Dearest Eva,” replied Esther, falling, in tears, on her neck, and all her presence of mind defeated—“ I will faithfully tell you—you are thinking of him,” she said, “ but, think first of your winding-sheet.”

“ Tush—idle raving, all,” resumed Eva, “ and to prove it is, Esther—dear Esther—sister—he loves you as fondly as you love him, and, as I love your brother.”

“ And that,” added Esther, as the maidens embraced each other, “ that is only as well as my brother loves you.”

As fate would have it, this happened to be a day of general explanations. Whilst, in the first shade of twilight, the young sisters thus confessed to each other the mighty secret, that, however, was no secret at all to either, though each thought it was, their young brothers stood

in the same shade of the nightfall, surrounded by the noble solitude of what is called the Great Deer-Park of Antrim Castle, a stag lying dead at their feet, and their large, round-headed, long-eared, black-muzzled Irish stag-hounds, crouching, tired and contented, around. They had out-riden, a considerable distance, the rest of the huntsmen, at whose head was the old earl of Antrim, and were the only two of a numerous party in at the death. Their horses, blown and jaded, stood, with drooping heads, near them; for they had just alighted to despatch with their hunting-knives the baffled chase.

“It is but a poor triumph, after all, Evelyn,” said Edmund, after they had for some time, and in silence, regarded the dead stag—“while the game is up, and the horns and cheering echoed by the hills, I like a hunting well; nay, there is not pleasure in bounding from the saddle to give, at the risk of one’s own life or limb, the noble animal his death-wound; but to see him lie there, butchered at our hands, while we stand holding these bloody knives—this is not pleasant. I wish the other hunters would come up.”

“ I wish they would,” said Evelyn, “ and I agree it is a sorry prowess ; but, better that the peace of the land allows us such a pastime, than that we should be called, by the voice of civil discord, to another butchering ;—had we met only some years sooner, M'Donnell, perhaps our different prejudices, made active by the spirit of the times, would not have allowed us to unsheathe a blade in the same hunting.”

“ Alas, perhaps not, Evelyn ; yet I own no prejudices, in my heart, that could, or ever can, make me indifferent to the happiness of your friendship.”

“ Nor I, M'Donnell, that could ever make me regret yours ;” they clasped hands.

“ It is in such pauses of civil frenzy, that men get calmness and reason to enable them almost to laugh at the imaginary distinctions which they would before have given or taken a life to uphold, and which, I fear, are only preached up into unreal existence by the knave in politics, and the griping or bigotted in the ministry of different religions. What, to you or me, is the creed of the other ?”

“ Nothing, for a quarrel, Evelyn,” said Edmund, smiling.

“ Then, let them rave as they will—there *can* be faith in friendship between idolators and heretics, Edmund.”

“ And why not in love, too, Evelyn?”

“ Indeed, I see no reason,” his friend answered, a little out of countenance.

“ So, you dare love a papist maiden?”

“ I dare—Edmund, I do.”

“ I know you do, Evelyn—come, it is well that this has chanced as it has; and let it be despatched as quickly as it springs up; nay, quickly it must be; for, hark to the call of the earl’s bugle from the next valley—first let me answer it;” he put his own bugle to his lips and blew an answering note—“and now, Evelyn, you love Eva M’Donnell?”

“ I do—well and dearly.”

“ And, there can be no question, honorably.”

“ None—while I live to answer it.”

“ I never doubted; you honor us much, Evelyn, humbled as we are, and almost portionless as Eva is—you know she is?”

“ Perhaps I knew; but I cared not.”

“And, in a word, you would wed her, papists as we are, and knowing this?” his friend bluntly and warmly assented.

“My permission, then, to address her, and my service with her father and herself to join their permission also, you shall have, on a condition.”

Evelyn stood more erect; he had never observed Edmund's love for Esther, as it was better disguised than his own for Eva, and the condition he expected to hear named was—having heard much of the efforts of Roman Catholics to make proselytes,—thus conveyed in his answer.

“You know I am a protestant, on conviction, Edmund.”

“Yes, and mean nothing to change it.”

“And what, then?—what condition?”

“You have a sister, too, Evelyn.”

“Hold you there, now!—Is that it?”

“That is it,” said Edmund, his rallying tone failing him, as he blushed deeply.

“Take your condition then—a bargain?” once more he thrust out his hand.

“A bargain,” M'Donnell answered, and palm

met palm with so loud a smack, that the slumbering stag-hounds opened their eyes and pricked up their heavy ears at it.

The earl brought up his huntsmen ; the stag was quartered ; and all turned their horses' heads from the hunting-valley, the old nobleman reminding the two friends that they were to share his board on that evening. In a breath, they protested, however, that it was now impossible for them to have the honour ; that something had just occurred to require their speedy departure from Glenarm ; something of deep moment ; in fact they urged, with no appearance of consistency, such fiery speed, that the earl observed as they spurred from him—

“ There go two gallants who may be found in the next convenient glen, with skeins at each other's throats ; a brawl about field-craft, I reckon.”

But the friends turned into no glen on the road, till they had reached Esther's cottage, just as a young moon predominated over the waning twilight. They entered the cottage so flushed and agitated, that their sisters held for a moment something of the same opinion of the

cause, as that glanced at by the old nobleman; but when they sat down to supper laughing and rallying each other, and when the maidens saw the confident sparkling of their eyes, as they exchanged glances, or ventured to bestow them elsewhere, Eva, at least, began to guess the true reason for such excitement; and when she did so, Eva looked as chill and as haughty as could, in her teens, the little goddess to whom we have once compared her.

This corrected the exuberance of the young men's spirits, and, to divert particular thoughts and appearances, Carolan was, over and over, called on for the music of his harp. He complied readily, but in unusual silence, if not reserve of manner. Poor Carolan! he knew, though he wanted eyes, the meaning of the novel scene around him. Strains of young and hopeful love, Evelyn and Edmund asked for, unconscious of the agony at the minstrel's heart; but this has been better said, by him whose poetry is a happy, though a late echo of some of the very notes Carolan then performed—

“ Ah, little they think who delight in his strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking !”

A sea-shore walk in the moonlight was proposed, upon an evening so mild and beautiful, and Carolan asked to join it, with the strong hope that he would refuse; but the happy youths need not have done their warm esteem for Carolan such a violence, as, for the first time, to fear his consent to be of their party; it was unnecessary—he did refuse; and the two sisters and the two brothers rose to take the walk, that, ere its close, was to shape their fates for ever.

As they went out at the door, Carolan could understand that, with more than usual pertinacity, each sister clung to the arm of her own brother. He remained alone in his blindness and his despair. His little harp hung neglected at his arm, and for some time he sat motionless, and, seemingly, not agitated. But it was the boiling up within him of stronger and worse feelings than he had ever yet experienced, that kept the young harper outwardly quiet. He saw, in his mind, Eva relinquishing, after the party had left the house, the arm of her brother, and taking that of Evelyn; they spoke but briefly, together; her acknowledgment of love,

made to Carolan himself, and the spirited candour of her disposition, left Eva no room to hesitate; she surrendered her hand to Evelyn, his arm stole, unforbidden, round her waist—her neck—she yielded up to her chosen youth the first kiss of assured love. Carolan started to his feet; he hated, loathed his happy rival.

But a better nature soon asserted itself. He sat down again—he touched his harp—he wept; and in this situation was found by his friends, on their return from their walk, with, each, not the same lady on his arm as when they had left the cottage. Of this change he also became conscious the moment they crossed the threshold; and he arose to meet them, for the first time not smiling.

“Now,” he said, “ye are as happy as any of God’s creatures, this night, and my peace and my blessing be with you,” turning to the door—all asked in surprise or sorrow whither he was going.

“To be happy, too,” he answered, “thinking of the joy of this house. Give me one cup of wine.” He held it in his hand on the threshold, “As there is a judge to judge me, I drink this

toast from the bottom of my heart; may the joy of love returned, which you all know, never meet a blight in this world!" He drained the cup. "And now farewell and my blessing, again—I know the road to the village."

"Carolán! dear Carolán!" cried Eva, catching his arm.

"No, Eva," he said, "I will return, or we will meet again, but I cannot stay here to-night; I have done enough, and it was not easily done, to say what I have said, from the bottom of the heart. God bless you, and him you love!"

She resumed her entreaties for him to stay, and was joined by Esther and the young men. But Carolán would not be prevailed on; they saw him turn off from the door; they stood at the door and watched him moving alone in the moonlight, along the narrow road—he disappeared, and all sat down, in more tears and sorrow than befitted the new and happy situation of their hearts.

CHAPTER VIII.

BUT the sincerest grief for others is gradually, if not very soon, forgotten in the selfishness of our own joy. The young lovers quickly lost sight of every thing and person on the earth, except themselves ; and many delicious months elapsed in the uncloying enjoyment of walking together over the same scenes, sitting together in the same places, and repeating and hearing, over and over, the same vows, protestations, and flattery. By mere chance they bestowed a little occasional thought on the peculiarity of their relative worldly situations, and the plan according to which they were ultimately to—get married; and thus was the matter arranged.

In the first place, neither uncle Paul nor his lady was to be made acquainted with their loves and engagements, until Evelyn should gain his twenty-first year ; then his own master,

and also, according to his father's will, the guardian of Esther, a communication might be vouchsafed, and, merely as matter of form, a consent asked, with slight anxiety as to whether the little gentleman should applaud or disapprove. It seemed worth while to secure, however, the approbation of their nearest relative ; and in this view, Evelyn planned to invent some means of breaking the business to Paul, when he should be separated from immediate collision with his good lady, and least in dread of her rebuke ; under such circumstances Evelyn did not doubt being able to obtain, merely by a little plausibility, and the presenting his uncle with a new idea, a prompt assent to every thing he asked ; and such permission reduced to writing, as the nephew resolved should happen, any subsequent recantations of the party, made under the influence of threat and terror, would go for nothing ; or even should he fail altogether in this quarter, Evelyn was sure of success in another. Should uncle Paul refuse, there was as good a consent to be had from uncle Jerry ; so, the full countenance of old M'Donnell being already obtained, the lovers

loved on with scarce a shade of doubt to dim the noontide brightness of their young hopes and prospects.

Having brought them to this happy state, we own, as nearly three years are yet to elapse before Evelyn comes of age, that we must skip a good deal of their raptures. But it is gratifying not to be obliged altogether to lose sight for so long a period, of persons in whom, apart from their tiresome love-making, we feel really interested; and with considerable pleasure we therefore announce, whatever may have been their feelings on the subject, that in about a year, or perhaps more, after the coming of Evelyn and his sister to Glenarriff, he received such an account of the state of certain properties in the West Indies, as forced him, in some alarm, to open his eyes to the world, its base dross and ungenerous concerns, and finally to decide on a voyage across the Atlantic.

Here, again, is a pleasing situation for a renewal of lovers' vows, with, for the first time, the relief of their tears, regrets, and lamentations; but all this we again pass by, or leave to be supplied by imaginations more tender than

our own; and supposing Evelyn clear of it, we hurry him, with Edmund as his companion, to the point of embarkation, over the long and bad road then lying between Cushindoll and Belfast, between Belfast and Dublin; and on the evening of a day, early in the year 1687, the two friends are entering Dublin on horse-back.

Not Dublin of the present day, spreading, almost equally, north and south of the Anna-Liffey, (Auin Louffa, "the swift river,") with her spacious squares, broad streets, her clusters of public buildings, her seven beautiful bridges, and her unrivalled quays; but Dublin of 1687, a scattering of ill-built houses lying, nearly, on the south side of the river only; with no buildings of import except its two old cathedrals, its churches, and its castle, the seat of the viceroy; with but two ugly bridges of stone, since pulled down; with no squares, no Stephen's Green, no Sackville Street; with one of the finest piles that now faces, at least as fine a one, in the heart of the "west-end," then called "Trinity College, *near* Dublin;" and, finally, with scarce ten thousand inhabitants; for, a

census having been taken not twenty years before, the population amounted to little more than eight thousand.

The travellers, approaching from the northern road, entered the city through Church Street and Bridge Street, leaving to their right a half-peopled district, boasting, however, one church, St. Michael's; crossed the river at Old Bridge; and then, by Bridge Gate, got into the out-skirts of the only important part of Dublin. Continuing along High Street, they passed, at the right-hand corner of Skinner's Row, a handsome, modern-looking house, built indeed, only four years before, that is, in 1683, by the corporation of the city, and called The Tholsel; here the worthy men held their "courts;" and, though every trace of the building has passed away, yet are not the proceedings of the loyalists of Skinner's Row, nor of their collateral descendants, the aldermen of Skinner's Alley, as cleanly rooted out in the minds of even the present generation.

While approaching the castle, the friends met a crowd of men issuing from one of its gates, who, as they walked together in some

military order, and wore military uniform, seemed, although now unarmed, to have recently been soldiers; and this presumption was assisted by seeing, at their head, or mixed up with them, many gentlemen in the full attire of officers of different rank, except that, like the crowd, they had no arms. While all passed by our travellers, they shewed, in the expression of their faces, much discontent, astonishment, or dejection; or else bitterer and more angry feelings, as they turned to scowl at a mob of brats and women who walked by their sides, and saluted them with groans, hisses, and revilings.

Evelyn and M'Donnell regarded this scene in complete ignorance of what it meant, until a gentleman, one of a few in civil costume, who accompanied, as if in condolence, those who seemed officers, fixed his eyes on Evelyn, saluted him, and received his salute, and hastily shaking hands with his companion, advanced to welcome him to Dublin. Evelyn introduced this individual to Edmund as Mr. Robert Fitzgerald, the old friend of his father, and the person on whose account he had come out of his way to embark at Dublin for England.

Then he inquired the meaning of the scene of which they were spectators, and his new companion answered, in an emphatic whisper, and while he trembled with agitation—

“ You see some of the flower of our loyal protestant army, and our only protectors, disbanded—stripped—plundered, by the bigotted papist Talbot, and thrust out, unprovided for, and almost naked, to make room for an army of his own choosing.”

Both the young men expressed their unfeigned astonishment at this explanation. Living in a remote and insulated district, as, for the last year, they had done, enjoying the idle dreams of love alone, and voluntarily shutting out even the echoes of the great world, they were completely ignorant of the political aspect of things, and of the changes that had taken place in the mean time. They only recollected that, ere the commencement of their luscious vision, a new king had ascended in peace the throne of Great Britain, and in welcome, too, from all classes and sects of his people; continuing at peace, themselves, they took it for granted that so did the world also; that nothing could occur to

dash the national quiet, at first so apparently certain, and by the way, so sympathetic with the union of hearts and hands they experienced and proposed. But here was a stern reality to shake them from their dream; here was a scene sufficient to kindle anew the most violent flames of national discord; nay, here was a gentleman describing it with an energy and agitation characteristic of party-spirit already roused to its full sensitiveness, on the one side, while the feelings evinced by the mob, indicated an equal vivacity of the other side.

“Hark to the hootings of the papist rabble!” Mr. Fitzgerald continued, “hark to their cur-like triumph over the disarming and downfall of the only men able and willing to preserve us from their venom and barbarity—from plundering, murdering, and extermination—from another Forty-one!”

“What *is* the meaning of all this?” Edmund asked, his face reddening; and, “when did these changes begin to occur?” asked Evelyn.

“Not so very lately—nor—since you are so astonished at what you here see—is this all,” answered Mr. Fitzgerald, “but I perceive, bu-

ried in the country as you have been, you require proper information on the true state of things—so, come with me to my house, young gentlemen—a party of sorrowful friends take supper with me, this evening—come—dismount, and let us walk together;” and accordingly the travellers accompanied to his residence the not uncelebrated man, who afterwards secured to William III. his good city of Dublin, and who was ancestor of Ireland’s only duke—Leinster.

A sorrowful party indeed, and, withal, an indignant one, surrounded our young friends at supper. Silence prevailed, almost entirely, during the meal; but, when the host had given—“The King, and better councils to his Majesty!”—and when the servants in attendance had received orders to go away, they being almost all Roman Catholics, Mr. Fitzgerald, addressing himself to Evelyn, resumed the conversation he had broken off in the street.

“More, much more than what you have seen remains to be told, my good young friend”—

“But first, if you please,” interrupted Evelyn, “why are the soldiers disbanded?”

“On a pretence that the rebellion of Mon-

mouth, just put down in England, has spread to the old militia, in this kingdom, we have received from the king and the English council, an order to collect in, through the whole country, their arms, and deposit them in the several stores of each county. I was, myself, one of the first victims to this order; but our popish general-in-chief, Talbot, now, forsooth, Earl of Tyrconnel, lately applying it according to his own construction, has proceeded to cashier all officers who have been of the Parliament army, or of Oliver's army, or the sons of such; Captain Coote, Sir Oliver St. George, and my lord Shannon, here, for instance."

"Before the Lord, sir," said the notorious Coote, "more than two hundred of our most Godly have been stripped of their commissions, and more than five thousand old soldiers of the parliament, beggared."

"The men even to be deprived of their clothing, and no equivalent offered for the commissions we had purchased," said the needy Irish nobleman.

"While," said Sir Oliver, "the refined cruelties practised in cold blood, on the unfortu-

nate adherents of the gallant and royal Monmouth, by the infamous Kirke, in the field, and by the as infamous Jeffries on the bench, seem to give us a specimen of what defenceless men are to expect from the tyrannical spirit of the times."

"Then a new levy of papists is proposed, I warrant you," resumed Fitzgerald.

"The most extraordinary and dangerous act of power we have yet seen," said the Reverend William King, president of the chapter of St. Patrick's, "is the arbitrary dispensing with the test oaths, by taking of which alone, the law had contemplated the admissibility of any man into any situation of trust; no greater safeguard had we for our lives and liberties, as I have shewn, at some length, in my reply 'to the considerations' that have induced that arch apostate, Peter Manby, late dean of Derry, to conform to the abominations of the popish creed."

"No greater safeguard, indeed," remarked Sir Richard Reynel, ex-justice of the King's Bench, "since, in consequence of its being so illegally dispensed with, Alexander Fitten now

sits Lord Chancellor, in the room of a worthy man, and he an apostate, and convicted of forgery at Chester assizes, and in Westminster Hall, and afterwards fined as such by the English House of Lords; while creatures no better than himself rule the courts of law under him; such as Sir Bryan O'Neale, in the King's Bench, a man crippled in mind and body, but of venom and zeal; and elsewhere, that able knave, Stephen Rice, one who deports himself as if he feared no after-reckoning, and who has sworn to drive a coach and six through the acts of settlement."

"But what," asked a stout gentleman, "can equal in abuse and vexation the dissolving of the charter of the corporation of this city, first vainly attempted last year, and manfully resisted by myself, John Knox, then Lord Mayor, but now fully effected, whereby professed papists are admitted to civic places and honors, power and emolument?"

"Nothing can equal it," answered a slim gentleman, who had once been sheriff-elect—called, indeed, but never chosen—"except it may be the measures that are on foot to re-

turn popish sheriffs for every county in Ireland."

"What is to be done?" said more than one of the company, speaking together.

"What indeed," echoed the reverend president of chapter, "when protestants are thus jostled in all their immunities in church and state."

"If it is sought," said Edmund, "to displace all protestants and protestant influence, in order to substitute catholics and catholic influence, exclusively, let protestants resist to the last drop of blood in their veins; but if, after a season of protestant monopoly, it is only sought to allow catholics, in common with other fellow-subjects, the opportunities according to which they may grow, with equal merit or industry, equally distinguished or independent, then let protestants pause before they risk, by a resistance, which, after all, can spring only from a reaching after continued monopoly, the peace, happiness, and blood of this miserable country."

"Aye, but, M'Donnell," said Evelyn, as all present stared at his friend, "the violent man-

ner of these proceedings would seem to make unnecessary the last case you have put."

"I take as granted," resumed Edmund, that I have, for the first time indeed, heard truly related the manner and spirit of this Tyrconnel's measures; and I admit that, upon such a shewing, Irish protestants have cause to fear worse than equality with their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects; but even so, I maintain that his measures and their spirit are encroachments as well upon the instructions he has received, as upon the real and sincere views of Roman Catholics, in general; I say, Evelyn, that neither the king, his master, nor yet the Roman Catholics of this or the other country, wish to disturb the established religion of the state, the established right of property, or the eligibility to civil and political power, of any sect or party."

"The youth speaks, I think, reasonably," said another reverend person, one of the same sentiments with those who, some years after, were, in consequence of their scrupulous ideas of hereditary right, called in England non-jurors — The professions of the new king are

to grant liberty of conscience to his people of every sect; witness the truth of his intentions in his indulgence to dissenters; and I do agree that we should pause to distinguish between being deprived of the opportunity to monopolize, and the freedom to participate—between changing places, and only sharing places—with the hitherto excluded sect. As to the bigotted fury of Tyrconnel, I again agree with the young speaker, that no instructions, known to us, which he has received, warrant him in indulging it; and here—laying his hand on a public document—here is a declaration of the popish lords, Arundel, Powis, and Bellasis, lately admitted into the royal privy-council, saying of him, ‘that fellow in Ireland is fool and madman enough to ruin ten kingdoms.’”

“Dr. Oates charged him with the plot,” observed the Rev. William King;” and, if the worthy doctor was a bad evidence, he was no false prophet, as the saying is.”

“But to the point, reverend brother,” urged the last speaker, “if, after a rebellious attack on his crown by his bastard nephew, and the old disturbers of royalty, king James has natu-

ral fears of the fealty of such, in this kingdom, as fought against his father, Charles I., why should we much wonder at the late military reductions?—if the test oath be dispensed with, and, by that means, papists rendered eligible to commissions in the army, to places on the bench, in the civic chair, or in the sheriff's box, are protestants excluded at the same time? There are yet officers, soldiers, judges, and aldermen, of the established church, and there may be. Therefore, I say again, let us consider ere we think of openly resisting this first act of sovereign power, which seems so much to fright us all, lest men should say that we opposed our king not because we were to be deprived of our freedom or our rights, but because we were called on to divide them."

"Or," rejoined Edmund, "lest such opposition, working upon the natural passions of a king, who is no more than man, after all, should provoke him from the reasonable assertion of justice into the rash and angry enforcement of it, and so, indeed, give ultimate cause for struggle, rancour, and bloodshed."

"The attempt to dispense with the tests is

arbitrary, not reasonable," resumed the Rev. William King, "parliament alone could have cancelled the law."

"Your pardon, brother; the example of a number of kings of England as far back as Henry III.; the admissions of many English parliaments; and the opinions of the many good lawyers, are there at issue with you. So late as James I., after a new consultation of judges, it became an established principle in English jurisprudence, that the king could permit what was forbidden by statute law; the very house of commons who compelled from James's father the petition of right, acknowledged that principle in its fullest extent; none but the regicide parliament denied it; and after they and their monstrous acts have been denounced and swept away by the rallied voice of the nation, we are not surely going to vindicate ourselves by either;—Sir Edward Coke, the light of our protestant lawyers, has confirmed the privilege of the sovereign, adding, that even an act of parliament cannot take it away; the majority of James's own protestant counsellors echo all these opinions; and so, thus the question stands. Call

the privilege, if you will, unsuited to the genius of the constitution, we have unanimously given James a crown to which we knew it was immemorially appended; we have not, before hand, bargained with him not to use it; we have, in fact, conferred it on him, along with his crown; his right to it has, by ourselves, been fully though tacitly acknowledged; and is it now fair, in the nature of common justice, to blame him for accepting and exercising what our own hands have put into his?—or is it only when its exercise happens to interfere with our monopoly, that we are to deprive of his ancient right our lawful sovereign?"

"Universal papistry is the real object in all these wanton measures," replied the other divine; "the queen, a violent papist, rules the king; father Petre, the jesuit, rules her majesty; and hath he not also been called to the privy council?—*I* say, something must be done," the reverend gentleman added, rising to go away.

"And so say I," echoed Coote, smiling grimly, and tapping the hilt of his sword.

The company rose with them; and Evelyn

and Edmund were left alone with their host to arrange the matters, which, ere Evelyn's voyage over the Atlantic, had brought him to Dublin. This effected, the young men retired for the night; neither exchanging a word upon the late topic of general discourse. They met at breakfast in the morning, they walked to the vessel in which Evelyn was to embark, still keeping silence. At last, during the final preparations for embarking, Evelyn asked, looking full into the face of his friend—

“ Well, what think you of this state of things, M'Donnell ?”

“ As a Roman Catholic, Evelyn, I must think that the determination of king James to dispense with the illiberal forms which exclude from all civil and political rank, a great portion of his subjects, is equitable; after the uncontradicted assertions of my reverend seconder last night, I must believe it is his privilege so to do; but I also fear, that if now opposed, in equity and privilege, by proud churchmen and slender politicians on the one side, while he is equally inflamed and misguided by churchmen as haughty, and politicians as slender, on the

other side, king James may be driven into methods of enforcing his plain right, or of punishing resistance to it, such as will, once more, involve these kingdoms in anarchy, tear asunder the social ties that have just been tenderly formed, array heart against heart—brother against brother; and,” Edmund continued, as his eyes ran over, “confirm, in wretchedness and degradation, the wretched and degraded country you have now the happiness to part from—farewell!—the boat waits you.”

“Farewell, M'Donnell!”—they shook hands and were separated.

THE BOYNE WATER.

CHAPTER IX.

AGAIN we must pass over much time, that, we candidly admit, we are not otherwise able to manage. The sisterly sorrows of Eva and Esther, at the absence of Evelyn; the efforts of young M'Donnell to make both forget their loss, and his partial success with one, at least—all this the fair reader will still please to imagine:—together, with how they spent their time, in reading, walking, music, and edifying conversation. Some general matters come, however, more immediately under our notice, and are cognizable by even humble capacities.

Soon after Evelyn's departure, his sister, (her health now well established, though even amid the sunshine of love, and of her lover's smile, the young lady's spirits wore an unaccountable melancholy), uncle Paul, his lady, and uncle Jerry, removed to their house on the

banks of Lough Neagh, accompanied by Eva, and with the hope of a speedy visit from Edmund. He did, indeed, soon join them; and once more, by the side of that great lake—a fresh-water sea, as we believe it has been called, though, in other respects, its surrounding scenery is not very interesting—the young trio resumed their endless walks, and repetitions of the same ideas and feelings. But, though thus fallen into his old habits of luxurious inaction, M'Donnell did not, as formerly, shut his ears, or allow himself to remain indifferent to the occurrence of some things, and the rumours of others, in the real world. A portion of his time had, previous to his present visit to Lough Neagh, been spent at the castle of his cousin, the earl of Antrim; and from that veteran and watchful politician, he could not fail to be informed of certain changes in opinions and measures for which the times were but too remarkable. Nor when he arrived among his friends, did Edmund lack continued information of new events, though it must be owned, they were conveyed in a colouring different from that in which matters had lately been represented to.

him. Mrs. Evelyn boasted her female correspondents in London and Derry ; ladies of about her own age, sixty, and of something of her order, and turn of mind, too ; so that by voluminous epistles from the former-mentioned city, she was advised of the speedy approach of universal papistry ; while from the latter-mentioned, came weekly despatches of the same nature, joined to assurances of a great massacre by the papists, of all the protestants in Ireland, to take place, according to the yet vaguely understood prophecies of Collum-Kill (half of the name an apt one) sometime towards the close of the year ; day and date not yet exactly known ; but as zealous men were at work to ascertain both, Mrs. Evelyn might be assured her dear friend would soon communicate the result.

The best of it was, that, only a short time previous to Mrs. Evelyn's removal from the seashore, an old woman, the nurse of Edmund, came one day, running as fast as she was able, clapping her hands, pilla-looing, and out of breath, and squatted down, on her knees and heels, before the astonished lady, to beg her protection against an universal murdering of the

Roman Catholics, by their protestant friends, then also calculated with the utmost certainty; and as, soon after, Mrs. Evelyn received her first hints that the matter was to be all the other way, and as the old woman continued her clamorous suit, many scenes of contradiction, and, at last, of scolding, ensued between them; each angry with the charges of the other against her own sect; each rancorously believing any thing bad enough for papists or heretics to do, each certain of the speedy occurrence of horrors beyond all powers of imagination; and each terribly frightened, of course. And the whole of this would have proved amusing, had the questions been exclusively discussed by individuals such as the old nurse, Mrs. Evelyn, and her correspondents; but when, for a long time, hordes of the Roman Catholics of the country, strong, able-bodied fellows, might be found, night after night, lying out in solitary and waste places, to escape the great massacre; when documents, expressive of their fears, were forwarded to England by persons of the same persuasion, though of rank and education seemingly sufficient to elevate them out of such vul-

gar terrors ; and when, very soon after the advices of Mrs. Evelyn's affectionate friends, men as high and as well educated, on the protestant side, were found to countenance and increase the second popular panic ; what, under such circumstances, shall be said of human nature ? one may laugh at the visions and terrors of an old lady or an old woman ; but not so at the indiscriminate absurdity which thus debases the minds of rational people, and causelessly excites the active rancour of a divided community ; let us despise it, then.

More than one letter came, of course, from Evelyn, to console his sister and her friend for his absence, as well as to give accounts of the favourable progress of his affairs. A third or fourth arrived, accompanied by one for uncle Paul, and another for uncle Jerry. Evelyn was of age, and coming home ; and his epistle to Eva was to urge the naming of a day, within a week after the time it would take him to get home, for their union ; those to his uncle, communicated the state of his affections, and asked their consent. The epistle for uncle Paul came inclosed to uncle Jerry, with a request to the

latter uncle, to hand it, in private, to the former, and procure a written consent, as Evelyn had before planned, ere Mrs. Evelyn should see it. Merry Jerry readily obeyed his instructions; and setting to work with a tact one would not suppose him capable of, soon got Paul to write, in answer, a full permission, yea, blessing, for the nuptials of his dear nephew. After this, the young party, accompanied by the conscious Jerry, set out upon a long excursion, leaving the house in possession of Paul and his lady; and when they returned, Paul was sitting in a corner, looking—(Jerry whispered,)—as if he had been whipped, and Mrs. Evelyn busy, with closed lips, which she did not open to salute her niece or their friends, in making violent preparations for a journey to Derry, early on the next morning.

“ Powder-room on fire! up we go in the hoisting of a gib!” said Jerry to Edmund, as they entered after the young ladies; and, indeed, as soon as his sister-in-law saw him, she gave a preparatory fizz.

“ You—let—me—have—that—paper—brother—Jerry,” she said, tugging hard, between every word, at a trunk she was cording.

“What paper, sister Janet?” he asked, very simply.

“No matter—I need not describe it, thou knowest well the paper I mean.”

“Bless my limbs, how could I know, Janet?”

“Give me directly,” she resumed, letting go the trunk, which then tumbled off the chair, flew open, and afforded vent to a bundle of hard-crammed things, among which were many bottles, small and great, green and transparent, that the fall reduced into shivers, while their various contents splashed over the floor, “give me directly, I say,” fully ignited by the accident, “the letter you forced Mr. Evelyn to write to his base nephew.”

“I would if I could, sister; but it has gone long ago for the post,” though Jerry well knew he was to keep it till Evelyn’s arrival, and so had never sent it for the post.—“Lend a hand,” he continued to Edmund in a whisper, “if she boards me on a search.”

“Thou wilt not?” resumed the lady, approaching.

“Why, look you, sister, I cannot,” getting Edmund between him and his relative.

“Then, beg and starve!” Mrs. Evelyn went

on, "for a foot inside my door, thou shalt never set; my bread thou shalt never eat, my cup never drink, again; too long hast thou done so, in idleness, and worse, in beastly drunkenness."

"Merry I was, sister, doubtless."

"After thy life of sea-roving and sea-robbing, and, mayhap, something else—aye, home you came to fatten, lazily, on the hard earnings of honest folk; but take my warning, never let me see thy face at my door!"

"Poor I was, poor I am, sister Janet, and poor I shall be, but hearty; poor on the sea, on land, in your house and in others, but hearty still; and though you discharge me, some other will want a hand, and so, hearty still and still; or, let the whole fleet say me nay, hearty, hearty for ever! that's Jerry's word."

"As to thee, madam niece," Mrs. Evelyn rejoined, not deigning to take further notice of him, "no use I suppose in asking thee to join your natural protectors early to-morrow morning."

"I am in my brother's house, madam; and, till he comes home, will have the protection of my uncle Jeremiah."

"Will you?" interrupted Jerry, running to

salute her, " hearty and merry, then, we will be! let her go"—in a confidential whisper.

" I see how it is, lady niece ; this is not to end in the introduction of one beggarly papist, alone, into the family;" scowling at Edmund, " but do, do have them—have them both ; and look well to your throats, afterwards, at the end of the year ; as to me," she continued, clasping her hands, glancing upward and ending in the pathetic, " as for me and my husband, and the other good and unhappy protestants of this afflicted land, the merciful Providence that has ever shielded us, will not now see us perish—come, Paul!" She rushed out of the apartment, and obedient Paul pattering rapidly on his little legs and cane, followed her.

Mrs. Evelyn kept her word. Next morning, at day-break, she departed for Derry city. A few days after, Edmund also undertook a journey to Carrickfergus, to meet Evelyn on his landing, as his letter intimated that he should embark from an English port, for that town. The lady of the earl of Antrim had some time been expecting a visit from the two sisters, and, previous to Edmund's departure, it was arrang-

ed that they should go, during his absence, to Glenarm castle.

Accordingly he accompanied them thither; and afterwards spent, under his father's roof, the night previous to his intended setting out for Carrickfergus. The next morning his dumb uncle aroused him with looks and a manner of unusual energy. Edmund, arising quickly, collected from his signs, that his favorite roadster had been stolen, overnight, from the field in which it usually grazed; and all around him concurred in attributing the theft to "The Tories," or "The Rapparees," names used in common—though one of them has since become the honorable appellation of honorable men—to describe the bands of freebooters who were then beginning to be heard of in Ireland.

"An' it's them that lifted hur horse," added some that could attempt English, "wid Rory-na-chopple," (Rory of the horses) "at their head, if he's alive to do it; for, barrin him, an' we that the baste knows, no man in the north could lay hands on wild Pawdhrick, hur honor's own coult."

This accident was provoking at such a time;

Edmund had no second horse half so well able for a rapid journey over very bad roads ; yet, as delay was out of the question, he resolved to do the best he could ; so, procuring but an indifferent animal, and accompanied by his dumb uncle and Oliver, both equally anxious at once to protect him from the Tories, and to welcome Evelyn home, M'Donnell bent his way to Carrickfergus.

With much difficulty, he urged on his feeble and ill-paced steed to within the last stage of Carrickfergus ; and there it dropped, exhausted and in convulsions, under him, on a wild roadside, out of view of any house at which he might hope to borrow or purchase another. Casting his eyes impatiently around, he saw, however, a handsome and well-limbed colt grazing in a field, near the road, but farther on, and on a rising ground, stood a man, as if observing Edmund's accident, who, he hoped, might be its master. To this man he therefore moved, with his companions. His calculations proved correct ; the peasant was, or said he was, proprietor of the young horse ; willing to part with him ; and, in fine, a bargain was soon concluded.

“It’s the only bother you’ll have, is to ketch him,” observed the man, when he had put up the purchase-money, and speaking a southern patois; “when he’s in the field, he’s the divil entirely in regard o’ that.”

“But, supposing him caught, can I ride him, my good fellow? has he been ever crossed?” inquired Edmund, who in his eagerness to obtain the horse, had asked few questions as to his qualifications.

“Musha, to be sure he has, many’s the odd time; and never the much he’s the betther o’ that same.”

“No matter,” resumed Edmund, who complimented himself on much skill in the management of horse-flesh, “I’ll catch him, and tame him too.”

He bounded into the field after the colt. At his first appearance, the animal threw up his head, snorted, and gave one or two wheels round about; when Edmund approached nearer, he kicked up his heels and galloped, buoyantly, and as if in mockery, across the meadow. His pursuer, changing his plan, stopt some time, and then slowly advanced again, holding

out his cap, and using his softest tones of entreaty; but all to no use; the colt either waited until he was about to come too near, and then resumed his race, or else did not let Edmund within forty yards of him.

“Curse you, then,” M'Donnell cried, standing to look, near the road-side, at the mad pranks of the horse he had purchased, but could not catch—“curse you for a wild devil; the only colt—except my own that I have lost—I could not lay hands on, at the first offer—he is like Pawdrick too, in make, though so different in colour.”

“It minds me,” said Oliver, condescending to mirth, “of the auld receipt to make hare-soup, beginning thus—first catch the hare.”

“I'll try him again,” said Edmund.

“Little 's the use to go about it that a-way,” observed a man, a traveller, but a pedestrian, who, advancing in the direction our friends had come, now halted at the almost unfenced edge of the field that bordered on the road.

“And in what way, then, friend?” M'Donnell asked, turning to the speaker, whose first appearance instantly attracted his attention.

The man was of middle age, bare-footed and bare-legged, and bare-headed too, his profuse and matted black hair seemingly encouraged in its growth to do away with the superfluity of a hat; his neck had a strange twist in it; his body stooped a little from the hips; his nether limbs were crooked, and ill-jointed, so that when he walked, his gait appeared half-shuffling, half-hobbling; and his face, of a tanned, tawny colour, shewed small, black, pig-eyes, crow-footed, and wrinkled, all round, and a mouth ever smiling, or simpering rather, of which the elevating muscles of the upper lip, that ran down from the nose, were, from constant use, strongly marked. The old coat and inexpressibles he wore, seemed of southern fashion and colour; and at his heels trotted a little boy, bare-headed and bare-footed also, attending on him with something of the air of a young sweep of the present day pattering after his overgrown director.

“I could soon shew you, genteel, in what way,” this master resumed, answering Edmund’s question, “only it’s my thrade, afther a manner, an’ I lives by id.”

“And that’s the very reason, I should suppose, why you ought to shew me instantly, instead of being a cause for your objection, friend.”

“Thru for you ;” simpering, and shuffling a step forward, “barrin it war in regard o’ the thrifle o’ lucre, that the neighbours, God bless ’em, gi’ me the fashion o’ lookin’ for.”

“Oh, is that all? catch the colt, then, and depend on being paid for your trouble.”

“No throuble in life,” taking a step into the field, “bud,” stopping again “may be, genteel, you’d as lieve throw id to us, aforehand, jest to save time, and see the coult well-cotched?”

“My good fellow,” said Edmund, beginning to suspect his man, “no colt, no pay; so, set to work, or go about your business.”

“Musha, *haw um saustha*; sure it’s all as one as the same thing,” the man resumed, not a whit out of humour. He moved towards the young horse, crying out, or rather simpering,

“*Phree-a, phree-a, go-aun-sugh, go-aun-sugh, brommaheen dhuiv*”—(come here, come here, young black horse). The colt stopped, and gazed wistfully on the stranger, who, not advancing more than mid-way in the field, stood

still, contenting himself with merely beckoning to the animal; and M'Donnell, to his perfect amazement, saw the colt walk towards this conjuror, and submit his head to his grasp. Both came together to the unfenced road-side, and there halted.

“*Fon lath, fon lath,*” continued the captor; “*fon-lath, a-vich,*” (stand there, stand there, my son): and the horse remained quiet as a lamb.

“Well caught, indeed,” said Edmund, giving the man some money, “but how have you done it?”

“Nothin’ asier in life,” putting up his fee, and still simpering very innocently, “only it’s jest a little bit iv a sacret, that I had from the father afore me, an’ ’ill leave to this son that is to come afther me,” pointing to the boy, “an’ no one else, plaise God; but I may as well tell you, genteel, some iv id; sure I give ’em a whisper, that they hears across the field, an’ no body else can; an’ then they’d come to me, two fields aff, an’ folly me, the world over, out iv a likin’ they takes to me, or a thing o’ the kind; look at them, now,” he continued, pointing to the rudely fenced extremities of the field, over which more than

one horse had, indeed, thrust their heads, while others actually cleared the fence, and seemed well inclined to approach the stranger.

“And from whom did your father get the secret?”

“Why, then, I jest may’s well tell you that, too, genteel, while the man is liftin’ the saddle from the one baste, to put id on the other. The father that God ga’ me follied the thrade o’ makin’ o’ shoes for horses’ feet, an’ had a bit iv a forge, you see, on the borders o’ the bog iv Allen, where people frum all parts used to cum, to get their bastes shoed; an’ a good hand at his thrade my father war, only one thing gave him the laste bit o’ throuble in the world, an’ that was shoin’ o’ young wild coults for the first time, cratures that never afore could tell a shoe from the horn o’ their hoofs—an’ for the same raison didn’t like id, an’ wouldn’t stand steady. Well, a-roon; one day that he had a raal mad coult in his hands, my father couldn’t dhrive a nail, nor put on the shoe, at-all-at-all, an’ the coult broke loose from him, in the long run, an’ galloped into the bog, lavin’ him standin’ at the forge-dour, wid his hommer

in his hand, as bothered as a bee in a fallow-field.* Upon that, up comes a lame throoper wid a pale face, that said he was on the road home from the wars; it happened in ould Noll's time—(what ails the genteel by the side o' you?) an' he axed for a dhrink o' wather. 'Wather I wont gi' you, bud milk I will,' my father made answer, pityin' the lame throoper's case, bothered as he was; so they turned into the forge, an' he made the throoper sit down, an' dhrink the good milk; an' 'Well,' the throoper said, after a rest, it rises my heart eq'l to red wine, an' for your charity to the thraveller that cum lame and tired to your dour, this day, I'll tell you how to ketch the coult that broke frum you, afore I came in sight o' the place.'

“ ‘An' how did you know it at all, thin?’ my father axed; ‘Never mind that,’ says the throoper, ‘only listen to me well;’ an' wid that, young genteel, he said in my father's ear some words, biddin' him to whisper them across the field, an' the horse 'ud come, if the divil itsilf war in him,

* i. e. Out of his element, or not knowing what to do; as the bee in a fallow-field flies from one clod to another, and has his labour for his pains—no honey to be got.

to his hand, an' agin he whispered more words, that whin they'd be whispered in like manner in a horse's ear, let him be ould or young, or to be crossed or shoed, 'ud bring him to raison, an' make him stand like a lamb, so that a child might rise his leg, or mount him; an', sure enough, when my father went into the bog, an' whispered the first words to the coult, he came to him like a little dog; an' when he said the second words in his ear, at the forge-dour, he stood, like a child for a whippin'; an' ever afther, my father, God rest him, had no bother in his thrade; an' people called him *The Whisperer*, from that day out, the same they calls myself at the prasant time; only, whin my father cum back to the forge to give the sick trooper thanks, sure he was gone, an' no sight iv him on the road, for miles about, an' no one ever hard iv him sence; or before, I'm thinkin', barrin' himself, an' whosomever sent him."

"Stand! stand, there!" now interrupted Edmund, roaring at the colt, which, at last bridled and saddled, refused to let himself be mounted. His new master once or twice strove to vault suddenly on his back, but the excessive bound-

ing and prancing of the spirited young animal baffled him.

“Talkin’ so loud isn’t the way, neither,” said The Whisperer, “jest let mysef spake to him, agin.”

As he hobbled forward, the colt became quieter; suffered him to catch his ear and lower his head; and the man seemed about to put his lips to the ear, when he stopped suddenly, and turning to M'Donnell, resumed, “you’ll remember, genteel, it’s another branch o’ the thrade?”

“There, there,” throwing more money on the road, and impatient of losing time—“get me on his back, and go to the devil.”

“We thank you kindly, genteel,” looking after the second fee—“stoop abit, ma bouchal, an’ pick up what God sends;” the urchin accordingly gathered the money from the road, while his father applied himself to the colt’s ear. No one heard his whisper, if whisper it was; but, in a moment, the animal stood stock-still, his tail turned between his legs, and his whole frame trembling.

“There now; get up; an’ the Lord speed your open hand on the road,” added The Whisperer.

Edmund accordingly mounted at his ease, and set forward to Carrickfergus, with his friends; his new purchase quite manageable, though still spirited. When some distance from The Whisperer, he turned in his saddle to have another look at a person so gifted, and he thought he perceived him and the man with whom he had dealt for the horse, laughing and chuckling, in a knowing way, together; but in a few minutes he looked again, and The Whisperer had parted from the peasant, and was rapidly shuffling over the road, after the travelers, followed, at a quick trot, by the little boy. An angle of the road soon hid him altogether from Edmund; and the party reached Carrickfergus without further sight of him.

It was on a chill, dark evening, early in the October of 1688, that they entered the town. The streets were filled with groups of people, talking earnestly together; their brows and faces as gloomy and ominous as the evening; and their voices not rising high enough to give even the relief of clatter to the scene. These, Edmund could perceive, by their dress and air, to be the protestant inhabitants. Passing "the

Qeene's majestie's castell," the party got into the place where markets were holden; and here was another crowd, of a different kind. It had been a market-day; and the peasantry that, from an extensive vicinity, all around, had attended the market, joined to such of the town's people as were of the catholic persuasion, clustered about a young man, who, wearing a sword and periwig, along with what otherwise seemed a clerical costume, harangued them from a turf-car.

His discourse was, at once, vague and alarming. He spoke to them of a time that was past, and a time that was coming; of the pouring out of certain of the seven vials, of the righteousness of self-defence, and the moral and religious necessity to anticipate, under terror of the loss of life, and of injury to God's church, retaliation by attack; he put the people on their guard against false preachers; firebrands of heresy and destruction, who were travelling about to kindle, among their enemies, the flame that would roar to devour them; and he particularly named a heretic minister, George Walker, called rector of Donaghmore, in the

county of Tyrone, who was distinguished for devilish zeal against holy church. Then, changing his theme, with some address, the young man warned them that they were not, in such a dangerous situation, to wait for the cold and tardy command of rulers, lukewarm and hard-hearted to the voice of a suffering people, and the groans of a persecuted religion; that if such rulers heard not the church, the church would not hear them, but, turning from them, direct its call to its children, who were ever bound to obey that call, before all others; and he concluded by this remarkable illustration; that as God abandoned Saul, in his lukewarmness, and for his treatment of the Amalekites took his kingdom from him, and ruined his family; as certainly would he punish all who should be guilty of a similar disobedience; adding, that as, at that time, the people were commanded to take all their directions from Samuel, as from God, so, under a like dispensation, would the people of the present day be obliged, at peril of their souls, to listen, exclusively, to the bidding of their pastors.

“ Good heaven !” cried Edmund, almost un-

consciously, as the preacher ended—"what can this terrible warning mean?"

"It means," answered a person by his side, "that this evil man, a papist minister, not satisfied with even the gallop at which his master hastens to his ruin, when he but thinks to compass ours, would rouse up the brutal bigotry of his sect, to crush him and us together: us, in deep-rooted hatred—him, in impatience and wrath. This is O'Haggerty, the Dominican friar, the plague and danger of the north."

The preacher just then passed them; bending on M'Donnell a fixed and peculiar regard; and Edmund saw, indeed, the same person who had met Evelyn, his sister, and their friends, outside Carrickfergus, as mentioned at the opening of this story: though his face and manner were much changed by the periwig and half military dress and air he had lately adopted.

"Observe the previous effects of his accurst ministry on the crowd he has been addressing; see—almost every man and lad is armed with the skein, or the half-pike, or with both," continued the stranger; and M'Donnell could not

fail to notice that the people were, indeed, armed as had been pointed out; he also recollected that, for some time before, the peasantry in his own neighbourhood generally carried weapons of the same description.

“God defend us from either of the results this rash priest would aim at, sir!” M'Donnell resumed.

The individual, (also mounted,) looked at him quickly, and as if somewhat surprised and startled; and then touching his hat, kept his cloak tight about him, and rode slowly down the street.

A stir towards the end of the street that approached the quay-wall, drew the notice of M'Donnell and his friends. Hastening thither, they were told a ship had just appeared in view, steering for the bay. In much interest and anxiety, Edmund looked over the ocean; but, to his eyes, all was one blank mass of water, mist, and heavy clouds. A man handed him a telescope, with which he had, himself, spied the vessel, and M'Donnell could then discover the shadowy form of a ship, emerging, like a pale sea-spectre, through the fog and drizzling rain of the cheerless evening.

“She’s nearer than you think, too,” the man said, “the haze hides her; in a short time you will see her cast anchor.”

It was even as the experienced old fisher said. Scarce ten minutes had elapsed when the vessel became visible to the naked eye; in ten more, her motion was observable, as she strove hard with a rough sea, and an ebb tide; another pause, and her crew and passengers appeared grouped on her deck, and she could be seen hoisting a flag, in honor of the royal standard that floated over the old fortress: yet another—and amid the faces that silently turned to shore, M'Donnell gazed with a beating heart to try if he could discover the face of his friend—of the brother of his Esther; even at too great a distance he selected one, and kept his eyes rivetted upon it; the vessel hove nearer and nearer; he became more and more certain; nearer still—and it *was* the face of that friend, unseen for nearly two years, and coming to him, over the ocean, from a burning sun and a strange people.

The friends recognized each other at the same moment, and together waved their hats to each other; M'Donnell cheered; even Oliver chimed in; the people around, strangers as they

were, caught up the joyous shout; it was sent back from the vessel, now just at anchor; there was a bustle, a confused noise of voices, and a crowding around the pier; and in another moment, the friends had clasped hands.

After a necessary pause, the party, with their newly found visitor, hastened to seek refreshment in the only inn, or public, the town afforded. It was a thatched house, containing, for the purposes of sitting, and eating and drinking, of all comers, but one large apartment, badly-ceiled, earthen-floored, white-washed, and with three or four deal tables, at each side of the fire-place, or at its different ends, flanked by long deal forms.

A man with a wooden leg, a military cocked hat, a red coat, and his remaining leg decked out with a clean white stocking, a well-brushed shoe, and a bright buckle, first attempted, as master of the house, to shew them into this room; but he was shoved aside by a fresh-faced, portly woman of forty, his spouse, who, smoothing down her apron, seemed to think herself most worthy of doing the honors of her tavern. They had a few words indeed on the

point, before he yielded, from which it was evident that the husband was an Englishman, corrupted by the Scottish accent around him, and the wife, a native Irishwoman, attempting to speak his language; but at last her emphatic—"yield, Brass—will ye yield, mon?" quite prevailed, and our friends gained admission.

All the tables, except one, were filled by different companies. At the one end of the room sat a number of peasantry, some of those we have already seen in the market-place, collected in twos and threes, from distinct parts of the surrounding counties, which had once been wholly populated by people of their caste and religion; at the other, an almost equal number of townspeople, manufacturers, and fishers; and round the table, to the right of the hearth, were half a dozen soldiers of the garrison. The peasants talked loudly, in Irish; the townspeople as much, but in a lower tone; the soldiers said nothing; but all were employed in one common occupation; that is, the drinking of strong ale.

Evelyn, Edmund, Oliver, and Con M'Donnell, took possession of the spare table. Such a dinner as the house could afford was laid before

them; and such as it was, all ate heartily. It was removed, and replaced by good liquor of various kinds; and Evelyn and Edmund at last had time to ask and give much information about home, and all at home. Both then wished to exchange opinions on another topic, but their situation, amongst such a crowd of people, and finally, a toast proposed in a cup of ale, by one of the peasants, with its consequences, prevented them.

“*Rhia Shamus Abo!*” cried the man, raising his cup, and addressing himself to the whole room. None but his own party took notice.

“King Shamus!” repeated another, translating his friend’s Irish, and also looking round, as if he called on every one to pledge him.

“King James!” said the soldiers, quietly, and as matter of course.

“King James!” echoed the townspeople, whispering something, perhaps an addenda, to each other; and, “King James!” our party also repeated, Oliver, however, moving his lips ere the cup touched them, and looking expressively at the natives of the place.

“Fat is doing hur tammed thief at ta hearth?”

asked the second peasant who had spoken, "will hur dhrink nein Rhia Shamus?"

"Yoursef is discoorsin' mysef," answered The Whisperer, who, hitherto unnoticed by our friends, had edged himself, on the end of one of the forms occupied by the soldiers, near to the fire, his little son sitting at his feet; "but you can jest spake plainer, in the English, or the Irish, whichever you like, an' then we'll know what is id you mane."

"You are required," said Edmund, wishing to anticipate an angry rejoinder from the offended linguist, "to drink king James's health."

"Avoch, is that all? musha, here's his health, wid a heart an' a half, an' good look to him; an' more look nor some that dhrank it afore, had on their lips or in their hearts for him, may-be."

"Curp-an-duoul!" cried the peasant, appropriating this innuendo, "fat will hur say?" he rose very angrily.

"Asynow, a-vich," The Whisperer answered, "how do you know I was spakin' to you, at-all-at-all? sure there's more people in the world nor yoursef, an' them that's along wid you; tho' it's far an' near a body might thtravel, iv a

summer's day, an' not meet sich a clane set o' boys, an' you at their head—sha-dhurth," he nodded smilingly, and again drank.

"Sha-dhurth a-bouchal," replied the peasant, others joining him, while almost all held out their pottle-pots that The Whisperer might drink of their liquor; and no ways tardy was he in accepting the courtesy.

"Yon's meaning our company," observed one of the townspeople aloud; "and he mocks us before the Irish-folk."

"He is one o' them, his ain sel," said Oliver.

"Do ye speer ony thing at us, mon?" inquired many voices.

"Shpeer? what 'ud that be, genteels?" said The Whisperer, smiling simply, as they scowled at him.

"Have you meant to accuse any of these gentlemen of hidden disloyalty to king James?" Edmund again asked, still for peace sake.

"Me! them good gintlemin! musha, 'ud I be mad, or cracked, to do any sich thing?—civil, dacent people, like 'em, that minds their callin', an' owes no ill-will to any body; my sarvice to you, genteels."

“Aweel; health til you, lad; and what for no taste of our pint-stoup?” they answered.

“Never a’ know myself knows, then,” and dragging his ill-framed limbs across the room he took a long draught out of the proffered pint.

“Hark ye, good fellow, said one of the soldiers, intercepting him on his return to the ingle corner, “hast any thing to say to us?”

“To be sure I have, then, and why wouldn’t I? Hearty good wishes, every day ye get up, an’ my blessin’, over an’ over, on the sodgers that keeps all in pace an’ quietness, out o’ love an’ likin’ for king James, God look down on him.”

“A simple-witted fellow,” said the soldier to his companions, “here, then, let’s be friends, man,” and they, too, shoved him a cup of ale, of which he did not drink sparingly. The soldiers then called their reckoning, paid it, and went away.

“Good loock to them, I say agin,” The Whisperer continued, as he resumed his seat, “for it’s them that won’t let poor bosthoons like us have id all our own way,” glancing at the peasants, while he looked his meaning elsewhere.

“ Fat will hur mane, now ?” said their spokesman, once more rising wrathfully.

“ Sure you knows, whatever a poor boy, like me, manes, he doesn’t mane *ye*,” winking at them. They broke into a loud roar of assent, and some rose to clasp his hand, and give him more ale, gratis.

“ No more nor the genteels fornent ye,” he went on, seeing the other table look threatening, “ sure none o’ them is auld enough to remember Black Noll, any way, that came to kill us all for the risin’ we had out o’ love for king James’s father ; an’ so, none o’ them ’ud want to kill us all, now, over again, for likin’ his father’s son.”

“ I remember my righteous namesake, weel,” said Oliver ; “ and I remember other things, before his time in this land ; I remember the Forty-one.”

“ Why, then, your memory is nothin’ to brag of a-vich,” observed The Whisperer, still simperingly.

“ And our forbears remember it, too,” added the townspeople.

“ That’s no fault o’ your own, genteels,” he replied.

“ But is it mine, if I do ? ” asked Oliver.

“ Troth, an’ it’s yourself knows that best, a-bouchal ma-chree ; sure no one minds what a poor boy like me, says ; one that was burnt wid the frost, the last hard year, an’ has no sense ; only—bad loock, seed, breed, an’ generation, to the bloody dogs o’ the Forty-one.”

“ Thou hast said it,” exclaimed Oliver sternly, and half unsheathing an old horseman’s sword, as he rose. The townspeople rose with him : and the peasants started up at the other end of the room.

“ Pulla-loo ! ” cried The Whisperer, the only unruffled person in company, “ duv you ever ax yourself what you’re goin’ to do, aforehand ? —a word in your ear, gossip ; ” Oliver was now near enough to stoop down, still on his guard, and comply with this invitation ; —“ jest raison a-bit, an’ thry in your own mind, what bloody dogs I mane : ” —the rest was a very close whisper.

“ Says’t thou ? ” again asked Oliver.

“ Arragh, to be sure I do ; an’ there, now, sit down again wid the genteels ; an’ stay— you an’ myself didn’t dhrink a drop yet—here

—taste this—musha, bad end to id, but it's afther makin' idsef empty."

"Nathless shalt thou drink with me," said Oliver; and he brought from the table his own liquor, of which The Whisperer did not spare a mouthful.

"The chield can whisper to a purpose," resumed some of the townspeople.

"The man hath spoken words of plain sense," said Oliver, "whilk sufficed to quiet me; he hath declared that he meant, by his denouncing of the bloody dogs of the Forty-one, neither me, nor those of my persuasion."

"Musha, did I, gossip?" resumed The Whisperer, now removed from the hearth to a seat among the peasants, "maybe it's jokin' you'd be; or maybe it's the burnin I got in the frost that bid me say id: an' maybe, agin, it's the same thing bids me say now—ill-end, kith an' kin, root an' branch, to the murtherin' villains of the Gobbins Heughs."

"Ha!" cried Oliver, starting to his feet, fully unsheathing his sword, and aiming a furious slash at The Whisperer. One of the peasants took it on a half-pike, and all sprung up, with

other half-pikes, or rude skeins, in their hands. At the same moment, the townspeople rushed to support Noll, some of them shewing pistols, hitherto concealed, some seizing the pewter vessels. A man of a superior air to the rest, whom our party did not before notice, but whom Edmund recognized as the person that spoke to him in the street, after the friar's sermon, put himself at their head, and also presenting a pistol, cried—

“Down with the cruel papists! down with them!” Just then, the door flew open, and in ran, followed by the host and hostess, Friar O'Haggerty, himself, and he, too, drawing his sword, assumed command of the peasants, encouraging them with—

“Spare no heretics!—the murdering heretics!”

“Peace! peace!” cried the landlord and landlady.

“Peace! peace!” echoed Edmund and Evelyn.

The dumb man bounded at Oliver's throat, like a mastiff, instantly got him down, and wrenched the sword from his hand. Yet other

weapons clashed, and more than one shot was fired, when two new peace-makers entered; one, old Priest M'Donnell, of Cushindoll, another a tall, spare man, of very primitive dress, manner, and appearance: the former, shaking more violently than ever, seized O'Haggerty's hands—he could reach no higher; the other confronted the leader of the townspeople.

“I entreat—I command you, sir!” cried the old priest; “obey me, as you are bound to do—sheath your sword”—then addressing the peasants in Irish, he similarly exhorted and commanded them.

“Art thou a christian?” demanded the second peace-maker, of the other leader—“dost thou believe in the word as the message of peace and good-will to all? and yet-wilt thou urge on these poor sinful people to do murther?”

“Peace, I say, in the name of the God of peace!” resumed Priest M'Donnell—“and if the speaking of that name brings no reason to thy mind—tremble, man, tremble!”

While these efforts were made, the other unembroiled persons of the company were not idle; and in a short time hostilities really

ceased: the only persons who kept up a skirmish being the landlord and landlady; but as it was between themselves, it seemed of little moment, except for our notice. Protestant and catholic as they were, their endeavours to make peace consisted in rather violent assaults upon the parties they liked least in the room; and this soon bringing them in contact, ended in an assault upon each other; so that when every one else was quiet, they were found scrambling in a remote and clear corner; the hostess, as was indeed usually the case in such domestic accidents, having got her good man on his back, by tugging the wooden leg from under him; and she now held it tight, in a line perpendicular to his body, as she asked—"Wull ye yield, Brass?"

"No, by G——; I'll doy mon-like," he answered.

Her eyes flashed and her face reddened with some hideous resolve, as she put both hands to the wooden stump; but ere she could carry any thing into effect, Edmund ran to her; and, finally, Con M'Donnell whipt her up in his arms, carried her out of the room, and returned

with a key in his hand, which he presented to the landlord. At the repeated exhortations of Priest M'Donnell, the peasants retired; after them, under guidance of the tall, spare man, the townspeople; but when the room was so far cleared, the old priest was seen to gaze in consternation at the causer of the whole disturbance—The Whisperer, who stood sheltered by the projection of the chimney, from all harm, his little boy held in his arms, and simpering, like a fiend, amid the riot he had called up.

“Sirs!” cried the old man, continuing his agitated look—“see ye that?—do spectres truly come amongst us?”

“You gaze but at flesh and blood, sir,” said Edmund—“we know this man.”

“Threu enough,” said The Whisperer.

“It *is* yourself, then, Rory-na-Choppell?” continued the priest.

“Every inch o’me, plase your reverance.”

All, except Evelyn, who had not heard of him, started at the announcement of this famous rapparee;—and—

“Good sirs,” continued the old man—“as I am to be judged, I confessed that fellow at the

gallow's foot, and saw him swinging on it—look at the twist in his neck.”

“ I'll never deny their threatenin' the life iv an innocent poor boy,” said Rory, “ that, afther all, the Lord wouldn't let 'em take—for a raison I knows ;—for when they cut me down, an' giv' the corpse to my people, the life was still wid me, an' I was soon brought to ; barrin' this same crooked' turn in the neck, that your reverance spakes of, an' that didn't hurt the bone, tho' they thried their best ; an' it's as far from me to deny the good confessin' your reverance gave me ; the best I ever got in my born days, any how, an' all for nothin' ; God reward them that threw id in my way ; it's all the harum I wish 'em ; so your reverance sees it done me good ; an' more nor that, sure ; consitherin' the mighty holy life I lade ever sence ; an' am larnin' my poor dawny crature iv a child, here ; poor Cahier—Rory's own darlin'.”

“ Well I know the life you lead, and are bringing him up to, wretched man,” resumed Priest M'Donnell ; “ your feelings at the gallow's-tree assure me of that ; if, indeed, he is your own child, and not one of your 'prentices.”

“ My own he is, your reverance, to the backbone ; an', plase God he lives, 'ill shew id, too ; won't you, Cahier, a-chorra-ma-chree ? ” Cahier left his well-known life to answer.

“ Sirs, ” continued the priest, “ this limb of Satan never has less than four 'prentices regularly articed to him, at large fees, and sent all the ways from Kerry, to learn his trade of decoying horses, young and old, handled or not handled, that he got, they say, from a witch in the county of Monaghan, and that brought his neck into the halter only a month since. ”

“ There's no great *spishoge** on your reverance to say the like, savin' your reverance's praisance ; only from the father afore me, that got id from the lame throoper, whoever he war, as all the world knows ; an' never a one o' the bastes myself was thinkin' of, that same time, when they thought to prove id agin me ; bud, just goin' the road, they follied me out o' the gap ; an' how can a poor boy help 'em, if they loves-an' likes me ? ”

“ Where is my colt, you scoundrel ? ”—now cried Edmund at his ear, while he seized Rory

* Witchcraft.

by the crooked neck—"where is the colt you stole out of my father's field, last night?—tell me, this moment, where I am to get him, or I will bind you, hand and foot, and send you to the mayor of Carrickfergus."

"Bind poor Rory away, plase your honor, iv you like id," the man answered, meekly—"bud, when that's done, will id make me know any thing o' the coult, or larne you where to find him?"

"The thief speaks sense in this," said Priest M'Donnell, drawing Edmund aside—"depend upon it, he has so taken his measures, that the robbery cannot be proved against him; and, as to getting your colt without speaking him fair, it is impossible; heaven knows in what part of the kingdom the poor animal is, this blessed night; for he has own relations, receivers, and agents, in Upper Ossory, Leitrim, Monaghan, and Derry, besides many others in different points of the country; let me try to manage the rogue.—Rory-na-choppel," returning to him, "you know that by sending word you are alive in Carrickfergus, to-night, we can get you hanged over again to-morrow morning. Tell Master

M'Donnell how and where to recover his colt, and you may go your ways, and take your own time and road, and, mayhap, find both short enough."

"*Cead mille beachus lath*,* your reverance; bud what does poor Rory know about id, at-all-at-all?—may I never see glory, no more, nor the child in my arms, this holy an' blessed time."

"And that's just as much as will serve, mayhap," said the clergyman.

"Bud I have gossips, an' I have friends, an' people, over-an-hether, that wishes me well, because they have pity on their hearts for a poor boy, like me; an' I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll spake to them, afore I go to shleep; an' just lend me the book, your reverance:" the priest handed him his breviary, having first looked at the situation of the door, and Rory, kissing it, added, "by the contents o' this blessed book, if mather Neddy M'Daniel rides out in a shower, to-morrow, he'll find himself on his coult's back in the turnin' iv a hand."

"And why in a shower?" asked Edmund.

"That's the little bit iv a sacret that's in id,"

* Hundred thousand thanks.

Rory replied, smiling very graciously, as if to say, "sure you can't be angry wid a body for that;" and vague and nonsensical as was this promise, the parties were, perforce, obliged to put up with it.

"An' now I may jest go, an' thry my endayvours?" he resumed; and having got an assent—"well; a good night an' my blessin' on all the genteels o' the company, an' on all in the house, this night, I pray Gor," Rory said in conclusion, as he shuffled through the door.

CHAPTER X.

OUR friends, resuming their seats at their own table, when Rory had gone, observed that, during the scene with him, O'Haggerty had sat down, sullenly, at the empty table which the peasants first occupied, and the stranger, who had encouraged the townspeople, as silently, if not as sullenly, at the other empty table, lately surrounded by his party; both seemingly indifferent to the interest the Rapparee had excited, and as if their minds and passions were engrossed by subjects more important. The primitive looking person returned, after attending the departure of the townspeople, and now took a seat beside his convert; Priest M'Donnell, following his good example, rose from his friends, and joined O'Haggerty.

"Gracious God!" cried Evelyn, when all were thus disposed; "and is it to witness such

scenes as those acted here to-night, I have returned, from wandering in a distant land, to the country of my birth?"

"Alas! it is, Evelyn," said Edmund, "and worse scenes than even these, I fear."

"It is," echoed the friar, not yet calm, as was evident from the tone of his voice; "and such scenes must be acted, and acted better too, ere there is peace for the land."

"I agree," said the stranger at the far end of the room, speaking slowly, as he returned the glance which accompanied the friar's words.

"You have left but little quiet after you, either, when you embarked from England," continued Edmund.

"Little, indeed; England, tho' not shewing such brawls, labours, this moment, under the silent throes of universal convulsion; and men seem to have good reason for being disturbed. Saying nought of the unexpected acts of absolute power, which occurred ere you and I parted, the levying imposts, and the dispensing with the tests, for instance, what shall we say of the imprisoning of the bishops?"

"That, indeed, was the first crying griev-

ance," interrupted the strange gentleman, speaking as deliberately as he had done before, while his grave, and rather austere features remained seemingly undisturbed.

"It was the first act that gave true hope to a persecuted people," said the friar, still violently: "alas! that it has not been followed up more promptly."

"In good time will it be accounted for," rejoined his opponent.

"With the Lord's help," added O'Haggerty.

"Then, the arrest of Coke for but seconding a motion to consider so rash and violent an address as never before king made to his parliament," Evelyn went on; "and the attack on the colleges to force in popish members; and all this, and more, attempted in a way too despotic and swaggering for the Turk himself, over his base and servile people."

"I admit, Evelyn, the wildness and wantonness of these acts," said Edmund, "justly should protestants feel aggrieved at them; yet are they, after all, but the extravagant efforts of an angry and misadvised man to enforce a royal privilege never before legally impeached,

tho' it has been by the regicides dreadfully resisted ; and such was my view of what was to happen, when last we spoke together. James announces his intention to dispense with the tests ; he is crossed and animadverted upon, nay braved ; and, accordingly, he imprisons those who cross and brave him ; and in various desperate, and, indeed, impossible ways, strives to establish his undoubted right. Sharp preaches against him, and he commands the bishop of London to silence Sharp ; the bishop refuses, and he suspends the bishop ; other bishops take part against him ; he is pushed, farther and farther, on shewing his royal authority, and he commits them to the Tower. Then must he still persevere in asserting his absolute privilege ; and so, having already placed Roman Catholics on the bench, in the council, and in the army, he will also place them in the colleges. All this, while it is madly done, is natural."

" Is good and Godly," said the friar.

" Is a subversion of the constitution," said the other.

" Pardon me, gentlemen, both," said Evelyn.

“ It cannot be good nor Godly, sir,” addressing the friar, “ to enforce even a right in a grievous and despotic method ; and how shall the constitution be overthrown by opening it to men of all persuasions, sir ?” turning to the second speaker : “ while we call our king bigotted and violent, for asking his subjects only to allow to their brethren of his own religion a freedom of conscience, what do we but prove our own bigotry and violence by saying nay ? Here is a man would give equal rights to all ; there another who would keep every thing to himself ; which is the more unreasonable ?”

“ Papists have proved that they are unfit for civil rights,” said the person last addressed.

“ They have proved they could obtain them,” said Evelyn. “ The rights we have are of their making.”

“ Nor did they ever attack the constitution,” said Edmund.

“ No,” said the friar, “ it was not they who murdered their king.”

“ Anent the righteous taking of forfeit life from that man, Charles, they never got the grace to do it,” observed Oliver.

“ Besides,” the stranger continued, as if only vouchsafing to follow up his own last speech, “ it is not toleration for papists that is sought, but total power, and total exclusion for protestants; else, why send an ambassador, my lord Castlemain, to confer with the pope? why openly receive in England the pope’s nuncio, which is treason by the law? why openly profess the mass? why openly appoint a jesuit to the council? why break up all the charters, that the crown might rule all appointments?”

“ But by whom, sir, do you suppose this intention to be holden?” asked Edmund. “ Is it by the pope? he has laughed at Castlemaine, and by letter warned James against any such thought. At the suggestion of France? Louis is at war with Rome, and therefore may be excused his zeal.—By the catholic subjects of James? Already have they addressed him to the effect that they require but simple toleration of their religion, security for their properties; nay, some even ask but the liberty to sell their properties, and retire to France. Then does James himself entertain the idea of totally subverting protestantism? What! alone? without the counte-

nance of his church—his allies—his popish people—or, notwithstanding the admission of father Petre—without the advice of the popish lords of his council, whose opinions are so well known? No, sir, it is an assumption that, even now, the zeal of party cannot prove, though it is its object to do so, and that posterity will altogether reject. By unchristian and selfish opposition to an equitable act, for which, I again say, he had a privilege hitherto unimpeached; his imperious disposition may be roused into unworthy harshness; and those whose selfishness and bigotry would again embroil us all, may, for aught I know, give that harshness such a direction as assumes the semblance of a view our sovereign never had.”

“ You say it, at last, young man,” resumed the person he addressed: “ even supposing the royal mind unconscious of the real tendency of what it wills, and endeavours to effect, there are those around him who weigh that tendency well, and are apt to calculate it.”

“ And that I believe,” said Evelyn.

“ Let it be so,” said Edmund, “ I am—disgusted.”

“If you doubt,” continued the stranger, still addressing Edmund, “ask the reverend friar, there; he can tell you.”

“Mayhap he can; but reverend friars do not tell all they know for all that ask,” said O’Haggerty.”

“Then Don Pedro Ronquillo, the ambassador to the English court after the death of Charles II. must serve,” resumed the disputant. “Having asked leave to speak his mind freely, at his first audience, and obtained leave for the same, ‘Sire,’ said Don Pedro, ‘I see many priests about you; do not give ear to their advice.’ ‘Your Spanish kings have their ghostly advisers, have they not?’ asked James, angrily. ‘Yes, sire,’ answered Don Pedro, ‘and that is the reason our affairs go so ill.’”

“Not so ill, either, in the application,” said the friar, “as the Lord, in his own good time will shew; and touching the agency of father Petre, in London, or of his humble servants here, is it not as warrantable as the counsels of Burnett at the Hague?” the person spoken to started, as if disagreeably surprised at the knowledge of events these words conveyed—“or,”

the friar went on, "of William King, in Dublin, or of the incendiary, George Walker, thro' all these northern counties?"

"Talk not idly or fancifully of men too much above you, and too far away, to allow of your even guessing at their actions, friar," returned the strange gentleman; "and as to George Walker, slander him not by foul words, till you believe you dare do so to his face."

"Do you know him, man?" asked O'Haggerty.

"I will not aver I do," he was answered.

"Because if you did, you might hear him this greeting; that, until he and I meet, when I *can* say it to his face, I but practise the denouncing him, in the plainest words I may find, as a bold and blasphemous heretic, and a common traitor and knave—and so much for your 'dare.'"

"Still would you omit to say this to his face," rejoined the stranger, becoming agitated for the first time, "lest he should tell you that your tongue spoke the words of falsehood, and that yourself was the knave and traitor, and not he."

"Now, by the saints, your own tongue utters

falsehood, bold fellow," the friar started up, "let him stand before me, and I will prove as much."

The stranger was about to rise also, coolly and sternly, when Con M'Donnell, whose lynx eye had been watching him, and therefore caught, perhaps, sooner than any other, some glimpse of his under-dress, rushed forward, threw aside his horseman's cloak, and the attire of a protestant clergyman, over which were a dragoon's rusty back and breast piece, became visible to all. Not noticing this interruption, the stranger slowly advanced towards the middle of the room, saying—

"Come forward half way to meet me, friar"—they met, front to front, and "behold the man!" he added.

"Blasphemer, traitor, and knave then!" cried his opponent, laying hand on his sword.

"And liar, and real traitor and knave!" retorted Walker. "Good fellow, lend me your weapon,"—to Oliver.

"Art thou a prelatist preacher, or one of the Lord's people?" queried old Noll.

"In nought am I so much with you as in

common hatred of such as this man—give it me, or the cruel papist will stab me as I stand.”

“ Take then a blade whilk has not been unfamiliar with malignant blood,” said Oliver.

Walker had scarce received the weapon when his antagonist cut at him, harmlessly however, as the blow was turned by Walker’s front piece; and ere another attempt could be made on either side, the spectators, hitherto inactive from surprise and consternation, rushed between the combatants. The old priest, and the spare tall man first separated them, and the former exclaimed,

“ Men of wrath and blood, forbear! enemies and disturbers of God and his word, strike not with the cruel sword! Hath He sent ye, as ye say, for a message of peace and good-will on earth, and thus do you teach His people?”

“ No; His messengers ye cannot be,” said the other peace-maker. “ His spirit never hath been with ye: deceive not yourselves, and strive not scandalously with each other for that which neither possesseth!”

“ And who is he that dares say so?” asked Walker.

“ I am of the new and sorely-afflicted people,

called Quakers," he answered; "men spurned and persecuted of all, howbeit loving and wishing well to all, and doing nought to anger man, save in their fear and worship of the living God. Beyond the endurance of weak flesh have we suffered in the land of England, and here I journey through your land, sent forth by the brethren to seek out, and it may be, crave a nook or a corner wherein some of us may abide in peace—alas, alas! this night hath shewn me that I shall search the land through and through, and find no such shelter; but even while I sojourn among ye, lo! I uplift my voice in the Spirit, saying, woe, woe to the peace-breakers! woe to the man who causeth blood to be shed in the name of Him that turneth his eye from blood, or else sees its smoke rise up in wrath!—woe to the blasphemer!—and treble woe to him who hath declared himself the preacher of peace, yet girds himself with the biting sword, and lifts up his hand in strife!—Hear me," he continued, with increased energy—"I am one of those who subscribed, what men have named an address, to James, when the Lord called suddenly from life our good friend, Charles;

therein expressing sorrow for the land's loss, we besought him, seeing he was not, no more than ourselves, of the established church, to grant us the same liberty he allowed himself; wherefore, it must have appeared to all, that while we prayed indulgence for ourselves, we thought equal indulgence to all good and needful; and was our view unwise or uncharitable?—how could we hope or ask to be dealt with, but as we dealt with others? Is it not commanded, do as you would be done by?—wherefore, I say to ye, again, so deal in peace amongst yourselves; let not one covet the whole, that his brother may be left naked; the twelve tribes had, each, their share of the land; there was no bondage out of the old Israel; no helots in the new; nor hath it ever been written—deprive, that ye may enjoy; persecute, that ye may shew your zeal; spill blood, yea, blood of your own blood, that ye may glorify Me; least of all—do these things in My Ministry.”

“Friar,” said Walker, at the end of this address, while both stood parted, and scowling on each other—“recant the words you have spoken of me.”

“False preacher,” returned his antagonist, “you shall never hear me recant them. Here and elsewhere, to yourself and all others, in the streets and in the deserts, at the board or in the field, I shall repeat and make them good.”

“Abide it then;—cross your sword with mine.”

“Oh, let them not do battle!”—cried the Quaker, appealing with clasped hands to the spectators: “for the sake of the common salvation we all hope for—for the sake of the ministry they both shame—for the sake of their common God—for their own sake and ours—for mercy’s sake and decency’s sake, let not their weapons meet!”

“Father O’Haggerty,” exclaimed Priest M’Donnell, “you are under my jurisdiction; raise but a hand, and be excommunicate!”

“Fear not, gentlemen,” said Edmund and Evelyn, together—“here shall be no scandal that we can prevent.”

“The Lord’s quarrel must be fought,” said Oliver; but Con M’Donnell was on him in a moment.

“ I believe you mistake us, gentlemen all,” resumed Walker; “ neither of us now wish to proceed in this matter; you, O’Haggerty, know what I mean.”

“ I do, Walker,” answered the friar.

“ Then let our weapons cross in present peace, gentlemen,” continued his adversary.

“ Your words are pledged that it shall be in peace?” asked Evelyn.

Both assented; and way was then made for them to re-approach each other. They did so, slowly, and with fixed regards; and when their swords crossed—

“ Now, O’Haggerty,” said Walker, “ pledge me; I kiss my sword; I rest it on yours, and I swear”—

“ Swear not!”—interrupted the man of peace.

“ To meet you,” continued Walker, “ and soon, where we shall have clear ground to discuss this question, and where, God willing, you shall own you have wronged me.”

“ And I,” replied his opponent—“ by the sign which our swords now make, I swear”—also kissing his blade.

“ Blaspheme not, man!” cried Priest M’Don-

nell; “for the oath were, indeed, blasphemous, and the sign to which thou appealest, insulted, not revered in it; or, uncross your swords, and if, against the voice of me, thy father in Christ,—against the law of that religion which implores and judges thee, at the same moment, thou wilt jeopard thy soul by this blasphemy—kiss the edge of the weapon, man, in its own nakedness, and its own character, and not while it helps to form, in most impious mockery, the symbol of that tree upon which God’s blood was spilt, to prevent, among other things, the spilling of his creatures’ blood, by one another.—Oh, think ye of his last commandment, my children!” the old man continued, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes,—“‘A *New commandment* this night I give unto you,’ said the God of peace, ‘*that ye love one another.*’”

“I swear,” resumed O’Haggerty, unmoved, and uninfluenced from his purpose; “to seek for you, even on such ground as you lay out, and, as the Lord shall enable me, uphold my words.”

“So then good night,” added Walker, and slowly left the room.

“Thou hast committed the blasphemy, obdurate man,” resumed Priest M'Donnell, facing O'Haggerty, his palsy controlled for a moment; “renounce it, repent you, or be accurst in the very consequences of the act!” and he, too, left the room. The quaker, Con M'Donnell, Evelyn, and Oliver, unwillingly, but compelled by his master, followed; and Edmund also was about to go out, when the friar pulled his sleeve, and earnestly motioned him to remain; so they sat down alone in the waste and now gloomy apartment.

After they had sat a few minutes silently together —

“I rejoice that we have met, Edmund M'Donnell,” said the friar. Edmund started.

“How, sir! you know me then?”

“I know your person well; and for some time have been wishing to speak with you. Let me proceed. The times begin to assume such an appearance as calls on every true son of holy church to buckle on his armour, and take the field in her name, and for her cause, and makes it specially imperative on men like you, young, gifted, and of influence amongst your own people, to be the first up and stirring.”

“I know not to what you allude,” said M'Donnell.

“Other and most unworthy thoughts must have sinfully kept your mind, then, from a proper consideration of matters that should interest you: but, even so, you cannot surely plead ignorance of the bigotted and furious opposition given by our enemies to our sacred king, merely because he would at last partially relieve the sufferings of his church; nor of the well-known machinations on foot to take from him his throne and life, that so his Godly wishes towards us may be fully frustrated, and we handed over to a persecution unprecedented even by all that has gone before—to utter destruction—to extermination?”

“This much I know too well, reverend father; that the violence and folly of James's methods to obtain us our rights, excuse any violence with which he may be resisted.”

“How, young sir! beware of such words as these.”

“Why should I beware of speaking the plain truth, may it please your reverence?” Edmund asked, in much excitement; “before those who have just left us, I did not care to utter my full

thoughts, seeing that they are not of our persuasion ; but to you, sir, I hesitate not to call the king infatuated—mad—in his measures on our behalf, and utterly unworthy even of our countenance, not to say, gratitude—pray, in my turn, let me proceed.

“ While never king mounted the throne of these realms with more substantial prospects of a happy reign, never was one so warned, meantime, against the only course that could tumble him from it, namely, the imperious and intemperate exercise of royal privilege. He had seen his father’s head cut off but for a slight, and some will have it, only an attributed abuse of absolute power ; he had witnessed the universal detestation of popery shewn a few years before, in the credulous belief of the popish plot ; he had beheld a bill of exclusion, cutting him off from the succession, moved in parliament, and actually carried through one house ; he had been in exile, only because he was a Roman Catholic ; his brother had cautioned him, on his death-bed, against too openly encouraging his religion ; its visible head on earth wrote him a like caution ; catholic foreigners

at his court, and the catholic lords of his council repeated such advice ; and yet, how has he acted ?—Because, at the first abrupt announcement of his intention to dispense with the tests, men were found bigotted enough to oppose him—James re-establishes an inquisitorial court of ecclesiastic commission to terrify the church ; sends many reverend prelates to the Tower, as if, by such a public exhibition of his own despotism, and their suffering, he wished to inflame beyond patience, the slumbering rancour of the gazing rabble—cancels the charters, that so he may appoint all magistrates, and through them a new parliament—thus actually striking at the root of the great tree of British liberty ; keeps a nuncio, and consecrates Roman Catholic prelates, at his own chapel in London, as if in determined insult to the fixed prejudices of his English people, or else in as determined an effort to disgust them, and arouse, for ever, their jealousy and hatred of himself, his creed, and all that profess it ; dismisses his own brothers-in-law, Clarendon and Rochester, with Somerset, and other high nobles, merely because they continue protestants, or refuse assent to his

abuse of power; and to consummate at once his vehemence and absurdity, calls, by letter, on his protestant son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, to agree in his measures for dispensing with the tests, at the very moment that his own kingdom is violently unanimous against him; and when, had he a grain of sound sense, he ought to have foreseen the denial that, with a cool view to his future interests, must have come from the prince, and, at the same time, that must have turned the faces of all England from a popish innovator to a protestant advocate; nay, untaught either by the warning of others, or by the repulses that on every side he meets from the national church, the parliament, and his son-in-law—whom, in the name of reason, doth he try to disgust next?—why his last and only stay—his army—ground arms, he says, or declare in favour of my privilege, and their arms *are* grounded. Good God, reverend sir, if this be not madness, where shall we look for it?—It *is* madness of the most egregious kind, inexcusable—from whomsoever he has drawn his pernicious councils—in the prince of a great nation, in whom a want of wisdom and temper

is a prime deficiency; and, I repeat, calling upon us, who shall suffer most by the results—us, who ask not, wish not this kind of support—for any thing but gratitude. It is worse than madness, sir,” Edmund warmly continued, “it is error—great error—wrong against the spirit of the constitution, and against the people he has sworn, and so often promised to regard—wrong for which he will suffer, and which he deserves to rue.”

“I have heard you, without interruption, speak treason, over and over, stripling, resumed O’Haggerty, “the rather that, along with allowance for your extreme youth, I know the snare which the devil has laid to seduce your heart from the cause of holy church, or, at the least, to make you lukewarm in her service.”

“I would request of your reverence to explain.”

“Is not your heart, this moment, in the keeping of a Philistine woman—a heretic and scoffer, out of the pale of the faith and of salvation?—nay, would you not wed her, to the scandal of your own people, the peril of your earthly weal, and the sure forfeiture of your

eternal happiness?—Can you deny me that?”—

“Half of it, reverend sir, I wish not to deny, as it shall not be denied me; namely, that I love, and, please God, will marry, with my good father’s consent, and that of my own pastor, a virtuous protestant lady; for the other half, your reverence will excuse me, as on these matters I am no casuist; and you will also excuse the expression of my great astonishment that you think it needful thus to busy yourself with my private affairs, which certainly concern neither you nor the topic of discourse.”

“Rude boy, hold you such language to a zealous son of the church’s ministry?—has your falling off and your backsliding made you so bold already?—But it is well; and, mayhap, a meet reward for the anxious friend who has long sought to serve you. Attend to me, notwithstanding. If, against the countenance of our holy mother, the church, you persevere in this scandalous connexion—”

“Hold you there, reverend father; I utterly gainsay two points of that speech; first, that the spirit or doctrine of my religion is against the free use of my will, in bestowing my heart

where I please ; next, that you have used a proper, or a decorous epithet in describing my contract with my chosen lady."

" If," the friar continued, not seeming to notice the interruption—" if, indeed, the allurements of the evil one shall tempt you into a downright alliance with your sworn enemies, and the enemies of us all, how will you rest your head on her bosom who is sister to one of those now in active preparation to dethrone and murder their sovereign, and, at the same time, to rise up in the night and spill your own blood ?"

" I wholly reject the idea of any such project as your reverence has last alluded to ; idle and vulgar rumour it is, wickedly countenanced by those whose angle is only for troubled water ; as to the possibility of my friend's knowledge of one project or the other, I should contradict it in another way, had any but a clergyman spoken the word."

" Insult me as you will, I do my duty by you ; what will you say, to-morrow, to find that very seeming friend pledged to support an expected usurpation, and pledged, too, to the malignant

Walker, whose spirit and views you have, this night, seen sufficiently manifested?"

"Again I can only answer—impossible."

"But suppose it?"—urged his companion, with a quiet certainty of manner that was alarming.

"Then"—said Edmund, after a sad and painful pause, "then would he prove the most treacherous friend that man ever took into his bosom."

"Could he be your friend, after it?"

"The devil as soon," answered Edmund vehemently—"but still I call all this a dream."

"Call it so; but suppose, too, he had a sister who was his confidant—nay, now, you challenge me too boldly with your looks, young man; let us pass that question, and solemnly weigh another. When you shall see your king—"

"Should I see him," interrupted Edmund, "made as low as his own folly merits, I will never draw sword in his cause."

"In whose, then?"—Edmund was silent.

"I expected this wavering on a point you have never before considered; look at it now

boldly and honestly, as becomes a man and a christian. What will you do?"

"Gracious God!"—exclaimed the young man, sorely agitated—"must it, indeed, come to this?—must there be no peace, no brotherhood on earth, that the sacred name of religion shall not be used to tear asunder?—and since the first preaching of christianity, to this day, can we find scarce a war, a devastation, foreign or domestic, that religion has not caused, or its ministers, on one side or another, cried up?—Monstrous, monstrous!"

"Make systems as you like; but—what will you do?"—urged the friar, speaking very slowly—"When you behold your lawful king and your holy faith trampled to the ground; when your abhorring enemies rise up in strength and in bloody purpose around you—"

"It is unnecessary to heighten the picture, sir," Edmund again interrupted;—"in defence of a violated throne, of a sovereign outraged and wronged—I—in fact, I suppose, we are to do as we have ever done, and suffer as we have ever suffered, in a contest not of our own seeking, and at the instigation of some men who

should very differently prompt us, and against the anathema of others, whose hatred we unconsciously arouse; let it be; let our ill-fated country be once more chosen as the arena for a struggle between an English monarch and his restless people, and, whichever is up, whichever down, let us bear the hardest blows, and, finally, the only lasting injury."

"I witness your admission, then, to be in readiness for the great day of struggle, when, surely, the Lord will protect his own, to stand at the head of your hardy people, in your native glen, and lead them forth at the word of your king and of your God?"

"You witness my admission, passively, if not willingly, to fight, even though he has erred, for the king who would give me religious freedom, against those who would keep me shackled—what else, in such a case, is left for us to do?—neutral no man can hope to be, while the hurricane passes over his land;—but is this day so surely to come, reverend father?"

"Surely; as those who best know have told me; but it is yet a question whether we wait for it, or make it; whether we pause, too long,

perhaps, until the hand of extermination is raised up against us, our king remaining inactive, or cooled and frightened in his measures—or whether we take courage to anticipate the deadly blow by one as deadly, and at once give him protection, and ourselves security.”

Edmund paused at this new view of the question; but at last asked—“you now mean a rising, here in Ireland, on our own counsel, and without his command?”

“It may be—nay, it is, that, wishing well to say the word, he is so beleagured he dares not; and where king and religion are both at stake, it would be but the duty of good subjects and pious men, to act, even of their own accord, for the interests of both.”

“A weak thought, sir,” said Edmund, “and, believe me, no part of the counsel of any men, in either country, who are of importance or honour to his majesty’s cause.”

O’Haggerty bit his lip, but resumed, handing a parchment, “Read that; and, good night.”

He withdrew; Edmund, looking over the parchment, found it to be a commission, issued in Tyrconnel’s name, appointing him officer, un-

der the earl of Antrim, of a company of men, to be raised, in his native district, for the newly ordered levy of thirty thousand Irish soldiers. His first feeling on thus finding himself named to a situation of some trust and importance, was pleasure, and gratified vanity; the next, doubt and ill-omen of the results; and for some time he sat, almost in darkness, indulging a train of sad and fearful anticipations of his own future prospects, and those of his country. His love for Esther, and the friar's prophecy with regard to Evelyn, formed a necessary portion of these thoughts; and at last he retired to rest, a sadder man than he had ever before been, while he pressed his nightly pillow.

CHAPTER XI.

WHETHER or no O'Haggerty had private intelligence of what Walker intended to effect with Evelyn, or that he only spoke of, as certain, what his insight into human probabilities led him to suppose, it is undeniable that he shot very near the mark.

Evelyn lay down to sleep in an indifferent bed and a confined, ill-contrived room, of which the door could not, by any effort or ingenuity on his part be secured. His mind was vexed with the occurrences and discussions of the evening, and his spirits consequently depressed and gloomy. After lying restless for some time, he fell into a disturbed sleep, which the tone of his waking thoughts still haunted with extravagant dreams. He dreamt that he was married to Eva; that he had entered the bridal chamber, and just pressed the bridal couch, when a skein was plunged

into his breast ; for a moment he felt the agonies of mortal pain, and lay, choaked with suffering, unable to cry out ; then the sound of a trumpet pierced his ears, and a figure, vaguely like his father, stood by his bedside, shaking his arm, and calling on him to rouse up. He awoke, and really saw a person standing over him, with a feeble lamp in one hand, and the other rested on his shoulder. He looked again, in some alarm, and recognized the pale, grave, and expressive features of Walker ; and in the creaking of the crazy door, yet in motion from that person's entrance, he at the same time caught the sound, which, lyingly repeated by his sleeping sense, conveyed to the cheated mind the idea of a trumpet.

“ Pardon me this intrusion,” said Walker, “ I leave the house very early to-morrow morning, and as I am deputed to hold with you some discourse of an important nature, I could not sleep till we had entered upon it. I was your father's friend. You may have heard him speak of George Walker, rector of Donoughmore ?”

“ I have sir, often,” said Evelyn.

“ In early life, before my translation to that

parish, so far removed from his residence, we were much together; and ere you could know my face I have danced you on my knee, and joined in your father's prayer for your worldly and eternal welfare. At my hands, too, you received second life in the waters of baptism. We meet not then as utter strangers to each other; nor yet as men quite indifferent to each other's interests and happiness, or to the words we may interchange together."

Evelyn fitly, if not warmly, assented.

"I will sit, therefore, by your bedside and tell my mission. You are prayed, by those of your country and religion, who have a true interest for both, to declare whether or no you will join them in the coming endeavour for life and faith."

"Pray, speak plainer, Mr. Walker."

"You know that the reign of James draws to a close."

"I know not so, but I have heard such things rumoured in my passage through England, and hoped from my heart it was but idle rumour. Why should the reign of James draw to a close?"

“ That, at least, you know ; he has forfeited his crown by attacking the constitution.”

“ By attacking it in what manner ?”

“ Variously ; but especially in his effort to admit papists into public situations of trust, rank, and influence ; to which measure the very nature of the constitution is opposed.”

“ That I cannot understand. If by the constitution be meant the rights of the people, obtained at different times, from different sovereigns, I must, as you have before heard me say, remember that they were actually so obtained by papists, and precisely to the extent in which we now enjoy them ; ere catholic England became protestant England, they existed ; and from the reign of the first sovereign, nominally protestant, Henry, down to the last, Charles-II. nothing,—nothing in matter has been added to them. Since, therefore, the constitution has been formed by papists, how, in reasoning or sense, can its nature be anti-papist ? And again ; if James does not seek to annul any one of the rights that make it what it is—a matter allowed on all hands—but simply seeks to admit to an enjoyment of them, in common

with men of every sect, the persons whose ancestors have really set them up, in what manner can he be said to attack 'the constitution?'—What, after all, is the meaning of this generally adopted phrase?—Alas, alas, Mr. Walker, I fear it has been only invented by a few men, as a watch-word, and caught up and continued by the many, without thought or analysis, until, from every-day use, it means what they please, and what both wish."

"We may argue as we can; but when wiser people than we have decided upon the question, it is only so much mispent breath. We must swim with the current of the times: fools only would cross or breast it, and depend for safety on the catching at straws. When the great deliverer once lands—"

"How, Mr. Walker! do you calculate so surely on events?—Is it to be, indeed? and so sudden?"

"Have I at least your promise of honorable secrecy?"

"The very recollections under which we meet, should give you that assurance, sir."

"Then, know, that I speak on the informa-

tion of one, who, counselled and aided by the Lord, has been the great agent and secret light of the glorious change we all hope for; and it needs but your declaration in our cause, to supply you with the advices he has vouchsafed from time to time to me."

"So certain, truly! so very sudden!—The infatuated king already encompassed with destruction! No pause for him—no time allowed for a heated temper to cool—a warped judgment to become righted! No endeavour to conciliate—to advance half way—to reason with him—to correct him! No pity for the errors of the son of many kings!"

"Rather say, no time allowed for the completion of the projects which aim at *our* destruction."

"No forbearance towards a king of known and admitted talents and spirit?—who, when Duke of York, advanced the character of the British navy higher than it had ever stood?—who, at an earlier age, commanded the praises of the two greatest generals of his time, Turenne and Condé?—who has fought for England in forty sea-fights, and in his very last encoun-

ter with the Dutchman, De Ruyter, achieved her a splendid victory?—No allowance—no gratitude—no mercy for him?—has it ever been questioned that, above all his family, he entertained a high and jealous notion of the interests and glory of his people and his nation?”

“Never, I grant you, until this late attempt to bully the one, and degrade the other.”

“But how?—has he not repeatedly assured protestants that while he did only justice to his own religion, he should never seek to injure or weigh down theirs?—and, during his whole life, have not men of all sects regarded him as an inviolable observer of his word?”

“Yes, I grant you, again; until at last he broke it.”

“How?—how?”

“By the very act we have so often canvassed; by his assuming the absolute power of dispensing with the tests, and of suspending the penal statutes.”

“And again and again I deny, passing altogether the separate question of *assumed* power, that this amounts to a breach of his word; to an infringement on his pledge to protestants

that he would uniformly protect them ; unless, indeed, protection of them essentially implies persecution of others ; an unreasonable, unchristian, and monstrous hypothesis.”

“ The bigotry of James is known to extend farther than equal privileges for his own idolatrous sect.”

“ How known ? by what he *does* at present ? That question has been considered ;—by what he has heretofore done ?—Let us see. It was not bigotry to allow, in deference to the prejudices of his English people, his two daughters, and then his only children—”

“ Aye, *then*”—interrupted Walker, with a bitter sneer.

“ To allow them to be educated in strict protestantism ; it was not bigotry to give the elder of them, the Princess Mary, heiress apparent to the crown, to the protestant prince, William—or the second, Anne, to another protestant prince, George of Denmark ; it was not bigotry to pass by, after he became sovereign of England, all those who had been dreadfully distinguished as the plotters or agents of the popish plot, contenting himself with making one sole

example of public justice, in the person of its most infamous propagator, Oates—and even to that hideous monster life was spared;—it was not bigotry to spare, in life and property, the very men who, by pressing the bill of exclusion, had laboured to disinherit him, and whose efforts sent him an exile from his land and his people; this was not bigotry;—how, then, shall we prove the vulgar clamour?—he has not been—he is not bigotted in his measures, but ‘ ’tis *known*’ he will be—who has made it known? In one word, Mr. Walker, how, from any thing the unfortunate monarch has attempted, from even the wildest assertion of his privilege—how has he injured—yourself, for instance? During nearly five years that he has sat on the throne of his fathers, have your rights, as a protestant, been abridged, or your ministry, as a protestant clergyman, interrupted?”—

“ I answer you, calmly, yes;—for think you it is no interruption of my ministry to encounter, since the beginning of this ungodly reign, such disturbers as the dangerous man we sat with to-night, left free to preach and teach,

where before they durst not raise their voices in the land?—is it no hindrance to my ministry, and to the spreading and welfare of the religion whose minister I am, to see mass-houses open, where, in the former reign, there was waste and goodly silence?—to meet, in every corner of Ireland, a tolerated priest, where before the scum and vermin durst not shew their heads? or to see papist prelates received at court, where before it was treason, by the law, but to sound their names?”

“No, Mr. Walker, I cannot think that this is, necessarily, any hindrance to your ministry or our common religion; leaving out of the question the friar O’Haggerty, as a kind of man who can well be spared on both sides, you would not surely mean to say that the truth you preach depends, for its effect, on the absence or silence of the error it opposes? By contrast with error should the truth shine more brightly; nor did the universal prevalence of error, when religion was first preached, retard its unpersecuting way by the side of Him who led it triumphant, not in a battle-chariot, or at the point of the sword, but wreathed in the

chaplet of peace, and scattering the flowers of persuasion. Are you fretted and irritated, then, as a worldly man, to see the degraded arise, the trampled walk upright, the persecuted, pitied, fellow creatures vindicated?—Is it from the weaker impulses of our nature you talk so bitterly of tolerated priests and popish prelates at court?—Are those who differ from you ‘scum and vermin,’ merely because they do? difference does not imply inferiority: or else because you have yourself tried to make them so? That may be the better reason; we do not, alas! readily forgive men for having injured them.”

“*You do not speak as a good protestant.*”

“If protestantism mean monopoly—if good protestantism mean bad christianity—I do not; yet will I prove myself an orthodox member of the reformed christian faith, and hold these sentiments at the same time. I own, however, they somewhat differ from the superfluity of sectarian zeal taught me in my childhood; but travel, Mr. Walker, and conversing with men of different countries and enlarged minds, does much to mix up reason and charity with the mere formalities of religion—and another acci-

dent may have lately helped to fix my mind in its present temper."

"May I inquire what accident that was?"

"Oh—nothing of import to influence the opinions of any man but myself."

"No matter; let me judge."

"It would be useless, indeed; excuse me, sir."

"Youth," urged Walker, managing the introduction of this delicate point better than O'Haggerty had done with Edmund, though he stood just as little in need of information—"I adjure you by the memory of your good father, to declare to me what it is that has thus most sinfully turned your eyes from the steady and true light, to more than a half following of the dangerous meteor of idolatry: by the friendship of your father and myself, disguise not your heart from me—I tremble,—I could weep for you—son of my ancient friend! relieve at once the anguish I feel on your account! You have been listening to the insidious discourse of jesuits—you have entered the mass-house, and hearkened to their poisonous preaching—that is it?"

“No, sir,” answered Evelyn, really affected by the seeming interest of his companion—“fear not for me, there; I have but bestowed—it has but happened that I have contracted myself to an amiable—”

“To a papist!” interrupted Walker, in surprise and consternation, well feigned.

“To a Roman Catholic lady, sir.”

“Contracted!”—resumed the clergyman; then rivetting his angular eyes on Evelyn, and speaking very slowly—“you would wed her then?”

“That question cannot surely mean—would I dishonor myself or her?” said Evelyn, spiritedly.

“Lost, lost!” Mr. Walker went on—“lost, irrecoverably! a goodly bough of the tree lopt off, and cast for the burning! Better hadst thou hearkened to the sophistry of all the smooth tongues in St. Omer’s; better hadst thou bent down before the idol in their very mass-house!—And, oh! what has my old friend escaped by his passage from this life to the glories which his unblemished faith secured him in another—what has he escaped that he is not

here, to-night, to weep over the disgrace of his only son!"

"Sir—Mr. Walker—I cannot understand"—

"No, boy, you cannot! you know them not! You know not that the very motto of their damnable and idolatrous sect is proselytism; that by every means, and by the seductions and entanglements practised on you, above all other means, they labour, day after day, to decrease the number of the righteous."

"I must at once say, sir, I have never seen such attempts directed towards myself."

"Indeed, and have you not? and that is so convincing, is it? Think you the old serpent goes to work so lamely? Think you they would at first let you detect their aims, that so you might be at once disgusted and turned from them for ever? No, you have not observed their attempts; neither does old age observe its gradual stooping to decrepitude, nor one's own eye detect the encroach of wrinkles on one's own face; but ask your heart—call to mind the unsound doctrines you have this night uttered, and answer me, now that I become your standard and your mirror, hath not your soul shrunk

from its former uprightness of stature, and its face become foul with wrinkles? And if so soon this premature decay is visible, what must you not fear for yourself, when—oh, I have no patience to speak it! For I—I know them well; through a long life of zealous ministry, I know them well; I tell you, Robert Evelyn, that you cannot imagine the refined arts with which they ensnare; to make a proselyte is their worldly, and, according to their superstitious cant, their spiritual object; ruled as they are by their priests, their wanton women never lose sight of it; and hence is their effort, every day, to secure a protestant husband, that they may be raised from content and obscurity, to rank and importance in the land, and that they may add, at once, a respectable name to papistry, in this world, and by virtue of the act, insure for themselves a seat in the next. These are the promptings given, and the promises held out by their priests—ask the woman who has undone you, and let her answer whether or no she has not been so tutored, and does not so purpose to practise on you.”

“I shall certainly never ask a question, Mr.

Walker, so derogatory to my confidence in the woman I would make my wife, and to her claims on that confidence."

"Would you stoop, too, to wive with one of the degraded of the land? with your own bondswoman? Nay," he continued rapidly, stopping Evelyn's attempt to speak, "let me ask you, if my worst fears are true? I have met you here in the company of one of the most noted enemies—though a stripling, like yourself—of the faith in Ireland—he has a sister, can it be that woman?"

"Sir," replied Evelyn, distantly, "the lady is Miss M'Donnell, the daughter of an ancient and honorable family, though lately reduced by oppression—"

"By the strong and righteous arm of the law to beggary! I know them well—rebels they have been—beggars they are—and now, again, the foremost, under guidance of that old inveterate plotter, Antrim, to head the very massacre which surely threatens us all; that so, by rebellion and blood, they may regain what they have so justly forfeited!"

"Absurdity, sir; absurdity and bigotry."

“ Misguided young man ! use not—dare not to use to me these ill-weighed words ; I can prove to you what I aver—I can prove, on the testimony of all the protestant gentlemen of the north—their well-grounded fears and wise preparations forming that testimony—that we are this moment surrounded by a plot to cut our throats as we sleep in our beds ; that the recent levy of a new and overpowering army of papists is made in such a view, while every kerne in Ireland goes armed, at the advice of their priests, also waiting the yet unknown day. You have noticed their arming ? ”

“ That, indeed, I have witnessed with surprise, sir.”

“ I cry to you, therefore, beware ! look how you form a connexion which must be entered into with you, either for the purpose of involving you, as a proselyte, in the general conspiracy, or else—how shall I utter it ! or else, should you prove obstinate, of securing you its easy victim ; look to yourself, I say ! look to the natural results in their great rising ; when, to gain you over, they must necessarily impart some of their secrets ; when you, as a protes-

tant, not entirely fallen, will gainsay them—blind and unthinking youth! can you doubt the result? Can you doubt that their Irish skeins will be at your throat in a moment, to guard their own projects by effectually silencing you?”

“If, indeed, there is such strong assurance of this inhuman conspiracy, sir,” Evelyn began, at last something wrought upon—

“If!” interrupted Mr. Walker, “look at this paper, addressed to you, and which forms the business of our present conference; see it signed by every protestant name around you, known as respectable; see, that, setting out with a statement of their apprehension of a popish massacre, they proceed to advise you of their plan of a counter-association, for the guarding of their lives and properties, and then solicit you, as a man of rank and place in the country, to join them in their endeavour. Can you, as a protestant gentleman—as the worthy son of my old friend, refuse?”

“I shall not refuse, Mr. Walker, to unite in any precaution, which, supposing the actual existence of a design against us, such as you seem so sure of, the first principle of nature makes

imperative; for the rest, I am guided by my own judgment."

"I require no further resolve, at present; but, here," producing pen and ink, write your assent to this invitation at the bottom of the paper." Evelyn did so. "Keep the document, now, for your own satisfaction, and perhaps, as a salutary memento, and favour me with a copy of your answer, to be presented, as common courtesy requires, to those who have addressed you."

Evelyn also complied with this reasonable request. "But, Mr. Walker," he resumed, "forget not that I reserve to myself the right of judging when I shall be truly called on to fulfil this engagement."

"I said before we must swim with the current of the times. It may be that, until the deliverer of England lands on her shores, the cruel papists of this country will not rise up against us; if, at that time they do so, however, King James must, of course, be their watch-word, and William, Prince of Orange, the professed object of their bloody warfare, while on us they really vent their hereditary hatred, and sectarian fury."

“ And am I to infer, sir, that, under such circumstances, my engaging in this association, is to amount to open warfare against King James; as well as protection of my own life and property?”

“ I have not said that the visit of William is for the purpose of dethroning James; listen to me. You are now worthy of the confidence I before alluded to, and you shall have it. I spoke of a great man, a light of the reformed faith, and a zealous labourer for our blessed constitution, who during some time has condescended to regard me as an available fellow servant in the righteous cause, and so advised me, authentically, of the progress of events.”

“ You mean Doctor Burnet, sir, who since the commencement of the present reign, has been on the continent, mostly at William’s court?”

“ The same; and on his information, joined to my own notice of the times, I proceed to lay this matter fully before you. William has, since his youth, been well regarded by England, because, since his youth it has been his unceasing policy to check the power and dim the eclat of her

great rival, France, by arraying against that haughty and innovating nation, the Emperor, Spain, his own and the neighbouring states, and, if possible, Great Britain."

"And I suspect, Mr. Walker, that as one of the best means of completing the coalition, in the last-named instance, it has rather been his policy, too, from an early age, to fix his eye on no less an object than the crown of Great Britain. I believe his early marriage, during Charles's lifetime, with the heiress apparent, might have happened in this view; certainly, the only piece of seeming enthusiasm that even his frigid and sullen youth exhibited, was when Sir William Temple came, after the prince had remained a long time in uncertainty, to communicate the final assent of Charles and the then duke, to his marriage with the lady Mary; starting up, and shewing a triumph that so cold a man could never feel on the securing of a wife, but which an ambitious and profound politician might well be surprised into, at the almost unexpected achieving of a deep-laid project, he caught the minister in his arms, and said he had made him the happiest man in the world."

“ Mayhap,” resumed Walker, “ I too suspect that the Lord so disposed his heart, even at that early period, for our good and deliverance. About the time that the exclusion bill was moved, in Charles’s parliament, against the duke, his views were, however, less doubtfully indicated to the Godly Burnet; for, some time after that event, as my memory serves, the great doctor advised me that, under the especial help of Providence, he had been enabled to receive the prince’s hints of a determination to support, even against the bigotry of a father-in-law, and as far as in him lay, the protestants of England; certainly, so soon as James proposed to dispense with the tests, and had written to his daughter, and son-in-law for their assent, the Lord’s servant, having first approved of the letter that contained their denial, obtained from William the first unequivocal admission of his views, by means of a previous conference with the princess, in which he convinced her zeal and natural affections, that it was her chief duty to protect her religion, and attend, forgetful of any other relation, to the interests of her husband

—nay, do her best to impress these interests on his mind.”

“ Good God, Mr. Walker!—you talk of jesuits and of jesuitical proceedings—you talk of Petre influencing James’s queen, and through her, James’s councils; but what say you to your own jesuit, Burnet, at the Hague, thus, by his and your admissions, instigating the daughter to dethrone, and—it may be—murder her father?”

“ Again I remind you there is no warrant for assuming that the actual dethroning of James is intended; indeed, I can almost convince you. Though it is true that the persecuted bishops secretly addressed him from the Tower, and, at the same time, other eminent persons, it was not till after the fictitious birth of a Prince of Wales—”

“ Aye, sir,” interrupted Evelyn, “ that real and not fictitious birth was, I believe, the true cause why we first began to conspire against our sovereign; then indeed it happened, when the Prince of Orange seemed suddenly, though lawfully deprived of his apparent inheritance, that pressing solicitations were forwarded to the Hague,

and ready promises given to them; and I am utterly surprised at you, Mr. Walker, to speak of, as an imposition, a real event, that, during my late short residence in London, has been fully established, by the most open and direct testimony, to the satisfaction of all honest men, and the shame of those who, on such a question, could cruelly insult the tenderest and most sacred feelings of their sovereign."

"Well;—it is only my business to quiet what you consider conscientious scruples on another subject. Before the matter spoken of, my Lord Wharton—"

"A man in his dotage," observed Evelyn.

"The bishop of London—"

"Because under suspension."

"My lord of Devonshire—"

"Because he had been fined for striking Col. Culpepper."

"The Lady Sunderland, a woman of subtle wit and admirable address—"

"And indebted, through her husband, for her very title to King James—"

"With the bishops, and some others, first addressed the prince; but to them he only answered, that if invited by some of the best interest of

the land, he rather believed he could be ready by the end of September."

"This, sir, was but caution."

"His next answer meets your scruples. Other noblemen and gentlemen, such as the earls of Danby and Shrewsbury, admirals Russel and Herbert, Mr. Henry Sichey, James's own ambassador in Holland, having afterwards appeared; the prince answered, after sedate consideration, that he must satisfy both his honor and conscience before he could enter on so great a design; and protested that no private ambition, nor particular resentment, could prevail upon him to make a breach with so near a relation; therefore—he expected more formidable invitations."

"Admirable prudence!—well he knew how to drive a safe bargain with impatient customers; and doubtless, sir, after the unlooked for birth of a new heir, those more 'formidable invitations' came, and convinced him."

"Doubtless," answered Mr. Walker, "still assisted by the great doctor's discourses with the princess, and her discourses with the prince, and all directed and prompted by a good and merciful Providence."

“ Then I am to give much credit, I suppose, to William’s state assertions, Mr. Walker, when I find him sending over his crafty Zuylesten with congratulations to James on the birth of the Prince of Wales, after yielding to the suit of your friends, chiefly on the ground of that birth being an imposition; and when I also know, and you cannot deny, that the real embassy of Zuylesten was to collect information for the prince’s use—”

“ Yes,” interrupted Walker—“ and that faithful servant most assuredly brought back such accounts as fixed the prince in his purpose. All this is but the workings of prudence, and does not impugn the truth of his declarations, repeatedly made, that he has no object but to redress the people; no view of personal aggrandizement. Nay, by my last advices, this day come to hand, the prince having already taken leave of the States previous to embarkation—”

“ Heavens!” cried Evelyn—“ the tempest so very near!”

“ He,” continued Walker, “ in his very parting address to them, solemnly takes God to witness that he comes to England with no other

intentions than those set out in his declarations; he does not know, indeed"—(referring to a letter)—“how the Divine wisdom may dispose him; but to Providence he commits himself: from all which you may reasonably conclude, that by entering into an engagement to protect your life and property against the exterminating papists, you do not, at the same time, necessarily form any present league against King James. And now, good night; let me take your hand; the hand of the son of my old friend;—farewell—and”—the clergyman added, speaking earnestly but calmly—“touching the other matter undecided betwixt us, I offer this—I offer to attend your nuptials—to officiate in them—for, protestant as you are, you will require the ministry of your own clergyman—and to bless them, too, should there appear no good reason why they shall be interrupted—you permit me to attend?”

“I invite you, sir, willingly and thankfully.”

“And will warn me of the day and place, punctually?”

Evelyn promised.

“Farewell then;” and he at length left the room.

“ And so,” thought Evelyn, as he tried to compose himself to sleep, “ by rival priests and churches militant, these countries are once more to be convulsed to the centre; there is Petre, the jesuit, at St. James’s, and Burnet, the jesuit, at the Hague; and after years of patient plotting and prompting they have at last succeeded in embroiling the whole world, just that some good battles may be fought to decide which shall be archbishop of Canterbury; and there is William, too, as good a jesuit as either, I promise them, though not in orders; and lest we should lack zeal to be made fools and madmen of, in Ireland, here we have an O’Haggerty and a Walker;—the same farce, this christian world over; the same men to kindle the same social, nay, domestic dissensions; to arm the child against the parent; the true heart against the true heart—Good God!” he added with a sigh—“ shall the world ever grow old enough to limit priests to the inculcation of a peace-making creed, and let honest men—nay, even the knaves out of orders, mind their own business, and fight their own quarrels?”

CHAPTER XII.

THE young men met, next morning, with a mutual consciousness, and some embarrassment, growing out of the separate conversations between them and the two clergymen on the night before. There was, too, for the first time, that restraint in their manner towards one another, which ever accompanies the retrenching of confidence between old friends; for Evelyn and M'Donnell had resolved not to impart, at least till circumstances demanded it, the political engagements both had bound themselves conditionally to perform. So Edmund kept his commission quietly in his pocket, and Evelyn as secretly kept the address from his northern friends, with his own assent attached thereto, in his pocket, also; each thus practising a disingenuousness for which he could readily find arguments to excuse himself, but

of which he should have been much more than jealous in the person of his friend.

At an early hour they mounted their horses, and, with Oliver, left Carrickfergus. The weather still continued stormy; nor had they ridden far northward, until a heavy shower came on. All immediately called to mind the absurd promise of the Rapparee, and Edmund remarked—

“Here is the shower Rory-na-Choppel promised us, but where is the colt?”

“Unless it rained horses, I have not much opinion of that prophecy,” said Evelyn, “but, in the name of wonder, M'Donnell, what's the matter with the colt you ride?”

The rain continued to pour down so violently, that men and beasts were completely drenched.

“Why, what can be the matter with him, Evelyn? He keeps his temper and his paces well.”

“But look if he be not changing from black to chestnut, as the water runs down his sides and neck!” resumed Evelyn, “and now a white speck comes out on his breast, and a white star on his forehead.”

“Do they so?” asked M'Donnell, flinging himself from the saddle; then, after examining the animal for a still more peculiar mark—“by the blessed saints, the Rapparee hath promised fair! this is my own colt, Pawdrick.”

The party looked at each other for a moment, and then burst into a loud laugh.

“His make struck me at the first glance,” continued Edmund, “but what honest man could suspect the cheat, and he in this new suit, and his tail cut short? The rascal Tory!—the hanged and unharmed rascal!—I have purchased my own horse from one of his receivers—I see it all now: and I have heard of the very tricks before; one of the many which it is well known the villain uses to baffle immediate pursuit and detection: some bog-weed, boiled, supplies him with this temporary dying-stuff: but if I do not be even with him yet—if I do not get his own face changed black, and, under Providence, with more lasting effect than his practices on my colt, or than the gallows had on it, the last time, let him whisper you away from Glenarriff again, Pawdrick, and turn you white, for novelty.”

“ ’Tis an amusing villainy,” said Evelyn.

“ Yes, I grant you, to all but the twice-cheated ; but come,” Edmund added, vaulting into his saddle, “ let us for the present think of it only for a jest ;—home, Pawdrick, home !—good deeds under your true colours ; Glenariff’s shelving sward, and knee-deep clover are before you, and love and lady-smiles before your master—move, truant, move !” and dashing spurs into Pawdrick he led on the party at a gallant rate.

We very blamefully omitted to mention, that, on receipt of Evelyn’s last pressing letter, Esther had been able to prevail on Eva to name a day for making her brother happy : and that the chief clause of Eva’s compliance was a counter concession exacted from Esther, with the help of Edmund, then present, to do the same kindness by her brother, also.

The day thus fixed upon for both ceremonies, was one towards the middle of the next month, November : about three weeks, altogether, from the time of Edmund’s departure to meet his friend in Carrickfergus. Lord Antrim’s lady, the rather celebrated marchioness

of Buckingham, becoming necessarily a confidant on the occasion, politely insisted that the young ladies, each motherless as she was, should accept of her matronage at their nuptials, and also consent to have the double union take place in Antrim castle. The old earl heartily and courteously seconded this arrangement; the maidens, much gratified, assented; and preparations were forthwith commenced, on all sides, to meet, with splendour, mirth, and honor, the expected day.

The earl sent invitations to some of his feal friends and neighbours, such as the Lord Iveah, of Mourne, in the county of Down; O'Hagar, of the county of Londonderry; and O'Dogherty, of Inishowen; not careless, perhaps, of thus creating an opportunity for getting them together under his roof; but the first invitation was necessarily sent to his cousin, Randall M'Donnell, of Glenarriff; to Daniel M'Donnell, of Layd; and to several other M'Donnells, all cousins, and near at hand. His lady did not fail to take like measures for collecting a goodly company of fair dames and gentle damsels; having first forwarded, at Est-

her's instance, and inclosed in a dutiful letter of Esther's own, a very kind and pressing request for the presence of Mrs. Evelyn, of Derry city.

Two suites of rooms were selected for the two young couple, and workmen, the best that could be had from Dublin, set to work at them as soon as possible. The old chapel of the castle was also taken in hand, with a view to its being newly fitted up and adorned. Then, rich varieties of material for bridal attire came from the metropolis, at the order, long given, of the bridegrooms; and accomplished sempstresses, assisted by the tire-woman of the countess, and, as well as they knew how, by those in attendance on the young ladies themselves, fastened upon it with all despatch.

The maidens, too, occasionally sat down among their women and their finery, and helped to forward the adornments for their bridal day; each, indeed, only kindly attending to the other's dress. Or they strolled, arm in arm, about the house, carefully avoiding that wing in which the workmen were engaged; or, when, half venturous, they found themselves too near it,

skipping, like startled fawns, from the sound of a heavy footstep, or the sudden opening of a door. At night, indeed, when the men had retired, and that "the clink of hammer" no longer kept their little hearts jumping and fluttering to every knock, they sometimes hazarded a peep into those awful rooms, and, still arm in arm, glided about them, on tiptoe, with a lamp and faces held up, in timid inquiry, to every new improvement that had just been completed, or was in progress. They explored each other's destined ante-room, sitting-room, nay, bridal chamber; never having courage, however, to bestow more than one glance at a time on the progressive furnishing of that terrible apartment. And thus they spent their time, morning, noon, and night, until the arrival of M'Donnell and Evelyn; speaking very little to each other, but looking a great deal, and sighing the quick, faint sighs that will every moment flutter up, like birds, from young hearts choke-full of happiness. Often, when their glances met, tears suffused their eyes, and they would gently steal their arms around each other, and softly press against each other; or, was it in the night-

time, they might be seen, after placing their lamp in a favorable point, half reclining, in their light and snowy drapery, on a sofa, or a pile of cushions, arms still entwined, eyes still wandering about, or meeting, and a silence, too delicious to be broken, still observed.

But, upon the morning of the arrival of their lovers, they had, at length, a long conversation.

“ I do not wonder to see you agitated, dearest sister,” said Eva, “ for I am so myself; nor dejected either, were it only a little; for I, too, feel a strange inclination to weep, now and then, I know not why or wherefore;—but you are more melancholy than the occasion calls for; distressed, I fear, with something else.”

“ With something else, indeed, dear Eva,—yet something that has to do with the occasion.”

“ Your aunt’s unnatural conduct, heretofore?—and your fears that she will not accept the present invitation?”

“ No; I must own I do not love my aunt enough to afflict myself with her whims, tho’, doubtless, I should have felt less an orphan, less abandoned, had she staid by my side, or if she will now act by me as a mother.”

“And I should, indeed, have recollected, that you have before told me as much, and that your deep thought, and melancholy, and secret tears, which I so often surprise you in, must have therefore come from another source. What is that other?”

“Dear Eva, you must not ask me.”

“No?—then I shall not, Esther.”

“Now I see you are offended with me, but you should not be. I have been bound, under terrible threats, never to disclose the cause of my—my fears, my childish fears, after all; for every thing goes on so as to prove them vain; a very short time must decide all; and, doubtless, decide for their eternal removal.”

Eva paused a moment; then looking at Esther—“Onagh of the cavern has been frightening you,” she said.

“Yes, yes!”—cried Esther, weeping plentifully.

“Dear, weak Esther, can it be possible, that after some years’ advance in matured reason, and after all our discourse about that woman, you still suffer her to dwell a moment in your thought?”

“ Oh, Eva, there is cause why I should.”

“ You mean the silly words she spoke to you in the little glen?”

“ No—worse, much worse than that.”

“ You have seen her since, then?”

“ Alas, alas! I have.”

“ Lately? and where?”

“ Lately—but that was not the occasion that distresses me,—dear Eva, ask me no more—I dare not speak openly to you—long, long, the horrid knowledge has been with me—long, long, have I wished to tell you of it, and ask your counsel, and listen to your disproving arguments; but I durst not.”

“ Has the wretched creature pledged you to secrecy?”

“ Not exactly so; but her denouncement on me if I divulged the secret, particularly to you, are shocking.”

Eva laughed. “ Come, come, dearest Esther, there is one on the road by this time shall make a false prophet of Mrs. Onagh—you see I can divine at least the nature of her mummery: shame upon you, Esther, to admit, at a womanly age, the existence of such weakness

in your mind ; and shame again upon you in my brother's name, to weigh the words of an impostor or a mad woman against his true love. So, even without the tie of an extorted promise, you will refuse me the opportunity to laugh at this new conceit, whatever it is, merely because the wise woman of Cushindoll has threatened to bewitch you, perhaps? Be it so ; but were I in your place, and you in mine, asking this favor, I would give her charms and her broomstick, and her familiar and her fiddlestick, to the four winds of heaven, as so many feathers, rather than let you sit one instant unanswered."

"I will take heart to tell you then—and I am sure I ought, Eva, and that all is, as you say, childishness ; indeed, altho' it happened before our removal from the seashore to Lough Neagh, I was able of my own accord, by prayer, and a calm survey of my mind, to almost forget it, until yesternight, when the voice of Onagh sounded at my chamber window, just as I lay down in bed, whispering strangely—' The bridal robe is nearly made—but so is the shroud, tho' not so nearly—still, forget not All Saints' eve, the last but one.' "

“ Foolish woman!—she now grows too bold, and I will surely request Edmund to see her made more quiet;—but you are certain she was there at the window? It could not have been a dream?

“ I think not; tho', heaven knows, often and often have her face and figure made my sleep horrible, Eva;—oh, I have had her sitting on my bed, at night, and on my breast, and others with her, until the vision was worse than reality, and its continuance almost wore away my heart!”

“ That was your own fault, Esther; not hers;—but—‘ still remember All Saints' eve,’ she said, or you dreamt she said—what could she mean by that?—let me see;—All Saints' eve, the last but one, you were too ill and feverish to leave your room, and Onagh did not surely approach the house.”

“ Ill and feverish I indeed was, Esther, and on account, too,—added to my weak state, I suppose,—of the story you told me of another All Saints' eve: nor did Onagh come to the house; and yet I saw her.”

“ I cannot understand that.”

“ Listen, then. I retired, as you say, to my own room, because my mind and body were so troubled I could not bear the company even of those I loved so well; I retired to my room, but did not keep my room.”

“ How, Esther !”

“ Indeed, I think my mind must have failed me altogether to do what I did; it was unnatural courage, I am sure; for never, before or since, came a moment of my life equal to the attempt, but that one; and you may remember, I was obliged to keep my bed, next day, and I talked lightly, did I not ?”

“ I indeed remember that you had then an illness severe and alarming, though of short continuance. But go on. You left your room— why ?”

“ There I sat, Esther, alone in the shivering moonlight, for I grew so strange, even to myself, that I could not bear my lamp; there I sat alone, thinking of Onagh’s prophecy, of all you told me, and all I saw her do at the cavern, as we passed her by, and what she said to me in the little glen; and I was conscious too what night it was; an anniversary of the awful one

when, while I was such a distance away from her, that terrible woman spanned my fortunes ; and a recurrence of the night, happen when it will, on which a knowledge of the future comes, from good or evil, or for good or evil to the earth ; these were my thoughts, then, and I could not check them. I believe I did not even strive to check them ; but, whether or no, they took such possession of me, that, as I listened to the boom of the sea, or to the whistling of the wind through the trees at the back of the house, I thought the sounds became voices, all echoing what Onagh had told me ; and as I looked out into the light and shadow of the moon, upon the broad hills so near me, your brother's figure, Eva, seemed, over and over, to flit by my window, until at last I started up and could have screamed—I know not why, for, strange to say, it was not fear I felt.

“ At last came a desperate thought. It broke upon my distracted mind to seek Onagh that very night in her cavern, and challenge her to work me a charm. Scarce was this frenzy formed, when, gliding through a back door, I found myself, badly protected from the howling winds,

on the road to her cavern. The distance, you have told me, is about a mile. I know not how soon or how long I might have been going ; but I well remember rushing into the blank mouth of her cavern-house, and, when at some distance in its recesses, I saw a red light—stopping suddenly—

“ ‘ A hundred thousand welcomes,’ I then heard her say, the voice reaching me through utter darkness, ‘ we were expecting you—come in.’ Eva, still I was not frightened ; I did advance into the cave.

“ And, gracious God ! what a sight there met my eyes !—Onagh’s back was to me as I tottered on ; and, the light glaring at her face, I could perceive she sat on her heels, and stooped forward her head and body, as if watching something on the ground. A turn in the cave, as I still advanced, shewed me the figure of a very aged and exceedingly small woman, sitting opposite to her, and also bent, and looking downward ; at another step, my eye followed theirs, and fell upon the corpse of a second crone, stretched out upon the damp and earthen floor, one large stone on her breast, another on her knees, and

a piece of flaming wood in her hand. Even yet, Eva, I felt no terror ; I only wondered.

“ ‘ She ’s wakin’ hersef,’ said Onagh, with a laugh, and not raising her head to me.

“ ‘ Who is she ?’ I asked.

“ ‘ I know no more than you,’ Onagh answered, rocking her bent body and head to and fro, while her chin touched her knees, and her hands were clasped across her legs ; ‘ no ; nor no more than the child unborn ; only, here I found her, with the other, before you, this All Saints’ eve come seven years ; and my time was just up with them, and an hour to spare, when we got her, stark and stiff, down in the end of the place ; and crippled too ; though she lies out so straight, there, with the help of the two stones that keep her like a christian corpse. Isn’t that it, gran’-aunt ?’ again laughing, and addressing the old woman opposite to her. ‘ I call her gran’-aunt, you see, and her that ’s gone I used to call granny, and no other names had I for them ; you don’t know how I found them out here—I’ll tell you, then. The early blight came on me, as early as it will come on yourself, and I was restless, and didn’t know what to do

when, one night, I found an apron, that had been thieved from me long before, lying on the floor as I got into bed; but it was all knotted and twisted, and I guessed by what hands. I opened one knot, and then another, and another; and, for every one I opened, there came a face round my bed, and at last the faces of the two of this house. Next morning I left my mother's home, and met the first face I saw the night before, and she led me a bit of the road; and then the next, and she gave me a second help; and so on, until, day and night, I walked from the south to the north, and the last friend parted me abroad at the open door you came in by, and here I found the one that lies stretched there, and the other, before you, and a hearty welcome from the both.'

“ ‘Up, Onagh!’—I said, ‘and work me a charm;—a true one;—a sure one;—one that will make me sure for ever of what you have told me.’

“ ‘Go with her, gran'-aunt,’ she said, ‘farther up, into the dark; take this rape-seed,’ giving me some—‘repeat after me the words you will hear me say, and drop the rape-seed as you repeat them; that will do; for I can't leave the corpse 'till the cock crows.’

“The aged pigmy got on her feet—in height she was not more than a child—and hobbled into the dark recesses of the cave, I following her. When we had almost entirely proceeded beyond the influence of the light, she stopt, and Onagh screamed out, far behind us—‘Are ye there?’

“‘Say the words,’ answered my companion: and Onagh repeated, as well as I can recollect, the following lines:—

‘ Rape-seed I sow, rape-seed I sow,
Come from above, or come from below,
Come far, come near,
Shew me my sweet-heart, shew me my dear—
Shew him as he will be to me,
A blessing, or a misery.’

“Eva—I know I was disturbed in mind—I know, too, that just as I had ended my repetition of the lines, I grew afraid for the first time—and all this might have deceived me—but, be that as it may, never in my life before did the face and figure of Edmund pass plainer before me, than—even in the dark, at that horrible moment—but his face was pale and his figure wasted—and after he passed, there was another

motion in the dark, as if he would cross the cavern again; but when I again looked, my eyes met—instead of him—Death, Eva, Death!”—

“What do you mean?” asked Eva.

“Death, I say!—the grinning head and the skeleton frame of Death!—and it wore, on the front, a bridal chaplet.”

“Absurdity, dearest girl!—you have, yourself, fully accounted for the mockery—and why should I argue with you?—the previous state of your mind—your diseased body—your terrors—your prejudices—every thing joined to distract and impose upon you.”

“That may be—nay, I am sure it was so—but so real and so dreadful was the impression of the moment, that I screamed and swooned away. When I revived, I found myself in the open air, within sight of our cottage, Onagh standing over me—I screamed, again, when I saw her; and—

“‘Now,’ she said, ‘you look as if you were satisfied; and be so;—for never can he wive with you.’

“‘Why must this be!’ I cried, wildly—‘and why should you, terrible woman, be his fate and mine?’

“ ‘Hearken to me,’ she replied, looking less inane, and more intelligent and stern than I had before seen her—‘ I have doomed him—and others too—on earth and in heaven—never to taste the sweets of a woman’s love ; was there no doom in it, he should not ;—I, alone, a woman, and a weak and friendless one, would hinder him.’

“ ‘Wherefore?’ I still asked, fiercely, I believe.

“ ‘—Nor if he had twenty brothers should one of them escape the same fortune,’ she continued, ‘ he had one brother who did escape it—but he is gone.’ ”

“ Ha!” Eva said, startled, but not enough affected, in appearance, to attract Esther’s notice, who continued.

“ ‘Yonder,’ Onagh added, ‘ is your happy house ; speed to it, and have your time of happiness’ — then all at once relapsing into her usual manner, she added, slowly, ‘ If you betray what I have last said, to him or his sister, such faces shall watch your sleeping—such curses shall attend your pilgrimage on earth, as will make you dearly rue the treachery—the bless-

ing of this good All Saints' night be with you'—and she left me. I returned home and secretly gained my sleeping chamber."

"Well?" said Eva, quite recovered from her own late agitation, as she smiled and looked at Esther, as if to hear more—"well, pretty sister, and is this all?—tut, tut; the woman either is knave enough to frighten you for the purpose of extorting money, or fool enough for any piece of nonsense; and this is really the terrible secret that has weighed you down so long, and the terrible prophecy that is to turn your true-love sweets into bitterness?—Come, come;—I know a man can cure these pretty fancies; and, Esther, in some half score years, after a certain day of the coming month, I shall know a something of a matron lady, who, with half a dozen young M'Donnells around her, will join me in laughing at them."

"Fie, Eva M'Donnell," said Esther, smiling as if she wholly forgot her terrors, and blushing, too, as if there were any shame or scandal in the prospect her friend held out to her, or even in the steps to be taken for attaining it.

"By the way, Esther," Eva continued, wish-

ing to keep as clear as possible of the old topic—"will you let me ask you a strange, and yet, perchance, not an improper question?"

"It cannot be improper from Eva—ask it:"

Eva took the leave granted, and their conversation continued on a subject much more likely to influence Esther's future happiness than could the extravagant one they had just ended: though as Eva premised, it had rather a strange opening.

"I do not know how to begin, Esther," said Eva, in her turn, blushing deeply—"but we are to become wives, you know; and wives become mothers; and so, when we shall be such, if, indeed, the blessing of God attends our change of estate—in that case, have you ever thought how you should arrange the question of religious difference between yourself and Edmund?"

"How do you mean?" Esther asked, not looking off the floor.

"In what creed should you wish your children to be brought up? that's the plain question."

"In my own, to be sure, Eva," said Esther,

very naturally expressing the first idea she had ever formed on the subject.

“ Well, I cannot blame you; but you must recollect that your husband will have a wish, too.”

“ And so he will, indeed,” she said, a little embarrassed.

“ Here, then, is a difference at once; the difference I supposed all along; have you ever thought of any way of getting over it?”

“ I know of none, unless”—she paused.

“ Unless Edmund yields to your wish, implicitly?”

“ Yes, indeed, Eva.”

“ Suppose he should entertain the same hopes of your good nature and liberality?”

“ Then I shall be truly at a loss what to do; but, indeed, Eva, I could never bear to see a child of mine go to the mass-house.”

“ Esther! you forget you speak to me,” said Eva, a little coldly and haughtily.

“ I did, perhaps, forget, that in speaking to you, I addressed a Roman Catholic,” resumed Esther, piqued on the only point in which she was susceptible; “ yet I have but honestly ex-

pressed what I feel, Eva, though the manner was unguarded and abrupt."

"The mass-house is not the pest-house, Esther, to require being mentioned so abhorringly; nor need the religion of your betrothed husband call for such contempt at your hands."

"After all, Eva, I wish he was of my own religion."

"Do you make it an objection to your union with him?" Eva inquired, very pointedly.

"Do you mean to threaten me by that question, and particularly by that look, Eva?"

"Esther Evelyn, I am above meanness of any kind; least of all, the meanness of influencing by threat a free will; this only I have to say; that if your brother held to me, on my own account, the language you here speak of my brother, I would—sincerely and dearly as I love him—tear him at once from my heart, and try to forget him for ever."

"And I, Eva M'Donnell, can easily interpret what you say, as it applies to the present case, and perhaps have my own independent notions on the matter. But you have asked me questions all along; allow me a few, in turn;—you, too, are about to be wedded to a

man who differs from you in religion; what is your own resolve—I know you have formed one—to meet the strange case you were pleased to suppose for me?”

“I answer, honorably; this is my resolve; I would strive, by all means in my power, and, of course, only by all permitted to a maiden of gentle blood—to bring my husband’s mind to look so toleratingly—I will say, justly—on the tenets and spirit of my holy faith, that he should feel—under the permission of Providence—no such horror, as you have expressed, in allowing me the religious guidance of my children.”

“That is to say, you would strive to—to convert him,” said Esther, suppressing a phrase she knew would be offensive, and using one she also knew Eva preferred.

“And if I did, it were but my duty,” replied Eva.

“Indeed!” cried Esther; “this is new information, Eva M’Donnell;” then after a pause—“I take it as granted you now speak the general sentiments of all of your persuasion; and if so, what am I to expect in a situation where authority can enforce zeal?”

“Again I warn you, Esther, that unless you

mean by these reflections, to object to a union with Edmund M'Donnell, they are uselessly—idly said; the avowals I make, are, indeed, rather new between us; and perhaps for a reason. When we met first, the times were tranquil; the enemies of my religion seemed willing to allow it rest, and to tolerate it, at least, in the interchanges of society; now the spirit of exclusion—nay, of extermination, is busy again; we are again marked out and proscribed; and, it may be, I was disposed, under such a change, to ascertain the prospect of domestic happiness to be hoped for by my brother, in the tone of mind, on religious subjects, entertained by his affianced lady.”

“And I, too, mayhap,” said Esther, “felt inclined to look for some lights on this subject, when I knew—as I know now—that my religion, and not yours, was, and is that marked out for destruction, in the coming tumult which threatens us all.”

“Bigotry,” said Miss M'Donnell.

“And bigotry, too,” said Miss Evelyn, “to accuse the creed I profess—and that Robert Evelyn also professes—of any cruel intentions,

—nay, of any unfair disturbing of domestic happiness. Let your own religion, Eva, teach you to forget the submission of a wife; mine shall never teach me the same doctrine.”

“ Yet, this moment, you wished Edmund a protestant?”

“ And wish it still.”

“ Then would you not strive to gain your wish?”

“ By all fair and christian means, assuredly.”

“ What!” cried Eva, alarmed in her turn, “ try to change him? My brother ought to know this.”

“ Tell him, then; only let me have the same freedom to speak to my brother.”

“ Take it,” said Eva, rising. A hunting horn sounded cheerily at a distance, calling out the echoes of the surrounding hills—“ and here,” she continued, running to a window that commanded, for more than the distance of a mile, the road that swept down the mountain to Glenarm castle; “ here both should be, to give us timely opportunity; that was Edmund’s wonted signal of approach homeward; and yonder, indeed, four horsemen spur down the

hill-road, two of them much a-head of the others."

"My brother! my dear brother!" exclaimed Esther, gaining the window, also, and clasping her hands; "and Edmund—dear, dear Edmund!" the last words escaped her heart, in despite of the pettishness of the previous moment; and, "oh, Eva"—giving vent to the master feeling thus betrayed—"he is my only life, after all!"—They embraced.

"And think you, Esther, I behold, without a swelling-up of woman's utmost tenderness, the return, after such an absence, of Robert Evelyn?—We have been but idly vexing each other;" they kissed, as sisters do, "and come then, an answer to their signal."

She opened the window; both stood at it, and waved their white kerchiefs, over and over, on the breeze.

"They see us!" resumed Eva, "they doff their hats, and wave them high in return! Let us, dear Esther, end the former simple matter, while they approach; neither of us will use unfair means of persuasion to affect the mode of faith of our husbands; both, meantime, are free

to introduce, in season, plain statements of our own creed, and arguments why we prefer it; and both will also surely listen, calm and unprejudiced, to reasons that may be given us in reply."

"That were but honorable and rational," said Esther; the young ladies thus easily agreeing, because they mutually thought, that according to the plan proposed, they could as easily have every thing their own way.

"And as to the question of offspring, Esther,—beshrew it for a strange one—do you know how some sensible persons have done in a like case?"

"No, Eva; but let me hear—and speedily;" her eyes darted through the window, as she still waved her kerchief.

"Supposing, under the will of God—girls," rejoined Eva, "the mother had care of them; and supposing—boys, the father."

"That is excellent;" said Esther, her looks and occupation still unchanged—"yes; let them have their boys, and we can have our girls."

"Now, shame on us both, Esther," resumed Eva, again joining her friend with her kerchief;

“and heaven pardon us such unmaidenly calculations, and such presumption on the will of Providence—fie! to add the s to the words.”

“It was bold and wicked, indeed,” said Esther.

The horsemen had now come so near, at a gallop, and a dangerous one too, down-hill, as to be fully recognizable; then were salutations renewed with more energy; as they gained the outskirts of the little hamlet of Glenarm, a dozen bag-pipers, heading a newly-raised company of men, screamed out the welcome of Edmund M'Donnell, and of the betrothed husband of Eva M'Donnell; the men joined their shout to the clamour; the travellers darted by them; passed through the hamlet; gained the drawbridge of Glenarm castle, which was over a rapid mountain stream, instead of an artificial fosse; it was lowered; the hollow trampling of their horses sounded on it, as the ladies lost sight of them; then the clattering of hoofs was heard in the yard; and at last they rushed into the saloon occupied by their betrothed maidens. It was, in one respect, a strange meeting. Brothers and sisters looked first at each other;

then lovers and their beloved ; and there was a second's hesitation as to how they were all to commence greetings ; but Edmund ended it by catching Esther in his arms, and in the next instant leading her to Evelyn, who, notwithstanding his long absence, did not shew much disappointment, at being obliged to disengage himself from another lady, and present her to her brother also, ere he could embrace his own orphan sister.

CHAPTER XIII.

“AND whither do you go to-day, M'Donnell?” asked Evelyn of his friend, about a week after his return.

“To Glenarriff,” answered Edmund.

“You have gone thither very often, of late.”

“Not oftener, surely, than my preparations for an approaching event require.”

“What event do you mean?”

“You should surely think I mean but one—my marriage with your sister.” They parted.

Evelyn's brow fell. He had, as his questions imported, been jealous of Edmund's visits to Glenarriff; and an accident helped to confirm and inflame this jealousy. In his friend's absence, he joined, a few days before, a party of huntsmen from Antrim castle: the hunt was a long one; it led them as far as the spacious valley in which Edmund's house stood; Evelyn

rode unperceived to the brow of the chain of hills that commanded it; and below him, on the level ground at the side of the river, he recognized Edmund at the head of a body of men, all armed, as if engaged in putting them through some military exercise. This seemed done in secrecy; but it might not be so; M'Donnell might merely have forgotten to give him his confidence; Evelyn determined to see; and therefore put the question to which he now felt he had received an insincere reply.

He was indignant with Edmund; but he did not perceive that some portion of the discontent that agitated him ought to have been visited on himself: or perhaps he really felt a self-reproach, but unconsciously added it to the weight of his actual jealousy of his young friend. Nor could he distinguish that much of Edmund's alteration of manner—for there was an alteration—sprung from a similar jealousy, on his part, of Evelyn, for which a certain circumstance gave cause.

A few evenings before, Evelyn received in his company a letter which seemed to agitate him as he read it. Glancing inadvertently at

it, M'Donnell saw his own name more than once written by this unknown correspondent. Evelyn put up the letter gravely, and his spirits and manner were chilled for the rest of the evening. Edmund took an opportunity of asking, in jest, if the epistle contained any slander of him. His friend started, and stared at him; and then deliberately added that it did not even mention his name.

It was from Walker, in answer to one Evelyn had written, according to engagement, to inform that gentleman of the day and place appointed for his marriage. Renewing promises to attend, it proceeded to acquaint him of the fact of William having embarked for England; of the veteran army and noble suite that accompanied him; of the certainty of a popish plot to massacre all the protestants in Ireland, early in December; with the still more appalling intelligence that Edmund M'Donnell was pledged to take a conspicuous part in it.

By the same hand came a letter from Mrs. Evelyn to Esther, rather uncourteously declining the invitation to grace and bless her nuptials, and filled with repetitions of the cer-

tain intelligence of a general massacre, in which, according to Mrs. Evelyn also, young M'Donnell, and his old rebel father, were to do horrid things. This epistle terrified and afflicted Esther, more than any former effort of her aunt; Eva, surprising her in tears, got the letter to read: and out blazed Eva, and away she swept to place the insulting document before her betrothed lord; not in reproach, indeed, but fully anticipating his equal wrath and detestation of the writer. When Evelyn understood the case, however, she was startled, and shocked by a coldness of observation upon it, which she could not have expected, and which kindled up new and battling sensations in her bosom; and back she swept again to Esther, returned the letter, and retired to her own chamber.

It was now known to all, that the prince of Orange had embarked from Holland with a fair wind; but about the time when he might be expected to land, the fair wind changed into a foul one; storms arose; despatches from England to Ireland were, by the same changes, obstructed, and every one paused in silence to

await the final event. Evelyn found himself particularly obliged to suspend all remark; and this increased his discontent and jealousy. No one spoke to him on the matter, and he would speak to no one; but he saw, with bitter feelings, the Earl of Antrim, Lord Iveah, and other guests,—who, anticipating the marriage, seemed rather to have visited Antrim castle for different purposes than to witness it—get together, with Edmund, in knots, and whisper and look beyond all patience.

But though this state of feeling, amongst the parties most interested, might seem a bad omen of their happy union, yet it did not interfere with the determinations of all to get married on the day appointed. Love scenes, continually occurring, in the mean time, predominated over every other sentiment; and in fact and truth, as mutual distrust had not assumed any certain shape, the young people wished, with their hearts and souls, for the tenth day of November.

And in its own good time, and just as regularly and as slowly as if they had cared nothing about it, the day came at last. It was as black,

and as stormy, and as comfortless too, as if it could have made up its mind to treat them and their raptures with surly contempt. But, notwithstanding its seeming disapproval, all else was brilliant in readiness and attendance upon the happy young people. In vain did it send its ruffian blasts to course round the battlements of the old building, shake its old casements, or even bluster down its old chimneys; within, every voice spoke, or tried to speak, in softest accents; groups of ladies, young and beautiful, only stood at the windows to wonder at its violence; and men, brave and noble, warmed themselves at the blazing hearth it could not extinguish.

At mid-day, the guests were, indeed, all met in the grand withdrawing-room of Antrim castle. The bridegrooms, conscious and simpering, and trying not to be either, sat, from time to time, with the different sets of ladies who had come to witness and envy their happiness; or ventured among the veteran group of their own sex who surrounded Lord Antrim, to hear, and suffer as they might, all that good humour and experience could apply to their case, and

lavish at their expense. The brides were in their chambers, with their bridesmaids, awaiting, in unimaginable palpitations, a summons from the lady of the mansion; who, dividing herself among her guests, glided from party to party, with sparkling eyes, and dimpled mouth, saying, in half whispers, such pretty and appropriate things, as set many a young lady at her best to look grave, while others only blushed, and some laughed, as they ought to do.

The hour was come; every thing was ready; and every person, too, in attendance, except one. The Reverend George Walker had not yet arrived; and as, under the circumstances of the parties, his agency was required to make the ceremonies, even after the ministry of the catholic priest, most satisfactory to all; and particularly as all had expected him; nothing could be entered upon without him. A disagreeable pause, therefore, occurred; unrelieved by the former willingness to wait; and—as there could be no doubt of the gentleman's arrival, although past his time—not even made interesting by the calculations on a disappointment.

Hour after hour thus wore away; the black and tempestuous November night closed in, even prematurely for the time of the year; lights were ordered for the apartment; and still Mr. Walker came not. It was past, much past dinner-hour, too; a banquet, prepared with munificence on the part of the noble hosts, and with great care and labour on the part of his culinary servants, was spoiling; and while the lower regions of the castle were in open mutiny, this consideration, joined with others, made even the noble hostess impatient.

As the lights were brought into the room, a horseman passed the drawbridge.

"'Tis he!" cried Edmund, "I know his dark cloak."

Every one bustled; a loud knocking reverberated through the castle; the doors were flung open; and Friar O'Haggerty entered the apartment.

"I give you joy, my lord of Antrim," he exclaimed, the moment he appeared at the door, and speaking rapidly, and with much excitement, as he walked up the room—"and you, my lord of Iveagh, and you, gentlemen, and,

Edmund M'Donnell, you ; the joy I ask you to give me, for my tidings ;—the invader's fleet has been beat back by the winds of heaven from the shores of England, and obliged to return to Holland, in such a plight, as ends all rebellious hopes for the present."

"Long live King James!" cried Lord Antrim; his friends echoed him; even the ladies joined in the cheer. "But is the news certain?"

"Here are my letters—received but this morning, tho' they should have come to hand many days ago; I need not add from whom they are—but you may depend on them."

"The wind is papist, at last," said the gaunt and grim Lord of Iveah.

"His majesty's very words," resumed the friar, "the moment he heard the news in England."

"And I may now go home and dismiss my shaggy Mourne mountaineers," added Iveah.

"Have a care of that, my lord," said the friar; "the king is still resolved on his former point of privilege; and before my advices left England, had proved his resolution by his acts."

In order to some shew of prudence, when the intentions of the invader were first made certain, his majesty caused to be posted on the gates of Magdalen college, a declaration of his withdrawing of the righteous Farmer, whom he had forced them to accept, as fellow, in place of their own elected minion, Hough; but no sooner came to him the happy news of this providential wreck, than, guided by his good advisers, he had it torn down again—”

“**A**ccurst be his advisers, sir!” interrupted Edmund M'Donnell, who, upon O'Haggerty's first announcement of a hope of peace, had taken Evelyn's hand to congratulate him, and receive his congratulations; and both young men exchanged a hearty shake, until the friar's additional news made them pause to listen, and finally produced Edmund's vehement malediction.

“Amen,” echoed Lord Iveah, “we do not ask such counsels.”

“Do not curse them, whoever they are,” said Lord Antrim; “just call them bad politicians.”

The friar's face reddened, and he was about to make an angry rejoinder, when the Mar-

chioness of Buckingham, entering with an official air at the door, pressed her finger on her lip, in passing him, and walking up to Evelyn, took him aside.

“The brides,” she said, smiling, “do not want this reverend truant, Mr. Walker; I have just visited them; and though I bear you no message or greeting, I will be your warrant that, at my summons, they speedily meet you in the chapel, where old Priest M'Donnell has been shivering these many hours.”

“Then, dear lady, the round world for your summons!—since the reverend gentleman has not been able to keep his word, another time must yield us what satisfaction he can bestow.”

“To the chapel, dames, maidens, and gallants, all!” cried the lady, instantly turning from him to the company, and much delighted, for many reasons. Then she once more bustled gracefully out of the apartment; and bridegrooms and guests, led by Lord Antrim, trooped down to the chapel.

It was a low building, detached from the castle, but accessible, at both sides, near the altar, by doors which were approached, under cover-

ed ways, communicating with the main pile. Through one of these doors, the numerous party from the withdrawing-room entered, a minute after; and, just at the same time, the brides, led by their hostess, and attended by their bridemaids, and some superfluous friends, appeared at the opposite door. The chapel, brilliantly illuminated by large, hanging branches; newly fitted up; and ornamented, near the altar, by festoonings of virgin white, and garlands of mimic flowers, had a character at once joyous and holy. On the altar itself were six tall wax tapers, three at a side, that lent additional lustre to the important and sacred place where vows were about to be exchanged, blessings said, and prayers offered up for the earthly and eternal weal of four young and newly wedded people. Its steps, and the platform they gained, were covered by a crimson foot-cloth, edged with gold; and on the platform sat old Priest M'Donnell, wearing his priest's undress, if it may so be called—namely, the surplice, stole, and alb. His book was on his knee; and he rose, convulsed with palsy, as the company entered his consecrated house.

The only thing that interfered with the solemn and quiet nature of the place, and of the ceremonies to be solemnized in it, was the continued, and, indeed, increased violence of the weather. It blew a very hurricane; and the rain beat with such force upon the roof, and against the windows of the solitary little chapel, as filled its interior with unintermitted and almost alarming sound. Through the low windows, nearly on a level with the ground, abroad, the night seemed raven-black.

Scarce had the brides appeared at the door opposite that through which the bridegrooms and their party entered, when Evelyn, attended by Edmund M'Donnell as his brideman, and by the old Earl of Antrim, to "give him away," advanced to Eva, took her hand, and led her, amid her group of beautiful bridemaids, and while the earl's lady held her other hand, towards the altar. All entered the railed sanctuary; ascended the steps of the altar; stood on the platform; and, in a few moments, Evelyn and Eva M'Donnell—according to the forms of the Roman Catholic church—were married.

In their turn, Edmund, his brideman, and

his old father, advanced to Esther. He took, in his, a cold and shivering hand, and the veil she wore did not hide her raining tears, nor her blanched cheek and ashy lips. Gently, gracefully, and proudly, he led her to the railings of the sanctuary; she stumbled, and had nearly fallen, in the effort to step the single step that elevated it above the floor of the chapel. As she passed close by a side-window, just at the altar, she started—sprung from it, and uttered a low scream. Edmund looked at the window; it was black and blank, and no cause appeared for Esther's terror, though now she shuddered so violently as almost to swoon away. Assisted by her lover, her noble hostess, and her frightened bridemaids, Esther gained, at length, the platform of the altar. The white-headed and palsied old priest again opened his book, and began the second marriage ceremony; a clattering of horse-hoofs was heard without, and he paused. In a moment after, a small door, at the remote end of the building, through which the peasantry around used to enter to mass, was flung open, giving egress to a gust of storm so furious, that it extinguished

nearly all the lights in the chapel ; and with it came in a man, enveloped in an ample riding-cloak, who walked straight up the aisle to the altar, holding an open letter in his hand. As he gained the altar, all recognized the Rev. George Walker.

“ You are late, Mr. Walker,” said Evelyn, who now stood outside the rails.

“ Am I *too* late ?” asked Walker, eagerly.

“ I present you Mrs. Evelyn, sir.”

“ There has been a clergyman of the established church, here ?”

“ No, sir ; you know we expected but you.”

“ All is right, then,” said Walker ; “ it is no marriage.”

“ Insolent !” said Lord Antrim ;—“ proceed in the ceremony, father M'Donnell ;”—just then a servant hastily entered the side door, and approached his lord with a packet.

“ Let him,” resumed Walker ; “ but, first,” holding out the open letter—“ let all try the effect of this—WILLIAM, THE DELIVERER, HAS LANDED !”

The whole company, including those on the altar, and even the old priest with his book, started.

“It is false!” cried the friar.

“By the holy saints, it is true!” exclaimed Antrim—“the usurper landed at Torbay on the 5th. You were late with your first news, reverend friar; and though you make mysteries of your own despatches—read that,” handing him the paper he had himself just perused:—“here, fellow”—to the servant who was retiring—“let my people know this intelligence instantly—despatch horse and man around—care not for the night—and the signals—the beacons!—fire that on the castle’s top, that on the bay’s edge, and that on the brow of Little Deer-Park—let them tell it to Ballygelly Head and the Point of Garron—and they to the Fair-Head and Bengore—and round let it flame to old Dunluce—so that, by the morning’s dawn, all true men may be stirring for their true king and master!—Meantime on with the ceremony, here—though brides and bridegrooms are like to have a flaming nuptial-torch.”

“Proceed, father M’Donnell,” said Edmund.

“Come down, Edmund M’Donnell,” cried O’Haggerty—“dishonor not your name and blood—insult not your holy religion, now in peril—endanger not your life, by taking to your

bosom the stranger, the traitoress, and the heretic—come down from the altar, I say—think only of the cause, which, by virtue of the royal commission you hold—”

“What, Edmund!”—interrupted Evelyn—
“what does this mean?”

“It means,” said Eva, “that my brother is a commissioned officer in the service of his king.”

“It means,” said Walker, “that, as I told you, Evelyn, he is one of those traitors to protestant ascendancy, in church and state, commissioned and sworn to cut your throat, and mine: even let him come down, as his old counsellor advises, and call you your sister, at the same time”—

“Eva!” resumed Evelyn, in much agitation—
—“knew you of such a secret engagement?”

“I did,” she answered—“and if I did?”

“This is disingenuousness—treachery!”—
he exclaimed. “I am betrayed, even at the altar.”

“Treachery!—betrayed, Evelyn!”—Eva repeated, letting go his arm, and stepping back.

“You are,” said Walker, catching his arm—

“ even as I foretold it would be ;—rouse yourself, like a man and a christian, and at last act as becomes you ;—Robert Evelyn,” he continued, in a loud and impressive voice—“ I command you, in the name of your church, and of him who is come as your king, to rescue your father’s daughter from the pollution of a traitor’s arms, and lead her, after me, from this idolatrous roof !—Think of the pledge you have given to me and to your country—the pledge that is registered against you, and that you hold in your keeping—”

“ What pledge does he mean ?” asked Eva.

“ One, which makes him a soldier of the faith, and arms him with a sword against all papists,” replied Walker.

“ One destined to be reddened in our blood,” said O’Haggerty.

“ What, Evelyn !” —Eva went on—“ you talk of, as treacherous, the accepting and holding a lawful commission from a lawful sovereign, and you enter into an unauthorized contract with the deadly foes of that sovereign, and of us all—a contract of God knows what nature—hither, Edmund, hither !”

“ This adds insult to injury—descend, Esther Evelyn, and stand by me,” he exclaimed.

“ Sister, obey your brother’s voice !” cried Walker ; “ and—”

“ Let go her hand, and come down !” echoed the friar.

“ Scandalous men !” said the old priest, from the altar, “ interrupt not the conferring of a sacrament—tear not asunder those whom God is about to make one—peace, and let the marriage be done.”

“ Nay,” resumed Eva, still addressing Evelyn, after a most agitated pause—“ if thus you proceed, sir—if your own voice be raised to cancel the engagements of my brother with your sister—if here, at the altar, you call us traitors and betrayers—never shall she or you have cause to repeat the words elsewhere.”

“ How !” cried Edmund, who had at last descended, leaving Esther supported by her bridesmaids—“ traitors and betrayers !—who dares speak the words ?”

“ Dares !—I spoke them,” answered Evelyn,

“ Betrayer and traitor, you !” rejoined Edmund—“ you, as it at last appears, a secret

plotter against your king, and against the very friends who would take you to their bosom!"—

Evelyn sprung to the altar, and seized his sister's cold hand—"I forbid this marriage!" he said.

"And I," said Eva, "renounce the former one—your own priest, there, has told you it is invalid—think it so—and farewell, Evelyn, for ever!—Brother, *your* hand."

"Be that as it may—let us stand how we may stand to each other—this lady shall never be his bride!"—Evelyn went on, assisting Esther down the steps.

"Never!"—repeated a screaming, discordant voice at the side window, accompanied by loud and frantic clapping of hands;—Esther looked askance, and fell in the arms of her brother. A glare of red light broke through all the windows into the chapel, the late extinguishing of its own tapers having left it in sufficient gloom to favor the effect; and as the roaring of the beacon blaze, abroad, mingled with the beating of the heavy rain, and the continued howling of the hurricane, Onagh's shrill screams, and the wild clapping of her hands, might be

heard above every other horrid sound, while her pallid face appeared, now at one window, now at another, and her "never!—never!"—rising above the roof of the chapel, seemed to be a tongue of the tempest.

In a few moments after, Evelyn and Walker, bearing between them, even through the fury of such a night, the insensible Esther, left Antrim castle, to seek an independent shelter in the adjacent hamlet of Glenarm.

END OF VOL. I.





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